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TWO ON A TOWER.

I.

On an early winter afternoon, clear but not cold, when the vegetable world was a weird multitude of skeletons through whose ribs the sun shone freely, a gleaming landau came to a pause on the crest of a hill in Wessex. The spot was where the old Melchester road, which the carriage had hitherto followed, was joined by a drive that led round into a park at no great distance off. The footman alighted, and went to the occupant of the carriage, a lady of about six and twenty. She was looking through the opening afforded by a field-gate at the undulating stretch of country beyond. In pursuance of some remark from her, the servant looked in the same direction.

The central feature of the middle distance, as they beheld it, was a circular isolated hill, of no great elevation, which placed itself in strong chromatic contrast with a wide acreage of surrounding arable by being covered with fir-trees. The trees were all of one size and age, so that their tips assumed the precise curve of the hill they grew upon. This pine-clad protuberance was yet further marked out from the general landscape by having on its summit a tower in the form of a classical column, which, though partly immersed in the plantation, rose above the tree-tops to a considerable height. Upon this object the eyes of lady and servant were bent.

"Then there is no road leading near it?" she asked.

"Nothing nearer than where we are now, my lady."

"Oh! Then drive home." And the carriage rolled on its way.

A few days later, the same lady, in the same carriage, passed that spot again. Her eyes, as before, turned to the distant tower.

"Nobbs," she said, "could you find your way home through that field, so as to get near the outskirts of the plantation?"

The coachman regarded the field. "Well, my lady," he observed, "in dry weather we might drive in there, and so get across by Five-and-Twenty Acres, all being well. But the valler ground is so heavy after these rains that — perhaps it would hardly be safe to try it now."

"Perhaps not," she assented indifferently. "Remember it, will you, at a drier time." And again the carriage sped along the road, the lady's eyes resting on the segmental hill, the blue trees that muffled it, and the column that formed its apex, till they were out of sight.

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A long time elapsed before that lady drove over the hill again. It was February; the soil was now unquestionably dry, the weather and scene being in other respects much as they had been before. The familiar shape of the column seemed to remind her that at last an opportunity for a close inspection had arrived. Giving her directions, she saw the gate opened, and after a little manœuvring the carriage swayed slowly into the uneven field. Although the pillar stood upon the hereditary estate of her husband, the lady had never visited it, owing to its insulation by this well-nigh impracticable ground. The drive to the base of the hill was tedious and jerky, and on reaching it she alighted, directing that the carriage should be driven back empty over the clods, to wait for her on the nearest edge of the field. She then ascended beneath the trees on foot.

The column now showed itself as a much more important erection than it had appeared from the road, or the park, or the windows of Welland House, her residence hard by, whence she had surveyed it hundreds of times without ever feeling a sufficient interest in its details to investigate them. The column had been erected in the last century, as a substantial memorial of her husband's great-grandfather, a respectable officer who had fallen in the American war, and the reason of her lack of interest was partly owing to her relations with this husband, of which more anon. It was little more than the sheer desire for something to do — the chronic desire of her curiously lonely life — that had brought her here now. She was in a mood to welcome anything that would in some measure disperse an almost killing *ennui*. She would have welcomed even a misfortune. She had heard that from the summit of the pillar three counties could be seen. Whatever pleasurable effect was to be derived from looking into three counties at the same time she would enjoy today.

The fir-shrouded hill-top turned out to be an old Roman camp, — if it were not an old British castle, or an old Saxon field of Witenagemote, — with remains of an outer and an inner vallum, a winding path leading up between their overlapping ends by an easy ascent. The spikelets from the trees formed a soft carpet over the route, and occasionally a brake of brambles barred the interspaces of the trunks. Soon she stood immediately at the foot of the column.

It had been built in the Tuscan order of architecture, and was really a tower, being hollow, with steps inside. The gloom and solitude which prevailed round the base were remarkable. The sob of the environing trees was here expressively manifest, and as, in the light breeze, their thin, straight stems rocked in seconds, like inverted pendulums, some boughs and twigs rubbed the pillar's sides, or occasionally clicked in catching each other. Below the level of their summits the masonry was lichen-stained and mildewed, for the sun never pierced that moaning cloud of blue-black vegetation; pads of moss grew in the joints of the stone-work, and here and there shade-loving insects had engraved on the mortar patterns of no human style or meaning, but curious and suggestive. Above the trees the case was different: the pillar rose into the sky a bright and cheerful thing, unimpeded, clean, and flushed with the sunlight.

The spot was seldom visited by a pedestrian, except perhaps in the shooting season. The rarity of human intrusion was evidenced by the mazes of rabbit-runs, the feathers of shy birds, the exuviæ of reptiles; as also by the fresh and uninterrupted paths of squirrels down the sides of trunks, and thence horizontally away. The circumstance of the plantation being an island in the midst

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of an arable plain sufficiently accounted for this lack of visitors. Few unaccustomed to such places can be aware of the insulating effect of plowed ground, when no necessity compels people to traverse it. This rotund hill of trees and brambles, standing in the centre of a plowed field of some ninety or a hundred acres, was probably visited less frequently than a rock would have been visited in a lake of equal extent.

She walked round the column to the other side, where she found the door through which the interior was reached. The paint, if it had ever had any, was all washed from its face, and down the decaying surface of the boards liquid rust from the nails and hinges had run in red stains. Over the door was a stone tablet, bearing, apparently, letters or words; but the inscription, whatever it was, had been smoothed over with a plaster of lichen.

Here stood this aspiring piece of masonry, erected as the most conspicuous and ineffaceable reminder of a man that could be thought of; and yet the whole aspect of the memorial betokened forgetfulness. Probably not a dozen people within the district knew the name of the person commemorated, while perhaps not a soul remembered whether the column was hollow or solid, whether with or without a tablet and a door. She herself had lived within a mile of it for the last five years, and had never come near it till now.

She had no intention of ascending, but finding that the door was not fastened she pushed it open with her foot, and entered. A scrap of writing-paper lay within, and arrested her attention by its freshness. Some human being, then, knew the spot, despite her surmises. But as the paper had nothing on it, no clew was afforded; yet, feeling herself the proprietor of the column and of all around it, her self-assertiveness was sufficient to lead her on. The staircase was lighted by slits in the wall, and there was no difficulty in reaching the top, the steps being quite unworn. The trap door giving on to the roof was open, and on looking through it an interesting spectacle met her eye.

A youth was sitting on a stool in the centre of the lead flat which formed the summit of the column, his eye being applied to the end of a large telescope that stood before him on a tripod. This sort of presence was unexpected, and the lady started back into the shade of the opening. The only effect produced upon him by her footfall was an impatient wave of the hand, without removing his eye from the instrument, as if to forbid her or anybody interrupting him.

Pausing where she stood, the lady examined the aspect of the individual who thus made himself so completely at home on a building which she deemed her unquestioned property. He was a youth who might properly have been characterized by a word which the judicious chronicler would not readily use in such a connection, preferring to reserve it for raising images of the opposite sex. Whether because no deep felicity is likely to arise from the circumstance, or from any other reason, to say in these days that a youth is beautiful is not to award him that amount of credit which the expression would have carried with it if he had lived in the times of the Classical Dictionary. So much, indeed, is the reverse the case that the assertion creates an awkwardness in saying anything more about him. The beautiful youth usually verges so perilously on the incipient coxcomb, who is about to become the Lothario or Juan among the neighboring maidens, that, for the due understanding of our present young man, his sublime innocence of any thought concerning his own material aspect, or that of others, is most fervently asserted, and must be as fervently believed.

Such as he was, there the lad stood.

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The sun shone full in his face, and his hat was pushed aside for convenience, disclosing a curly head of very light, shining hair, which accorded well with the flush upon his cheek. He had such a complexion as that with which Raphael enriches the countenance of the youthful son of Zacharias, — a complexion which, though clear, is far enough removed from virgin delicacy, and suggests plenty of sun and wind as its accompaniment. His features were sufficiently straight in the contours to correct the beholder's first impression that the head was the head of a girl. Beside him stood a little oak table, and in front was the telescope.

His visitor had ample time to make these observations; and she may have done so all the more keenly through being herself of a totally opposite type. Her hair was black as midnight, her eyes had no less deep a shade, and her complexion showed the richness demanded as a support to these decided features. As she continued to look at the pretty fellow before her, apparently so far abstracted into some speculative world as scarcely to need a real one, a warmer wave of her warm temperament glowed visibly through her, and a qualified observer might from this have hazarded a guess that there was Southern blood in her veins.

But even the interest attaching to the youth could not arrest her attention forever, and as he made no further signs of moving his eye from the instrument she broke the silence with "What do you see? — something happening somewhere?"

"Yes, quite a catastrophe," he automatically murmured, without moving round.

"What?"

"A cyclone in the sun."

The lady paused, as if to consider the doubtful weight of that event in the scale of terrene life. "Will it make any difference to us, here?" she asked.

The young man by this time seemed to be awakened to the consciousness that somebody unusual was talking to him, and he turned.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I thought it was my relative come to look after me. She often comes about this time."

He continued to look at her and forget the sun, just such a reciprocity of influence as might have been expected between a dark lady and a flaxen-haired youth making itself apparent in the faces of each.

"Don't let me interrupt your observations," said she.

"Ah, no," said he, again applying his eye; whereupon his face lost the animation which her presence had lent it, and became immutable as that of a bust, though superadding to the serenity of repose the sensitiveness of life. The expression that settled on him was one of awe. Not unaptly might it have been said that he was worshiping the sun. Among the various intensities of that worship which have prevailed since the first intelligent being saw the luminary decline westward, as the young man now beheld it doing, his was not the weakest. He was engaged in what may be called a very chastened or schooled form of that first and most natural of adorations.

"But would you like to see it?" he recommenced. "It is an event that is witnessed only about once in two or three years, though it may occur often enough."

She assented, and looked, and saw a whirling mass, in the centre of which the fiery globe seemed to be laid bare to its core. It was a peep into a maelstrom of fire, taking place where nobody had ever been or ever would be.

"It is the strangest thing I ever beheld," she said. Then he looked again; and, wondering who her companion could be, she asked, "Are you often here?"

"Every night when it is not cloudy, and often in the day."

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"Ah, night, of course. The heavens must be beautiful from this point."

"They are rather more than that."

"Indeed! Have you entirely taken possession of this column?"

"Entirely."

"But it is my column," she said, with smiling asperity.

"Then are you Lady Constantine, wife of the absent Sir Blount Constantine?"

"I am Lady Constantine."

"Ah, then I agree that it is yours. But will you allow me to rent it of you for a time, Lady Constantine?"

"You have taken it, whether I allow it or not. However, in the interests of science it is advisable that you continue your tenancy. Nobody knows you are here, I suppose?"

"Hardly anybody."

He then took her down a few steps into the interior, and showed her some ingenious contrivances for stowing articles away. "Nobody ever comes near the column, — or, as it 's called here, Rings-Hill Speer," he continued; "and when I first came up it nobody had been here for thirty or forty years. The staircase was choked with daws' nests and feathers, but I cleared them out."

"I understood the column was always kept locked?"

"Yes, it has been so. When it was built, in 1782, the key was given to my great-grandfather, to keep by him in case visitors should happen to want it. He lived just down there where I live now." He denoted by a nod a little dell lying immediately beyond the plowed land which environed them. "He kept it in his bureau, and as the bureau descended to my grandfather, my mother, and myself, the key descended with it. After the first thirty or forty years, nobody ever asked for it. One day I saw it, lying rusty in its niche, and, finding that it belonged to this column, I took it and came up. I stayed here till it was dark, and the stars came out, and that night I resolved to be an astronomer. I came back here from school three months ago, and I mean to be an astronomer still." He lowered his voice. "I aim at nothing less than the dignity and office of ASTRONOMER-ROYAL, if I live. Perhaps I shall not live."

"I don't see why you should suppose that. How long are you going to make this your observatory?"

"About a year, — till I have obtained a practical familiarity with the heavens. Ah, if I only had a good equatorial!"

"What is that?"

"A proper instrument for my pursuit. But time is short, and science is infinite, — how infinite only those who study astronomy fully realize, — and perhaps I shall be worn out before I make my mark."

She seemed to be greatly struck with the odd mixture in him of scientific earnestness and melancholy mistrust of all things human. Perhaps it was owing to the nature of his studies. "You are often on this tower alone at night?" she said.

"Yes; at this time of the year particularly, and while there is no moon. I observe from seven or eight till about two in the morning, with a view to my great work on variable stars. But with such a telescope as this — well, I must put up with it!"

"Can you see Saturn's ring and Jupiter's moons?"

He said dryly that he could manage to do that, not without some contempt for the state of her knowledge.

"I have never seen any planet or star through a telescope."

"If you will come the first clear night, Lady Constantine, I will show you any number. I mean, at your express wish; not otherwise."

"I should like to come, and possibly may at some time. These stars that vary so much — sometimes evening stars, sometimes morning stars, sometimes in the east, and sometimes in the west — have always interested me."

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"Ah — now there is a reason for your not coming. Your ignorance of the realities of astronomy is so satisfactory that I will not disturb it except at your serious request."

"But I wish to be enlightened."

"Let me caution you against it."

"Is enlightenment on the subject, then, so terrible?"

"Yes, indeed."

She laughingly declared that nothing could have so piqued her curiosity as his statement, and turned to descend. He helped her down the stairs and through the briers. He would have gone further, and crossed the open corn-land with her, but she preferred to go alone. He then retraced his way to the top of the column, but, instead of looking longer at the sun, watched her diminishing towards the distant fence, behind which waited the carriage. When in the midst of the field, a dark spot on an area of brown, there crossed her path a moving figure, whom it was as difficult to distinguish from the earth he trod as the caterpillar from its leaf, by reason of the excellent match between his clothes and the clods. He was one of a dying-out generation who retained the principle, nearly unlearnt now, that a man's habiliments should be in harmony with his environment. Lady Constantine and this figure halted beside each other for some minutes; then they went on their several ways.

The brown person was a laboring man known to the world of Welland as Haymoss (the "worn" form of the word Amos, to adopt the phrase of philologists). The reason of the halt had been the following dialogue:—

Lady Constantine: "Who is that? Amos Fry, I think."

Haymoss: "Yes, my lady; a homely barley driller, born under the very eavesdroppings of your ladyship's smallest out-buildings, in a manner of speaking, — though your ladyship was neither born nor 'tempted at that time."

Lady C.: "Who lives in the old house behind the plantation?"

H.: "Old Gammer Martin, my lady, and her grandson."

Lady C.: "He has neither father nor mother, then?"

H.: "Not a single one, my lady."

Lady C.: "Where was he educated?"

H.: "At Warborne, — a place where they draw up young gam'sters' brains like rhubarb under a ninepenny pan, my lady, excusing my common way. They hit so much larning into en that 'a could talk like the day of Pentecost; which is a wonderful thing for a simple boy, and his mother only the plainest cipering woman in the world. Warborne Grammar School — that 's where 't was 'a went to. His father, the reverent Pa'son St. Cleeve, made a terrible bruckle hit in 's marrying, in the sight of the high. He were the curate here, my lady, for a length o' time."

Lady C.: "Oh, curate. It was before I knew the village."

H.: "Ay, long and merry ago! And he married Farmer Martin's daughter, — Giles Martin, a limberish man, who used to go rather bad upon his lags, if you can mind. I knowed the man well enough; who should know en better! The maid was a poor windling thing, and, though a playward piece o' flesh when he married her, 'a socked and sighed, and went out like a snoff. Well, when Pa'son St. Cleeve married this homespun woman the toppermost folk would n't speak to his wife. Then he dropped a cuss or two, and said he 'd no longer get his living by curing their twopenny souls o' such damn nonsense as that (excusing my common way), and he took to farming straightway, and then 'a dropped down dead in a nor'-west thunder-storm; it being said — hee-hee! — that Master God was in tantrums wi' en for leaving his service, — hee-hee! I give the story as I heard it, my lady, but be dazed if I believe in such trumpery behavior of the fokes in the sky,

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nor anything else that 's said about 'em. Well, Swithin, the boy, was sent to the grammar school, as I say for; but what with having two stations of life in his blood, he 's good for nothing, my lady. He mopes about, — sometimes here, and sometimes there; nobody troubles about en."

Lady Constantine thanked her informant, and proceeded onward. To her, as a woman, the most curious feature in the afternoon's incident was that this lad, of striking beauty, scientific attainments, and cultured bearing, should be linked, on the maternal side, with a local agricultural family through his father's matrimonial eccentricity. A more attractive feature in the case was that the same youth, so capable of being ruined by flattery, blandishment, pleasure, even gross prosperity, should be at present living on in a primitive Eden of unconsciousness, with aims towards whose accomplishment a Caliban shape would have been as effective as his own.

II.

Swithin St. Cleeve lingered on at his post, until the more sanguine birds of the plantation, already recovering from their midwinter consternation, piped a short evening hymn to the vanishing sun. The landscape was gently concave; with the exception of tower and hill, there were no points on which late rays might linger; and hence the dish-shaped ninety acres of tilled land assumed a uniform hue of shade quite suddenly. The one or two stars that appeared were quickly clouded over, and it was soon obvious that there would be no sweeping the heavens that night. After tying a piece of tarpaulin, which had once seen service on his maternal grandfather's farm, over all the apparatus around him, he went down the stairs in the dark, and locked the door. With the key in his pocket, he descended through the underwood on the side of the slope opposite to that trodden by Lady Constantine, and crossed the field in a line mathematically straight, and in a manner that left no traces, by keeping in the same furrow all the way on tip-toe. In a few minutes he reached a little dell, which occurred quite unexpectedly on the other side of the field-fence, and descended to a venerable thatched house, whose enormous roof, broken up by dormers as big as hay-cocks, could be seen even in the twilight. Over the white walls, built of chalk in the lump, outlines of creepers formed dark patterns, as if drawn in charcoal.

Inside the house his maternal grandmother was sitting by a wood fire. Before it stood a pipkin, in which something was evidently kept warm. An eight-legged oak table in the middle of the room was laid for a meal. This woman of eighty-three, in a large mob cap, under which she wore a little cap to keep the other clean, retained faculties but little blunted. She sat looking into the fire, with her hands upon her knees, quietly reënacting in her brain certain of the long chain of episodes, pathetic, tragical, and humorous, which had constituted the parish history for the last sixty years. On Swithin's entry she looked up at him in a sideway direction.

"You should not have waited for me, granny," he said.

"'T is of no account, my child. I 've had a nap while sitting here. Yes, I 've had a nap, and was up in my old country again, as usual. The place was as natural as when I left it, — e'en just threescore years ago. All the folks and my old aunt were there, as when I was a child, — 'and when I awoke, behold it was a dream!' I suppose if I were really to set out and go there, hardly a soul would be left alive to say to me dog how art! But tell Hannah to stir her stumps and serve supper, — though I 'd fain do it myself, the poor old soul is getting so unhandy!"

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Hannah revealed herself to be much nimbler and several years younger than granny, though of this the latter seemed to be oblivious. When the meal was nearly over Mrs. Martin produced the contents of the mysterious vessel by the fire, saying that she had caused it to be brought in from the back kitchen, because Hannah was hardly to be trusted with such things, she was becoming so childish.

"What is it, then?" said Swithin. "Oh, one of your special puddings." At sight of it, however, he added reproachfully, "Now, granny!"

Instead of being round it was in shape an irregular bowlder that had been exposed to the weather for centuries, — a little scrap pared off here, and a little piece broken away there; the general aim being, nevertheless, to avoid destroying the symmetry of the pudding, while taking as much as possible of its substance.

"The fact is," added Swithin, "the pudding is half gone!"

"I 've only sliced off the merest paring once or twice, to taste if it was well done!" pleaded granny Martin, with wounded feelings. "I said to Hannah, when she took it up, 'Put it here to keep it warm, as there 's a better fire than in the back kitchen.'"

"Well, I am not going to eat any of it!" said Swithin decisively, as he rose from the table, pushed away his chair, and went up-stairs; the other station of life that was in his blood, and had been brought out by the grammar school, probably stimulating him.

"Ah, the world is an ungrateful city! 'T was a pity I did n't go under ground and disappear from history sixty years ago, instead of leaving my own country to come here!" mourned old Mrs. Martin. "But I told his mother how 't would be, — marrying so many notches above her. The child was sure to chaw high, like his father."

When Swithin had been up-stairs a minute or two, however, he altered his mind, and, coming down again, ate all the pudding, with the aspect of a person engaged in a deed of great magnanimity. The relish with which he did so restored the unison that knew no more serious interruptions than such as this.

"Mr. Torkingham has been here this afternoon," said his grandmother; "and he wants me to let him meet some of the choir here to-night for practice. They who live at this end of the parish won't go to his house to try over the tunes, because 't is so far, they say; and so 't is, poor men. So he 's going to see what coming to them will do. He asks if you would like to join."

"I would if I had not so much to do."

"But it is cloudy to-night."

"Yes; but I have calculations without end, granny. Now, don't you tell him I 'm in the house, will you, and then he 'll not ask for me."

"But if he should, must I then tell a lie, Lord forgive me?"

"No, you can say I 'm up-stairs; he must think what he likes. Not a word about the astronomy to any of them, whatever you do. I should be called a visionary, and all sorts."

"So thou beest, child. Why can't ye do something that 's of use" —

At the sound of footsteps Swithin beat a hasty retreat up-stairs, where he struck a light, and revealed a table covered with books and papers, while round the walls hung star-maps and other diagrams illustrative of celestial phenomena. In a corner stood a huge pasteboard tube, which a close inspection would have shown to be intended for a telescope. Swithin hung a thick cloth over the window, in addition to the curtains, and sat down to his papers. On the ceiling was a black stain of smoke, and under this he placed his lamp, evidencing that the midnight oil was consumed on that precise spot pretty often.

Meanwhile, there had entered to the

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room below a personage who, to judge from her voice and the quick pit-pat of her feet, was a female, young and blithe. Mrs. Martin welcomed her by the title of Miss Tabitha Lark, and inquired what wind had brought her that way; to which the visitor replied that she had come for the singing.

"Oh, you are one of them? Sit ye down. And do you still go to the House to read to my lady?"

"Yes, I go and read; but as to getting my lady to hearken, that's more than a team of six horses could force her to do." The girl had a remarkably smart and fluent utterance, which was probably a cause, or a consequence, of her vocation.

"'T is the same story, then?" said grandmother Martin.

"Yes. Eaten out with listlessness. She's neither sick nor sorry, but how dull and dreary she is, only herself can tell. When I get there in the morning, there she is sitting up in bed, for my lady don't care to get up; and then she makes me bring this book and that book, till the bed is heaped up with immense volumes, that half bury her, making her look, as she leans upon her elbow, like the stoning of Stephen in the church-window. She yawns; then she looks towards the tall glass; then she looks out at the weather, mooning her great black eyes, and fixing them on the sky as if they stuck there, while my tongue goes flick-flack along, a hundred and fifty words a minute; then she looks at the clock; then she asks me what I've been reading."

"Ah, poor soul!" said granny. "No doubt she says in the morning, 'Would God it were evening,' and in the evening, 'Would God it were morning,' like the disobedient woman in Deuteronomy."

Swithin, in the room overhead, had suspended his calculations, for the dialogue interested him. There now crunched heavier steps outside the door, and his grandmother could be heard greeting sundry representatives of the bass and tenor voice, who lent a cheerful and well-known personality to the names Sammy Blore, Nat Chapman, Hezekiah Biles, and Haymoss Fry (the latter being one with whom the reader has already a distant acquaintance); besides these came small producers of treble, who had not yet developed into such distinctive units of society as to require particularizing.

"Is the good man come?" asked Nat Chapman. "No, — I see we are here afore him. And how is it with aged women to-night, Mrs. Martin?"

"Tedious traipsing enough with this one, Nat. Sit ye down. Well, little Freddy, you don't wish in the morning that 't were evening, and at evening that 't were morning again, do you Freddy, trust ye for it?"

"Now, who might wish such a thing as that, Mrs. Martin? — nobody in this parish?" asked Sammy Blore curiously.

"My lady is always wishing it," spoke up Miss Tabitha Lark.

"Oh, she! Nobody can be answerable for the wishes of that onnatural class of mankind. Not but that the woman's heart-strings is tried in many aggravating ways."

"Ah, poor woman!" said granny. "The state she finds herself in — neither maid, wife, nor widow, as you may say — is not the primest form of life for keeping in good spirits. How long is it since she has heard from Sir Blount, Tabitha?"

"Two years and more," said the young woman. "He went into one side of Africa, as it might be, three St. Martin's days back. I can mind it, because 't was my birthday. And he meant to come out the other side. But he did n't. He has never come out at all."

"For all the world like losing a rat in a barley-mow," said Hezekiah, glancing round for corroboration. "He 's

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lost, though you know where he is." His comrades nodded. "Ay, my lady is a walking weariness, that's plain. I seed her yawn just at the very moment when the fox was holloaed away by Harton Copse, and the hounds ran him all but past her carriage wheels. If I were she, I'd see a little life; though there's no fair, club-walking, nor feast, to speak of, till Easter week, — that's true."

"She dares not. She's under solemn oath and testament to do no such thing."

"Be cust if I would keep any such oath and testament! But here's the pa'son, if my ears don't deceive me."

There was a noise of horse's hoofs without, a stumbling against the door-scraper, a tethering to the window-shutter, a creaking of the door on its hinges, and a voice which Swithin recognized as Mr. Torkingham's. He greeted each of the previous arrivals by name, and stated that he was glad to see them all so punctually assembled.

"Ay, sir," said Haymoss Fry. "'T is only my jints that have kept me from assembling myself long ago. I'd assemble upon the top of Welland Steeple, if 't were n't for my jints. I assure ye, Pa'son Tarkengham, that in the clitch o' my knees, where the rain used to come through, when I was cutting clots for the new lawn, in old my lady's time, 't is as if rats were gnawing, every now and then. When a feller's young he's too small in the brain to see how soon a constitution can be squandered, worse luck!"

"True," said Biles, to fill the time while the parson was engaged in finding the psalms. "A man's a fool till he's forty. Often have I thought, when hay-pitching, and the small of my back seeming no stouter than a harnet's, 'The Lord send that I had but the making of laboring men for a twelvemonth!' I'd gie every man jack two good backbones, even if the alteration was as wrong as forgery."

"Four, — four backbones," said Haymoss, decisively.

"Yes, four," threw in Sammy Blore, with additional weight of experience. "For you want one in front for breast-plowing and such like, one at the right side for ground-dressing, and one at the left side for turning mixens."

"Well, four. Then next I'd move every man's wynd-pipe a good span away from his glutch-pipe, so that at harvest time he could fetch breath in's drinking, without being choked and strangled as he is now. Thinks I, when I feel the victuals going"—

"Now we'll begin," interrupted Mr. Torkingham, his mind returning to this world again on concluding his search for a hymn.

Thereupon the racket of chair-legs on the floor signified that they were settling into their seats, — a disturbance which Swithin took advantage of by going on tiptoe across the floor above, and putting sheets of paper over knot-holes in the boarding at points where carpet was lacking, that his lamp-light might not shine down. The absence of a ceiling beneath rendered his position virtually that of one suspended in the same apartment.

The parson announced the tune, and his voice burst forth with "Onward, Christian soldiers!" in notes of rigid cheerfulness. In this start, however, he was joined only by the girls and boys, the men furnishing but an accompaniment of ahas and hems. Mr. Torkingham stopped, and Sammy Blore spoke: —

"Beg your pardon, sir, — if you'll deal mild with us a moment. What with the wind and walking, my throat's rough as a grater; and not knowing you were going to hit up that minute, I had n't hawked, and I don't think Hezzy and Nat had, either, — had ye, souls?"

"I had n't done it thoroughly, that's true," said Hezekiah.

"Quite right of you, then, to speak,"

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said Mr. Torkingham. "Don't mind explaining; we are here for practice. Now clear your throats, then, and at it again."

There was a noise as of atmospheric hoes and scrapers, and the bass contingent at last got under way with a time of its own. "Honwerd, Christen sojers!"

"Ah, that 's where we are so defective, — the pronunciation," interrupted the parson. "Now repeat after me: 'On-ward, Christ-ian, sol-diers.'"

The choir repeated like an exaggerative echo: "On-wed, Chris-ting, soljaws."

"Better!" said the parson, in the strenuously sanguine tones of a man who got his living by discovering a bright side in things where it was not very perceptible to other people. "But it should not be given with quite so extreme an accent; or we may be called affected by other parishes. And Nathaniel Chapman, there 's a jauntiness in your manner of singing which is not quite becoming. Why don't you sing more earnestly?"

"My conscience won't let me, sir," said Nat. "They say every man for himself; but, thank God, I 'm not so mean as to lessen old fokes' chances by singing earnest in the prime o' life."

"It 's bad reasoning, Nat, I fear. Now, perhaps we had better sol-fa the tune. Eyes on your books, please. *Sol-sol! fa-fa! mi*" —

"I can't sing like that, not I!" said Sammy Blore, with condemnatory astonishment. "I can sing genuine music, like F and G; but not anything so much out of the order of nature as that."

"Perhaps you 've brought the wrong book, sir?" chimed in Haymoss kindly. "I 've knowed music early in life, and late, — in short, ever since Luke Sneap broke his new fiddle-bow in the wedding psalm, when Pa'son Wilton brought home his bride (you can mind the time, Sammy? — at 'His wife, like a fair fertile vine, her lovely fruit shall bring,' when the young woman turned as red as a rose, not knowing 't was coming). I 've knowed music ever since then, I say, sir, and never heard the like o' that. Every martel note had his name of A, B, C, at that time and since."

"Yes, yes, — but this is a more recent system."

"Still, you can't alter a old-established note that 's A or B by nater," rejoined Haymoss, with yet deeper conviction that Mr. Torkingham was getting off his head. "Now sound A, neighbor Sammy, and let 's have a slap at Christen sojers again."

Sammy produced a private tuning-fork, black and grimy, which, being about seventy years of age, and wrought before pianoforte builders had sent up the pitch to make their instruments brilliant, was nearly a note flatter than the parson's. While an argument as to the true pitch was in progress, there came a knocking without.

"Somebody 's at the door!" said a little treble girl.

"Thought I heard a knock before!" said the relieved choir.

The latch was lifted, and a man asked from the darkness, "Is Mr. Torkingham here?"

"Yes, Mills. What do you want?" It was the parson's man.

"Oh, if you please," says Mills, showing an advanced margin of himself round the door, "Lady Constantine wants to see you very particular, sir, and could you call on her after dinner, if you be n't engaged with fokes? She 's just had a letter, — so they say, — and it 's about that, I believe."

Finding, on looking at his watch, that it was necessary to start at once if he meant to see her that night, the parson cut short the practicing, and, naming another night for meeting, he withdrew. All the singers assisted him on to his cob, and watched him till he disappeared over the edge of the glen.

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III.

Mr. Torkingham trotted briskly onward to his house, a distance of about a mile, each cottage, as it revealed its half-buried position by its single light, appearing like a one-eyed night creature watching him from an ambush. Leaving his horse at the parsonage, he performed the remainder of the journey on foot, crossing the park towards Welland House by a stile and path, till he struck into the drive near the north door of the mansion. This drive, it may be remarked, was also the common highway to the lower village, and hence Lady Constantine's residence and park, as is often the case with old-fashioned manors, possessed none of the exclusiveness often found in newer aristocratic settlements. The parishioners looked upon the park avenue as their natural thoroughfare, particularly for christenings, weddings, and funerals, which passed the squire's mansion with due considerations as to the scenic effect of the same from the manor windows. Hence the house of Constantine, when going out from its breakfast, had been continually crossed on the doorstep, for the last two hundred years, by the houses of Hodge and Giles in full cry to dinner. At present these collisions were but too infrequent, for though the villagers passed the north front door as regularly as ever, they seldom met a Constantine. Only one was there to be met, and she had no zest for outings before noon.

The long, low front of the Great House, as it was called by the parishioners, stretching from end to end of the terrace, was in darkness as the vicar slackened his pace before it, and only the distant fall of water disturbed the stillness of the manorial precincts.

On gaining admittance he found Lady Constantine waiting to receive him. She wore a heavy dress of velvet and lace, and, being the only person in the spacious apartment, she looked small and isolated. In her left hand she held a letter and a couple of at-home cards. The soft dark eyes which she raised to him as he entered — large, and melancholy by circumstance far more than by quality — were the natural indices of a warm and affectionate, perhaps slightly voluptuous temperament, languishing for want of something to do, cherish, or suffer for.

Mr. Torkingham seated himself. His boots, which had seemed elegant in the farm-house, appeared rather clumsy here, and his coat, that was a model of tailoring when he stood amid the choir, now exhibited decidedly strained relations with his limbs. Three years had passed since his induction to the living of Welland, but he had never as yet found means to establish that relationship with Lady Constantine which usually grows up, in the course of time, between parsonage and manor-house, — unless, indeed, either side should surprise the other by showing a weakness for awkward modern ideas on land-ownership or church formulas, respectively, which had not been the case here. The present meeting, however, seemed likely to initiate such a relationship.

There was an appearance of confidence on Lady Constantine's face; she said she was so very glad that he had come; and, looking down at the letter in her hand, she was on the point of pulling it from its envelope, but she did not. After a moment she went on more quickly: "I wanted your advice, or rather your opinion, on a serious matter, — on a point of conscience." Saying which, she laid down the letter and looked at the cards.

It might have been apparent to a more penetrating eye than the vicar's that Lady Constantine, either from timidity, misgiving, or reconviction, had swerved from her intended communication, or perhaps decided to begin at the other end.

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The parson, who had been expecting a question on some local business or intelligence, at the tenor of her words altered his face to the higher branch of his profession.

"I hope I may find myself of service, on that or any other question," he said gently.

"I hope so. You may possibly be aware, Mr. Torkingham, that my husband, Sir Blount Constantine, was, not to mince matters, a mistaken — somewhat jealous man. Yet you may hardly have discerned it in the short time you knew him."

"I had some little knowledge of Sir Blount's character in that respect."

"Well, on this account my married life with him was not of the most comfortable kind." (Lady Constantine's voice dropped to a more pathetic note.) "I am sure I gave him no cause for suspicion; though had I known his disposition sooner I should hardly have dared to marry him. But his jealousy and doubt of me were not so strong as to divert him from a purpose of his, — a mania for African lion-hunting, which he dignified by calling it a scheme of geographical discovery; for he was inordinately anxious to make a name for himself in that field. It was the one passion that was stronger than his mistrust of me. Before going away he sat down with me in this room, and read me a lecture, which resulted in a very rash offer on my part. When I tell it to you, you will find that it provides a key to all that is unusual in my life here. He bade me consider what my position would be when he was gone; hoped that I should remember what was due to him, — that I would not so behave towards other men as to bring the name of Constantine into suspicion; and charged me to avoid levity of conduct in attending any ball, rout, or dinner to which I might be invited. I, in some indignation at his low opinion of me, responded perhaps too spiritedly. I volunteered, there and then, to live like a cloistered nun during his absence; to go into no society whatever, — not even to a neighbor's dinner-party; and demanded bitterly if that would satisfy him. He said yes, instantly held me to my word, and gave me no loop-hole for retracting it. The inevitable fruits of precipitancy have resulted to me: my life has become a burden. I get such invitations as these" (holding up the cards), "but I so invariably refuse them that they are getting very rare. . . . I ask you, Can I honestly break that promise to my husband?"

Mr. Torkingham seemed embarrassed. "If you promised Sir Blount Constantine to live in solitude till he comes back, you are, it seems to me, bound by that promise. I fear that the wish to be released from your engagement is to some extent a reason why it should be kept. But your own conscience would surely be the best guide, Lady Constantine!"

"My conscience is disordered with the sense of its responsibilities," she continued, with a sigh. "Yet it certainly does sometimes say to me that — that I ought to keep my word. Very well; I must go on as I am going, I suppose."

"If you respect a vow, I think you must respect your own," said the parson, acquiring some further firmness. "Had it been wrung from you by compulsion, moral or physical, it would have been open to you to break it. But as you proposed a vow when your husband only required a good intention, I think you ought to adhere to it; or what is the pride worth that led you to offer it?"

"Very well," she said, with resignation: "But it was quite a work of supererogation on my part."

"That you proposed it in a supererogatory spirit does not lessen your obligation, having once put yourself under that obligation. St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, says, 'An oath for confirmation is an end of all strife.' And

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you will readily recall the words of Ecclesiastes: 'Pay that which thou hast vowed. Better is it that thou shouldest not vow than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.' Why not write to Sir Blount, tell him the inconvenience of such a bond, and ask him to release you?"

"No; never will I. The expression of such a desire would, in his mind, be a sufficient reason for disallowing it. I'll keep my word."

Mr. Torkingham rose to leave. After she had held out her hand to him, when he had crossed the room, and was within two steps of the door, she said, "Mr. Torkingham." He stopped. "What I have told you is not what I sent for you to tell you."

Mr. Torkingham walked back to her side. "What is it, then?" he asked, with grave surprise.

"It is a true revelation, as far as it goes; but there is something more. I have received this letter, and I wanted to say — something."

"Then say it now, my dear lady."

"No," she answered, with a look of distress. "I cannot speak of it now! Some other time. Don't stay. Please consider this conversation as private. Good-night."

IV.

It was a bright starlight night, a week or ten days later. There had been several such nights since the occasion of Lady Constantine's promise to Swithin St. Cleeve to come and study astronomical phenomena on the Rings-Hill column; but she had not gone there. This evening she sat at a window, the blind of which had not been drawn down. Her elbow rested on a little table, and her cheek on her hand. Her eyes were attracted by the brightness of the planet Jupiter, as he rode in the ecliptic opposite, beaming down upon her as if desirous of notice.

Beneath the planet could be still discerned the dark edges of the park landscape against the sky. As one of its features, though nearly screened by the trees which had been planted to shut out the fallow tracts of the estate, rose the upper part of the column. It was hardly visible now, even if visible at all; yet Lady Constantine knew from daytime experience its exact bearing from the window at which she leaned. The knowledge that there it still was, despite its rapid envelopment by the shades, led her lonely mind to her late meeting on its summit with the young astronomer, and to her promise to honor him with a visit for learning some secrets about the scintillating bodies overhead. The curious juxtaposition of youthful ardor and old despair that she had found in the lad would have made him interesting to a woman of perception, apart from his fair hair and early-Christian face. But such is the heightening touch of memory that his beauty was probably richer in her imagination than in the real. It was a moot point to consider whether the temptations that would be brought to bear upon him in his course would exceed the static power of his nature to resist. Had he been a rich youth, he would have seemed one to tremble for. In spite of his attractive ambitions and gentlemanly bearing, she thought it would possibly be better for him if he never became known outside his lonely tower, — forgetting that he had received such intellectual enlargement as would make his continuance in Welland seem, in his own eye, a slight upon his father's branch of his family, the social standing of which had been, only a few years earlier, but little removed from her own.

Suddenly she flung a cloak about her and went out on the terrace. An altogether new idea plainly possessed her. She went down the steps to the lower lawn, through the door to the open park, and there stood still. The tower was now discernible. As the words in which a thought is expressed develop a fur-

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ther thought, so did the fact of her having got so far influence her to go further. A person who had casually observed her gait would have thought it irregular; the lessenings and increasings of speed with which she proceeded in the direction of the pillar could be accounted for only by a motive much more disturbing than an intention to look through an astronomical telescope. Thus she went on, till, leaving the park, she crossed the turnpike road, and entered the large field, in the middle of which the fir-clad hill stood like Mont St. Michel in its bay.

The stars were so bright as distinctly to show her the place, and now she could see a faint light at the top of the column, which rose like a shadowy finger pointing to the upper constellations. There was no wind, in a human point of view; but a steady stertorous breathing from the fir-trees showed that, now as always, there was movement in apparent stagnation. Nothing but an absolute vacuum could paralyze their utterance.

The door of the tower was shut. It was something more than the freakishness that is engendered by a sickening monotony which had led Lady Constantine thus far, and hence she made no ado about admitting herself. Three years ago, when her every action was a thing of propriety, she had known of no possible purpose which could have led her abroad in a manner such as this.

She ascended the tower noiselessly. On raising her head above the hatchway she beheld Swithin bending over a scroll of paper which lay on the little table beside him. The small lantern that illuminated it showed also that he was warmly wrapped up in a coat and thick cap, behind him standing the telescope on its frame. What was he doing? She looked over his shoulder upon the paper, and saw figures and signs. When he had jotted down something, he went to the telescope again.

"What are you doing, to-night?" she said in a low voice.

Swithin started, and turned. The faint lamp-light was sufficient to reveal her face to him.

"Tedious work, Lady Constantine," he answered, without betraying much surprise. "Doing my best to watch phenomenal stars, as I may call them."

"You said you would show me the heavens, if I could come on a starlight night. I have come."

Swithin, as a preliminary, swept round the telescope to Jupiter, and exhibited to her the glory of that orb. Then he directed the instrument to the less bright shape of Saturn. "Here," he said, warming up to the subject, "we see a world which is to my mind by far the most wonderful in the solar system. Think of streams of satellites or meteors racing round and round the planet like a fly-wheel, so close together as to seem solid matter!" He entered further and further into the subject, his ideas gathering momentum as he went on, like his pet heavenly bodies.

When this yellow-haired laddie paused for breath, she said, in tones very different from his own, "I ought now to tell you that, though I am interested in the stars, they were not what I came to see you about. They were only an excuse for coming. I first thought of disclosing the matter to Mr. Torkingham; but I altered my mind, and decided on you."

She spoke in so low a voice that he might not have heard her. At all events, abstracted by his grand theme, he did not heed her. He continued, —

"Well, we will get outside the solar system altogether, — leave the whole group of sun, primary, and secondary planets quite behind us in our flight, as a bird might leave its bush and sweep into the whole forest. Now what do you see, Lady Constantine?" He leveled the achromatic at Sirius.

She said that she saw a bright star, though it only seemed a point of light now as before.

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"That 's because it is so distant that no magnifying will bring its size up to zero. Though called a fixed star, it is, like all fixed stars, moving with inconceivable velocity; but no magnifying will show that velocity as anything but rest."

And thus they talked on about Sirius, and then about other stars

> . . . in the scrowl
> Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,
> With which, like Indian plantations,
> The learned stock the constellations,

till he asked her how many stars she thought were visible to them at that moment.

She looked around over the magnificent stretch of sky that their high position unfolded. "Oh, thousands, — hundreds of thousands," she said absently.

"No. There are only about three thousand. Now, how many do you think are brought within sight by the help of a powerful telescope?"

"I won't guess."

"Twenty millions. So that, whatever the stars were made for, they were not made to please our eyes. It is just the same in everything; nothing is made for man."

"Is it that notion which makes you so sad for your age?" she asked, with almost maternal solicitude. "I think astronomy is a bad study for you. It makes you feel human insignificance too plainly."

"Perhaps it does. However," he added more cheerfully, "though I feel the study to be one almost tragic in its quality, I hope to be the new Copernicus. What he was to the solar system I aim to be to the systems beyond."

Then, by means of the instrument at hand, they traveled together from the earth to Uranus and the mysterious outskirts of the solar system; from the solar system to "61 Cygni," the nearest fixed star in the northern sky; from "61 Cygni" to remoter stars; thence to the remotest visible, till the ghastly chasm which they had bridged by a fragile line of sight was realized by Lady Constantine.

"We are now traversing distances beside which the immense line stretching from the earth to the sun is but an invisible point," said the youth. "When, just now, we had reached a planet whose remoteness is a hundred times the remoteness of the sun from the earth, we were only a two thousandth part of the journey to the spot at which we have optically aimed now."

"Oh, pray don't; it overpowers me!" she replied, not without seriousness. "It makes me feel that it is not worth while to live; it quite annihilates me."

"If it annihilates your ladyship to roam over these yawning spaces just once, think how it must annihilate me to be, as it were, in constant suspension amid them night after night."

"Yes. It was not really this subject that I came to see you upon, Mr. St. Cleeve," she began a second time. "It was a personal matter."

"I am listening, Lady Constantine."

"I will tell it you. Yet no, — not this moment. Let us finish this grand subject first; it dwarfs mine." It would have been difficult to judge from her accents whether she were afraid to broach her own matter, or really interested in his. Or a certain youthful pride that he evidenced at being the elucidator of such a large theme, and at having drawn her there to hear and observe it, may have inclined her to indulge him for kindness' sake.

Thereupon he took exception to her use of the word "grand" as descriptive of the actual universe. "The imaginary picture of the sky as the concavity of a dome whose base extends from horizon to horizon of our earth is grand, simply grand, and I wish I had never got beyond looking at it in that way. But the actual sky is a horror."

"A new view of our old friends, the stars," she said, smiling up at them.

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"But such an obviously true one! You would hardly think, at first, that horrid monsters lie up there," said the young man, "waiting to be discovered by any moderately penetrating mind, — monsters to which those of the oceans bear no sort of comparison."

"What monsters may they be?"

"The monsters called Immensities. Until a person has thought out the stars and their interspaces, he has hardly learnt that there are things much more terrible than monsters of shape, namely, monsters of magnitude without known shape. Such monsters are the voids and waste places of the sky. Look, for instance, at those pieces of darkness in the Milky Way," he went on, pointing with his finger to where the galaxy stretched across over their heads with the luminousness of a frosted web. "You see that dark opening in it near the Swan? There is a still more remarkable one south of the equator, called the Coal Sack, as a sort of nickname that has a farcical force from its very inadequacy. In these our sight plunges quite beyond any twinkler we have yet visited. Those are deep wells for the human mind to let itself down into, leave alone the human body! and think of the side caverns and secondary abysses to right and left as you pass on."

Lady Constantine was seriously impressed.

He tried to give her yet another idea of the size of the universe; never was there a more ardent endeavor to bring down the immeasurable to human comprehension! By figures of speech and apt comparisons he took her mind into leading-strings, compelling her to follow him into wildernesses of which she had never in her life even realized the existence. "There is a size at which dignity begins," he exclaimed; "further on there is a size at which grandeur begins; further on there is a size at which solemnity begins; further on, a size at which awfulness begins; further on, a size at which ghastliness begins. That size faintly approaches the size of the stellar universe. So am I not right in saying that those minds who exert their imaginative powers to bury themselves in the depths of that universe merely strain their faculties to gain a new horror?"

Standing, as she stood, in the presence of the stellar universe, under the very eyes of the constellations, Lady Constantine apprehended something of the argument.

"And to add a new weirdness to what the sky possesses in its size and formlessness, there is added the quality of decay. For all the wonder of these everlasting stars, eternal spheres, and what not, they are not everlasting, they are not eternal; they burn out like candles. You see that dying one in the body of the Great Bear? Two centuries ago it was as bright as the others. The senses may become terrified by plunging among them as they are, but there is a pitifulness even in their glory. Imagine them all extinguished, and your mind feeling its way through a heaven of total darkness, occasionally striking against the black, invisible cinders of those stars. . . . If you are cheerful, and wish to remain so, leave the study of astronomy alone. Of all the sciences, it alone deserves the character of the terrible."

"I am not altogether cheerful."

"Then if, on the other hand, you are restless, worried by your worldly affairs, and anxious about the future, study astronomy at once. Your troubles will be reduced amazingly. But your study will reduce them in a singular way, by reducing the importance of everything. So that the science is still terrible, even as a panacea. It is quite impossible to think at all adequately of the sky, of what the sky substantially is, without feeling it as a juxtaposed nightmare, which it is better for men to forget than to bear clearly in mind. But you say

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the stars were not really what you came to see me about. What was it, may I ask, Lady Constantine?"

She mused, and sighed, and turned to him with something of the pathetic in her mien. "The immensity of the subject you have engaged me on has completely crushed my subject out of me. Yours is celestial; mine, lamentably human! And the less must give way to the greater."

"But is it, in a human sense, and apart from macrocosmic magnitudes, important?" he inquired, at last attracted by her manner; for he began to perceive, in spite of his prepossession, that she had really something on her mind.

"It is as important as personal troubles usually are."

Notwithstanding her preconceived notion of coming to Swithin as employer to dependent, as *châtelaine* to page, she was falling into confidential intercourse with him. His vast and romantic endeavors lent him a personal force and charm which she could not but apprehend. In the presence of the immensities that his young mind had, as it were, brought down from above to hers, they became unconsciously equal. There was, moreover, an inborn liking in Lady Constantine to dwell less on her permanent position as a county lady than on her passing emotions as a woman.

"I will postpone the matter I came to charge you with," she resumed, smiling. "I must reconsider it. Now I will return."

"Allow me to show you out through the trees and across the field?"

She said neither a distinct yes nor no; and, descending the tower, they threaded the firs and crossed the plowed field. By an odd coincidence he remarked, when they drew near the Great House, "You may possibly be interested in knowing, Lady Constantine, that that medium-sized star you see over there, low down in the south, is precisely over Sir Blount Constantine's head in the middle of Africa."

"How very strange that you should have said so!" she answered. "You have broached for me the very subject I had come to speak of."

"On a domestic matter?" he said, with surprise.

"Yes. What a small matter it seems now, after our astronomical stupendousness! and yet on my way to you it so far transcended the ordinary matters of my life as the subject you have led me up to transcends this. But," with a little laugh, "I will endeavor to sink down to such ephemeral trivialities as human tragedy, and explain, since I have come. The point is, I want a helper: no woman ever wanted one more. For days I have wanted a trusty friend who could go on a secret errand for me. It is necessary that my messenger should be educated, should be intelligent, should be silent as the grave. Do you give me your solemn promise as to the last point, if I confide in you?"

"Most emphatically, Lady Constantine."

"Your right hand upon the compact."

He gave his hand, and raised hers to his lips. In addition to his respect for her as the lady of the manor, there was the admiration of eighteen years for twenty-six in such relations.

"I trust you," she said. "Now, beyond the above conditions, it was specially necessary that my agent should have known my husband well by sight when he was at home. For the errand is concerning my husband; I am much disturbed at what I have heard about him."

"I am indeed sorry to know it."

"There are only two people in the parish who fulfill all the conditions, — Mr. Torkingham, and yourself. I sent for Mr. Torkingham, and he came. I could not tell him. I felt at the last moment that he would n't do. I have come to you because I think you will do.

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This is it: my husband has led me and all the world to believe that he is in Africa, hunting lions. I have had a mysterious letter informing me that he has been seen in London, in very peculiar circumstances. The truth of this I want ascertained. Will you go on the journey?"

"Personally, I would go to the end of the world for you, Lady Constantine; but"—

"No buts!"

"How can I leave?"

"Why not?"

"I am preparing a work on variable stars. There is one of these which I have exceptionally observed for several months, and on this my great theory is mainly based. It has been hitherto called irregular; but I have detected a periodicity in its so-called irregularities which, if proved, would add some very valuable facts to those known on this subject, one of the most interesting, perplexing, and suggestive in the whole field of astronomy. Now, to clinch my theory, there should be a sudden variation this week, — or at latest next week, — and I have to watch every night not to let it pass. You see my reason for declining, Lady Constantine."

"Young men are always so selfish!" she said.

"It might ruin the whole of my year's labor if I leave now!" returned the youth, greatly hurt. "Could you not wait a fortnight longer?"

"No, — no. Don't think that I have asked you, pray. I have no wish to inconvenience you."

"Lady Constantine, don't be angry with me! Will you do this, — watch the star for me while I am gone? If you are prepared to do it effectually, I will go."

"Will it be much trouble?"

"It will be some trouble. You would have to come here every clear evening about nine. If the sky were not clear, then you would have to come at four in the morning, should the clouds have dispersed."

"Could not the telescope be brought to my house?"

Swithin shook his head. "Perhaps you did not observe its real size, — that it was fixed to a frame-work? I could not afford to buy an equatorial, and I have been obliged to rig up an apparatus of my own devising, so as to make it in some measure answer the purpose of an equatorial. It *could* be moved, but I would rather not touch it."

"Well, I 'll go to the telescope," she went on, with an emphasis that was not wholly playful. "You are the most ungallant youth I ever met with; but I suppose I must set that down to science. Yes, I 'll go to the tower at nine every night."

"And alone? I should prefer to keep my pursuits there unknown."

"And alone," she answered, quite overborne by his inflexibility.

"You will not miss the morning observation, if it should be necessary?"

"I have given my word."

"And I give mine. I suppose I ought not to have been so exacting!" He spoke with that sudden emotional consciousness of his own transitoriness which made these alternations of mood possible. "I will go anywhere — do anything for you — this moment — to-morrow, or at any time. But you must return with me to the tower, and let me show you the observing process."

They retraced their steps, the tender hoar-frost taking the imprint of their feet, and two stars in the Twins looking down upon their two persons through the trees, as if those two persons could bear some sort of comparison with them. On the tower the instructions were given. When all was over, and he was again conducting her to the Great House, she said, "When can you start?"

"Now," said Swithin.

"So much the better. You shall go up by the night mail."

Thomas Hardy.

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MAD RIVER,

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

TRAVELLER.

Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,
Mad River, O Mad River?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
Why all this fret and flurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From over-work and worry?

THE RIVER.

What would'st thou in these mountains seek,
O stranger from the city?
Is it perhaps some foolish freak
Of thine, to put the words I speak
Into a plaintive ditty?

TRAVELLER.

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,
With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong
As thine is, sing it all day long,
And hear it in my slumbers.

THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted;
Out of the forest dark and dread
Across the open fields I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
The rush of rain descending.

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I heard the distant ocean call,
Imploring and entreating;
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,
A toilsome life I follow;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms
The rudeness of my labors;
Daily I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,
When, full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep their wooden bridge away,
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creating.
Thou seest the day is past its prime;
I can no longer waste my time;
The mills are tired of waiting.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE ARRIVAL OF MAN IN EUROPE.

TOWARD the close of the Pleistocene age, the general outlines of the European continent had assumed very much their present appearance everywhere except in the northwest. The British Islands still remained joined to one another and to the Gaulish mainland, and occupied the greater part of the area of the German Ocean. According to Mr. James Geikie, the connection with Norway again became complete, and the Atlantic ridge was again so far elevated as to bring Scotland into connection with Greenland through the Faroe Islands and Iceland. The whole of Britain stood at an average elevation of from 600 to 1000 feet above its present level. The Thames, Humber, Tyne, and Forth must all have flowed into the Rhine, which emptied itself into the North Sea beyond the latitude of the Shetlands. The glaciers of Europe had retreated within the Arctic Circle, or up to the higher valleys of the great mountain ranges; and the climate was beginning to assume its present temperate and equable character.

At this remote epoch Europe had al-

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ready been inhabited by human beings during several thousand years. How long before the beginning of the Pleistocene period man had arrived in Europe is still open to question; but there is no doubt whatever that he lived in Gaul and Britain as a contemporary of the big-nosed rhinoceros, and before the arrival of the arctic mammalia which were driven from the north as the glacial cold set in. This race of man — described by Mr. Boyd Dawkins as the "River-Drift-Man" — is probably now as extinct as the cave-bear or the mammoth. Late in the Pleistocene period it disappeared from Europe, and was replaced by a new race, coming from the northeast, along with the musk-sheep and reindeer, and called by the same eminent writer the "Cave-Man." Both the Cave-men and River-drift men were in the stage of culture known as the Palæolithic, or Old Stone Age; that is, they used only stone implements, and these implements were never polished or ground to a fine edge, but were only roughly chipped into shape, and were very rude and irregular in contour. The Palæolithic Age, referring as the phrase does to a stage of culture, and not to any chronological period, is something which has come and gone at very different dates in different parts of the world. It may be convenient to remember that in northwestern Europe it seems to have very nearly coincided with the Pleistocene period, provided we also bear in mind that the coincidence is purely fortuitous. The implements of the River-drift men, found in Pleistocene river-beds, are very rude, and imply a social condition at least as low as that of the Australian savages of the present day. "They consist," says Mr. Dawkins, "of the flake; the chopper or pebble roughly chipped to an edge on one side; the *hâche* or oval-pointed implement, intended for use without a handle; an oval or rounded form with a cutting edge all round, which may have been used in a handle; a scraper for preparing skins; and pointed flints used for boring." Man did not then seek for the materials out of which to make these weapons or tools, but "merely fashioned the stones which happened to be within his reach — flint, quartzite, or chert — in the shallows of the rivers, as they were wanted, throwing them away after they had been used." No pottery of any sort has been found in association with these implements, nor were there at that period any domesticated animals. The River-drift men were evidently no tillers of the ground, neither were they herdsmen or shepherds; but they gained a precarious subsistence by hunting the great elk and other deer, and contended with packs of hyænas for the caves which might serve for a shelter against the storm. As to what may have been the social organization of these primeval savages, nothing whatever is known. They were a wide-spread race. Their implements have been found, in more or less abundance, in Britain, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Greece, northern Africa, Palestine, and Hindustan. Their bones have been found in the valleys of the Rhine, the Seine, the Somme, and the Vezère, in sufficient numbers to show that they were a dolicocephalic or long-headed race, with prominent jaws, but no complete skeleton has as yet been discovered.

These River-drift men, as already observed, belonged to the southern fauna which inhabited Europe before the approach of the glacial cold. As the climate of Europe became arctic and temperate by turns, the River-drift men appear to have by turns retreated southward to Italy and Africa, and advanced northward into Britain, along with the leopards, hyænas, and elephants, with which they were contemporary. But after several such migrations they returned no more, but instead of them we find plentiful traces of the Cave-men, — a race apparently more limited in its

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range, and clearly belonging to a sub-arctic fauna. The bones and implements of the Cave-men are found in association with remains of the reindeer and bison, the arctic fox, the mammoth, and the woolly rhinoceros. They are found in great abundance in southern and central England, in Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, and in every part of France; but nowhere as yet have their remains been discovered south of the Alps and Pyrenees. A diligent exploration of the Pleistocene caves of England and France, during the past twenty years, has thrown some light upon their mode of life. Not a trace of pottery has been found anywhere associated with their remains, so that it is quite clear that the Cave-men did not make earthenware vessels. Burnt clay is a peculiarly indestructible material, and where it has once been in existence it is sure to leave plentiful traces of itself. Meat was baked in the caves by contact with hot stones, or roasted before the blazing fire. Fire may have been obtained by friction between two pieces of wood, or between bits of flint and iron pyrites. Clothes were made of the furs of bisons, reindeer, bears, and other animals, rudely sewn together with threads of reindeer sinew. Even long fur gloves were used, and necklaces of shells and of bear's and lion's teeth. The stone tools and weapons were far finer in appearance than those of the River-drift men, though they were still chipped, and not ground. They made borers and saws as well as spears and arrow-heads; and besides these stone implements they used spears and arrows headed with bone, and daggers of reindeer antler. The reindeer, which thus supplied them with clothes and weapons, was also slain for food; and, besides, they slew whales and seals on the coast of the Bay of Biscay, and in the rivers they speared salmon, trout, and pike. They also appear to have eaten, as well as to have been eaten by, the cave-lion and cave-bear. Many details of their life are preserved to us through their extraordinary taste for engraving and carving. Sketches of reindeer, mammoths, horses, cave-bears, pike and seals, and hunting scenes have been found by the hundred, incised upon antlers or bones, or sometimes upon stone; and the artistic skill which they show is really astonishing. Most savages can make rude drawings of objects in which they feel a familiar interest, but such drawings are usually excessively grotesque, like a child's attempt to depict a man as a sort of figure eight, with four straight lines standing forth from the lower half to represent the arms and legs. But the Cave-men, with a piece of sharp-pointed flint, would engrave, on a reindeer antler, an outline of a urus so accurately that it can be clearly distinguished from an ox or a bison. And their drawings are remarkable not only for their accuracy, but often equally so for the taste and vigor with which the subject is treated.

Among uncivilized races of men now living, there are none which possess this remarkable artistic talent save the Eskimos; and in this respect there is complete similarity between the Eskimos and the Cave-men. But this is by no means the only point of agreement between the Eskimos and the Cave-men. Between the sets of tools and weapons used by the one and by the other the agreement is also complete. The stone spears and arrow-heads, the sewing-needles and skin-scrapers, used by the Eskimos are exactly like the similar implements found in the Pleistocene caves of France and England. The necklaces and amulets of cut teeth and the daggers made from antler, show an equally close correspondence. The resemblances are not merely general, but extend so far into details that if modern Eskimo remains were to be put into European caves they would be indistinguishable in appearance from the remains of the Cave-

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men which are now found there. Now, when these facts are taken in connection with the facts that the Cave-men were an arctic race, and especially that the musk-sheep, which accompanied the advance of the Cave-men into Europe, is now found only in the country of the Eskimos, though its fossil remains are scattered in abundance all along a line stretching from the Pyrenees through Germany, Russia, and Siberia, — when these facts are taken in connection, the opinion of Mr. Dawkins, that the Cave-men were actually identical with the Eskimos, seems highly plausible. Nothing can be more probable than that, in early or middle Pleistocene times, the Eskimos lived all about the Arctic Circle, in Siberia and northern Europe as well as in North America; that during the coldest portions of the Glacial period they found their way as far south as the Pyrenees, along with the rest of the sub-arctic mammalian fauna to which they belonged; and that, as the climate grew warmer again, and vigorous enemies from the south began to press into Europe and compete with them, they gradually fell back to the northward, leaving behind them the innumerable relics of their former presence, which we find in the late Pleistocene caves of France and England. The Eskimos, then, are probably the sole survivors of the Cave-men of the Pleistocene period: among the present people of Europe the Cave-men have left no representatives whatever.

With the passing away of Pleistocene times, further considerable changes occurred in the geography of Europe and in its population. Early in the Recent period the British Islands had become detached from each other and from the continent, and the North Sea and the English and Irish channels had assumed very nearly their present sizes and shapes. The contour of the Mediterranean, also, had become nearly what it is now; and in general such changes as have occurred in the physical structure of Europe during the Recent period have been comparatively slight. Of the mammalia living at the beginning of this period, only one species, the Irish elk, has become extinct. The gigantic cave-bear, the cave-lion, the mammoth, and the woolly rhinoceros had all become extinct at the close of the Pleistocene period, and the elephants and hyænas had finally retreated into Africa. In Europe were now to be found the brown and grizzly bears, the elk and reindeer, the wild boar, the urus or wild ox, the wolf and fox, the rabbit and hare, and the badger; and along with these there came those harbingers of the dawn of civilization, — the dog and horse, the domestic ox and pig, with the sheep and goat. A new race of men, also, the tamers and owners of these domestic animals, had appeared on the scene. These new men could build rude huts of oak logs and rough planks, made by splitting the tree-trunks with wedges. Such work was not done with chipped flint-flakes. The men of the early Recent period had the grindstone, and used it to put a fine edge on their stone hatchets and adzes; so that their appearance marks the beginning of a new era in culture. The sharp and accurate edge of the axe, unattainable save by grinding, is the symbol of this new era, which is known to archæologists as the Neolithic, or New Stone Age. The huts of the Neolithic farmers and shepherds were built in clusters, and defended by stockades. Wheat and flax were raised, and linen garments were added to those of fur. The distaff and loom, in rude shape, were in use, and grain was pounded in the mortar with a pestle. Rude earthenware vessels were made, sometimes ornamented with patterns. Canoes were also in use. The dead were buried in long barrows, and from the almost constant presence of arrow-heads, pottery, or trinkets in these tombs it has been inferred that the Neolithic men had some idea of

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a future life, and buried these objects for the use of the departed spirits, as is the custom among most savage races at the present time.

The celebrated lake-villages of Switzerland belong to the Neolithic or early Recent period; and the remains of their cattle and of their cultivated seeds and fruits have thrown light upon the origin of the Neolithic civilization. It is certain that the domestic animals did not originate in Europe, but were domesticated in central Asia, which was the home of their wild ancestors; and, moreover, they were not introduced into Europe gradually and one by one, but suddenly and *en masse*. It is clear, therefore, that they must have been brought in from Asia by the Neolithic men; and the same is true of the four kinds of wheat, two of barley, the millet, peas, poppies, apples, pears, plums, and flax, which grew in the gardens and orchards of Neolithic Switzerland.

This rudimentary Neolithic civilization was spread all over Europe, with the exception of the northern parts of Russia and Scandinavia; and there can be no doubt that it lasted for a great many centuries. It certainly lingered in Gaul and Britain long after the valley of the Nile had become the seat of a mighty empire; perhaps even after the Akkadian power had established itself at the mouth of the Euphrates, and "Ur of the Chaldees" had become a name famous in the world. Still more, it is clear that the Neolithic population has never been swept out of Europe, like the Cave-men and the River-drift men who had preceded it, but has remained there, in a certain sense, to this day, and constitutes a very important portion of our own ancestry.

So many skeletons have been obtained of the men and women of the Neolithic period that we can say, with some confidence, that the whole of Europe was inhabited by one homogeneous population, uniform in physical appearance. The stature was small, averaging 5 feet 4 inches for the men, and 4 feet 11 inches for the women; and the figure was slight. The skulls were "dolicocephalic," or long and narrow; but the jaws were small, the eyebrows and cheek-bones were not very prominent, the nose was aquiline, and the general outline of the face oval and probably handsome. In all these points the men of the Neolithic age agree exactly with the Basks of northern Spain, the remnant of a population which at the dawn of history still maintained an independent existence in many parts of Europe. By their conquerors, the Kelts, who led the van of the great Aryan invasion of Europe, these small-statured Basks were known as "Iberians" or "westerners" (Gael *iver*, Sanskr. *avara*, "western"), and "Iberian" is now generally adopted as the name of the race which possessed the whole of Europe in the Neolithic age and until the Aryan invasions, and which still preserves its integrity in the little territory between the Pyrenees and the Bay of Biscay. The Iberian complexion is a dark olive, with black eyes and black hair; so that we may figure to ourselves with some completeness how the prehistoric inhabitants of Europe looked.

It is probable that in Neolithic times this Iberian population was spread not only all over Europe, but also over Africa north of the Desert of Sahara; so that the Moorish and Berber peoples are simply Iberians, with more or less infusion of blood from the Arabs, who conquered them at the end of the seventh century after Christ. And it is also probable that the Silures of ancient Britain, the Ligurians of southern Gaul and northern Italy, and the rich and powerful Etruskans all belonged to the Iberian race.

In very recent times — probably not more than twenty centuries before Christ — Europe was invaded by a new race of men, coming from central Asia.

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These were the Aryans, a race tall and massive in stature (the men averaging at least 5 feet 8 inches, and the women 5 feet 3 inches), with "brachycephalic" or round and broad skulls, with powerful jaws and prominent eyebrows, with faces rather square or angular than oval, with fair, ruddy complexions and blue eyes, and red or flaxen hair. Of these, the earliest that came may perhaps have been the Latin tribes, with the Dorians and Ionians; but the first that made their way through western Europe to the shores of the Atlantic were the Gael, or true Kelts. After these came the Kymry; then the Teutons; and finally — in very recent times, near the beginning of the Christian era — the Slavs. These Aryan invaders were further advanced in civilization than the Iberians, who had so long inhabited Europe. They understood the arts which the latter understood, and, besides all this, they had learned how to work metals; and their invasion of Europe marks the beginning of what archæologists call the Bronze Age, when tools and weapons were no longer made of polished stones, but were wrought from an alloy of copper and tin. The great blonde Aryans everywhere overcame the small brunette Iberians, but, instead of one race exterminating or expelling the other, the two races everywhere became commingled in various proportions. In Greece, southern Italy, Spain, and southern France, where the Iberians were most numerous as compared with the Aryan invaders, the people are still mainly small in stature and dark in complexion. In Russia and Scandinavia, where there were very few Iberians, the people show the purity of their Aryan descent in their fair complexion and large stature. While in northern Italy and northern France, in Germany and the British Islands, the Iberian and Aryan statures and complexions are intermingled in endless variety.

We have now carried this brief account of the arrival of man in Europe as far as is requisite for our present purpose. Starting from ages of which only a palæontological record is preserved, we have gradually come down to a period almost within the ken of history. We have seen Europe inhabited in succession by four distinct races of men: firstly, the men of the River-drift, who belonged to a warm climate, and who during the Glacial period became extinct, along with many of the sub-tropical mammals with which they were contemporary; secondly, the Cave-men, who belonged to a cold climate, and of whom the Eskimos are now probably a surviving remnant; thirdly, the swarthy Iberians; and, fourthly, the fair-skinned Aryans, — these two latest races having by intermarriage given rise to the present mixed population of Europe.

Our next problem is to see how far it may be possible to introduce anything like chronology into this series of events. How long is it since the River-drift men inhabited Europe? Or when did the first Iberians, with their polished stone axes and their herds of cattle, begin to build their rude villages in Switzerland and Gaul? To such questions no very positive answers can be returned. But still we are not left wholly in the dark. A method of inquiry can be pointed out, by following which we may at least come to understand the "orders of magnitudes" in time with which we have to deal. We can substitute partially definite conceptions for wholly vague ones. And we can see how, by following the same line of inquiry with more ample data, it may be possible by and by to introduce something like chronology into the geologic history of the earth's surface.

The so-called "Glacial epoch" here all at once acquires a wonderful interest for us. We have seen that it is certain that men inhabited Britain contemporaneously with the big-nosed rhinoceros, which became extinct about the begin-

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ning of the Glacial period. How long men lived upon the earth before that time we do not know; but it is clearly established that there were men in Britain then. It would accordingly be very interesting to know when the Glacial period began to come on in Europe. But on this point it has already become possible to form something like a definite opinion.

To understand how we can arrive at a *date* for the Glacial period, it is necessary first to understand the *cause* of that wonderful change of climate which allowed all Europe as far south as Dresden, and all America as far south as Philadelphia, to become swathed in an ice-sheet like that which now covers Greenland. The causes of this event were many and complicated, but the arch-cause — the cause which unlocked all the others and set them going — was an astronomical cause. It has been proved by Mr. Croll that the primary cause of the glaciation of the northern hemisphere was a change in the shape of the earth's orbit, such as had occurred before and will occur again; and the dates of these changes in the orbit, whether past or future, can be determined by astronomical methods with great accuracy.

The reason why the weather is warmer in summer than in winter is that in summer the days are longer than the nights, so that the surface of the earth receives more heat in the day-time than it can lose by radiation during the night; while in winter the case is exactly the reverse. Another circumstance tends to make the earth warmer at one time than another, — namely, the fact that the earth's orbit is not quite circular, but slightly elliptical or eccentric, so that at one season of the year the earth is nearer to or farther from the sun than at another season. At present the northern hemisphere is nearest the sun in winter and farthest from it in summer, but the difference is only about 3,000,000 miles. It must also be remembered that when the earth is near perihelion it moves faster than when it is near aphelion, so that the season when it is nearer the sun is always a little shorter than the season when it is farther from the sun. Thus in our northern hemisphere at present the winter half of the year, or the interval from the autumnal to the vernal equinox, is nearly 8 days shorter than the summer half of the year. Thus the difference in length between our summer and winter seasons, and the difference between our distances from the sun at the two extremes of the year, are not great differences, but the advantage, such as it is, is on the side of summer.

But these relations between the earth and the sun are perpetually altering. Firstly, owing to the great revolution known as the "precession of the equinoxes," the earth's perihelion 10,500 years ago came in midsummer in the northern hemisphere, and it will come so again 10,500 years hence. In this state of things the winter half of the year was and will be 8 days longer than the summer half. Secondly, the shape of the earth's orbit changes from time to time, under the influence of the variously-compounded attractions exerted upon it by its companion planets. These changes occur at irregular intervals, but they admit of accurate calculation, and have been computed for 3,000,000 years in the past and 1,000,000 years in the future by Mr. Croll, from formulas furnished by Leverrier. It has thus been ascertained that at three several times within the past 3,000,000 years the earth's orbit has become very much elongated, so that the difference between its greatest and least distances from the sun has been between four and five times as great as at present, — that is, it has been from 12,000,000 to 14,000,000 miles. The first of these periods of high eccentricity began 2,650,000 years ago, and lasted 200,000 years; the second be-

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gan 880,000 years ago, and lasted 180,000 years; the third began 240,000 years ago, and lasted 160,000 years. For the last 50,000 years, the departure of the earth's orbit from the circular form has been exceptionally small.

Now let us suppose one of these long periods of high eccentricity to coincide with one of the short periods of 10,500 years, when the northern hemisphere has its aphelion in winter; and this, of course, has happened not once only, but a great many times. Under such circumstances, the northern hemisphere is 98,000,000 miles distant from the sun at midwinter instead of 91,000,000, as at present, and the winter is 26 days longer than the summer instead of 8 days shorter, as at present. On the other hand, at midsummer the sun's distance is only 86,000,000 miles instead of 94,000,000, as at present. Now how must this state of things affect the climate of the northern hemisphere?

In the first place, the diminution in the quantity of heat received daily from the sun in winter would be such as to lower the average temperature of the whole northern hemisphere by about 35° F., so that for example the average January temperature of England, which is now 39°, would fall to 4°. And, conversely, heat enough would be received to raise the mean summer temperature by about 60° above what it now is.

So far very good, as concerns the amount of heat actually received from the sun. But *would* the summer temperature be raised like this? It would not; and this is because our earth has a means of storing up cold, so to speak, which gives winter the advantage over summer in such a contest. With the mean January temperature of England at 4° F. instead of 39°, all the moisture which now falls as rain would fall as snow, and would accumulate on the ground. At the coming of summer, all the snow and ice would have to be melted, and it takes a great deal of heat to melt snow and ice. As Mr. Wallace graphically puts it, "to melt a layer of ice only one and a half inch thick would require as much heat as would raise a stratum of air 800 feet thick from the freezing-point to the tropical heat of 88° F.!" Until the snow is all melted, no amount of solar heat can raise the temperature much above the freezing-point; and this is the reason why, in regions where much moisture is condensed as snow, as in Greenland, and at the summits of the Andes, Alps, and Himalayas, snow is perpetual. So that, in the case we have supposed, the extra heat received from the sun in the short summer would largely be exhausted in melting the snow, and, instead of raising the mean temperature 60°, it is doubtful if it would raise it at all above the point which it attains at the present time. Besides all this, it must be remembered that the rapid melting of great masses of snow produces fog, and thus not only obscures the sun's heat, but leads to further heavy condensation in the shape of cold rains. Now bear in mind that this state of things goes on for at least half of the period of 10,500 years, when the aphelion of the northern hemisphere occurs between September and March, and it is easy to see how the snow and ice must so far gain the upper hand that the intense summer heat cannot produce any considerable impression on them, but the region of "eternal snow," no longer confined to the tops of lofty mountains, descends to the sea-level throughout a large part of the northern hemisphere. Thus we get far toward an explanation of the causes of the Glacial epoch. But still other causes have conspired with those here pointed out to enhance the general effect.

While the northern hemisphere was situated as just described, the state of things in the southern hemisphere must have been entirely different. There the perihelion occurring in winter and the aphelion in summer, with the same high

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eccentricity, the summer would be 26 days longer than the winter, and the climatic result would be perpetual spring. And this would affect the flow of ocean-currents in such a way as to deprive the northern hemisphere of its only possible chance of escaping the glaciation we have just depicted. Let us notice this point carefully, for it is one of great importance.

We have supposed the lowering of the average winter temperature of England, for example, due to the great aphelion distance of the sun, to be 35° F. There is one way in which this effect might be partially modified, and that is by the equalizing influence of the Gulf Stream. But in the case we have supposed, this influence would almost certainly be cut off. The direction of the main ocean-currents is determined by the trade-winds, and the trade-winds are caused by the difference of temperature between the poles and the equator. As the heated air at the equator rises, the cooler air from north and south flows in to take its place, and these atmospheric currents flowing from the north and south poles toward the equator are what are called the trade-winds. The strength of the trade-winds depends entirely upon the difference in temperature between the equator and the pole; the greater the difference, the stronger the wind. Now, at the present time, the south pole is much colder than the north pole, and the southern trades are consequently much stronger than the northern, so that the neutral zone in which they meet lies some five degrees north of the equator. The trade-winds, pushing stupendous masses of surface ocean-water, produce the main ocean-currents; and accordingly these currents now tend chiefly from south to north, so that most of the heated water of the central Atlantic, both north and south of the equator, gets carried into the northern temperate zone. In this way the Gulf Stream, coming northward up the west coast of Africa, sweeps across the Atlantic to the easternmost point of Brazil, where part of it gets deflected southward toward the Antarctic Ocean, but most of it flows northwesterly into the Gulf of Mexico, whence it is deflected northeasterly toward the European coast, giving to England its climate of perpetual spring in the latitude of Labrador, and tempering the cold of the North Sea even beyond the Arctic Circle. According to Mr. Croll, the quantity of extra heat which the northern hemisphere receives from this source, over and above that which it would get simply from direct solar radiation, amounts to fully one fourth of the latter quantity. But when the aphelion of the northern hemisphere occurred in midwinter, along with a very high eccentricity, all this must have been changed. The tendency of these circumstances, as we have seen, was to make the northern hemisphere very cold, while producing a perpetual spring in the southern hemisphere. Now, when once the north pole had become colder than the south pole, the northern trades would begin to blow with greater force than the southern, until after a while the neutral line between the two would be shifted south of the equator, and, instead of the warm waters of the southern tropical ocean being carried into the northern seas, the case would be just the reverse. The great ocean-currents, instead of all tending northward, as they do to-day, would all tend southward. A very little deflection of this sort would, at the easternmost point of Brazil, turn the whole of the Gulf Stream southward down the coast of South America, and prevent any part of it from flowing up into the North Atlantic; and in this way the progressing refrigeration of Europe and North America would be most powerfully enhanced.

Thus, when the eccentricity of the earth's orbit was three or four times as great as at present, and during the peri-

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od when aphelion in the northern hemisphere occurred in the winter season between September and March, the tendency must have been toward perpetual snow and ice over a large part of the northern hemisphere, and toward perpetual spring throughout the southern hemisphere. But when winter aphelion occurred in the southern hemisphere, then everything was reversed; then the tendency south of the equator was toward glaciation, and north of the equator it was toward perpetual spring. In Europe you would have, for 10,500 years, a period during which the climate would gradually become more and more arctic for 5250 years, thenceforward gradually becoming less severe; and upon this would ensue another period of 10,500 years, during which the climate would grow more and more equable for 5250 years, thenceforward gradually increasing again the differences between summer and winter; and in a period of 160,000 years such 21,000-year cycles would naturally occur nearly eight times. So that, upon a geological survey of what is called the Glacial epoch, we might expect to find an alternation of severe and mild climates in Europe, — an alternation of epochs in which Britain was inhabited by the hippopotamus with epochs in which the reindeer roamed in the south of France. And this is, in fact, what we do find. It is not long since the Glacial period in Europe was supposed to have been one long monotonous period of extreme cold; but now the foremost geologists — such as Mr. James Geikie, who has more than any one else illustrated this subject — have discovered at least four or five alternations of warm and cold periods in Europe during the Glacial epoch; and with further and more minute research we may expect the agreement between observation and deduction to become still more convincing.

Enough has now been said to give the reader some idea of the magnificent line of reasoning by which Mr. Croll has unfolded the causes of the Glacial period. And it also becomes apparent at once why we must probably select the *latest* period of high eccentricity in the earth's orbit as the period for which we have been seeking. For that period — which began 240,000 years ago, and terminated 80,000 years ago — presented such a set of astronomical circumstances as must have resulted in the repeated glaciation of the northern hemisphere, after the manner above described. And the antiquity of that period seems to be sufficiently great to allow for the geological changes which have occurred since the Pleistocene age. If we were to assign an earlier epoch of high eccentricity for the Glacial period, it would then become necessary to show why, with the present relations of land and sea on the globe, the latest epoch of high eccentricity should not have produced a subsequent glacial period. But the Glacial period which Agassiz first taught us to understand, and which in recent years has been made the subject of such minute study, is clearly the latest glacial period that has occurred in the northern hemisphere; for it is the one of which the traces are now everywhere around us; it is the one which has carved the mountains of Scotland and New England in their present beautiful outlines, and covered their sides with bowlders, and filled the valleys with romantic tarns or magnificent lakes. If we adopt Mr. Croll's theory of the causes of glaciation, we are clearly bound to look to the latest rather than to any earlier manifestation of those causes, in order to account for that glacial period the effects of which are still visible all around us. Accordingly, among the foremost geologists who have adopted Mr. Croll's conclusions, there has been a general agreement that the period of high eccentricity which began 240,000 years ago and ended 80,000 years ago must have been coincident with the great period of glaci-

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ation which occurred during the Pleistocene age in Europe and America.

The most serious objection that has been urged against Mr. Croll's theory is that it seems to require us to suppose that there have been recurrent glacial epochs, at irregular intervals, during the whole past duration of the earth's history. And in particular it would seem to be implied that there must have been a great glacial period from 880,000 to 700,000 years ago, and another one from 2,650,000 to 2,450,000 years ago, both of these dates being long subsequent to the beginning of the Tertiary period. Mr. Croll has sought to meet these objections by showing that such must really have been the case. He alleges evidence of glaciation in every one of the geological periods back to the Cambrian, with the single exception of the Triassic. And he argues, in particular, that the epoch of high eccentricity which began 880,000 years ago corresponded with a glacial epoch in the Miocene period, and that in like manner the date of 2,650,000 years ago witnessed the beginning of a great glacial epoch in the Eocene period. But these conclusions are not generally adopted by geologists. There are some evidences of local glaciation in the Miocene period in the neighborhood of the Alps, which were probably higher then than they are at present, but the weight of evidence is entirely in favor of the conclusion that the general climate of Europe throughout the Eocene and Miocene periods was much warmer than it has been at any later date. From the Eocene period down to the Pleistocene, there can be little doubt that there was a slow but steady lowering of the mean temperature of Europe, until in the latter period there occurred that comparatively rapid refrigeration which brought about a glacial epoch. In earlier than Tertiary times, on the other hand, Mr. Croll seems to have been more successful. There are distinct and numerous evidences of extensive glaciation in Europe during the remote Permian period; and it is not improbable that similar phenomena may have taken place in Silurian times. On the whole, however, it does not seem likely that there have been many periods of extreme glaciation, like that which we suppose to have ended about 80,000 years ago; and it is quite unlikely that there has been any other such period since the beginning of Tertiary times. How, then, shall we explain the occurrence of two periods of high eccentricity, one lasting 200,000 and the other 180,000 years, without an accompanying glaciation of the northern hemisphere?

This difficulty has been sometimes cited as fatal to Mr. Croll's theory; but when we fully consider all the conditions of the case, we shall see that it is not so. For we must remember that it is not simply the *cold*, but it is the *snow* of the glacial winter, that chills the summers and renders possible the accumulation of ice. To produce a glacial epoch, according to Mr. Croll's theory, it is not enough that the mean winter temperature of the northern hemisphere should be lowered 35° F., unless there is enough condensation of moisture going on to produce an abundant snowfall. Under such geographical conditions as exist to-day, and as existed during the Pleistocene period, there would be such a condensation and such a snowfall; but in the Eocene and Miocene periods it was probably otherwise. The explanation is not difficult.

The most efficient promoters of condensation are mountains, which, thrusting their cold summits high into the air, precipitate the surrounding moisture. It is a familiar fact that mountainous districts are apt to be rainy, and that very high mountains are usually covered with snow in midsummer, even while oranges and palms are flourishing a few thousand feet below. It is not quite so familiar a fact that no intensity of arctic cold

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will suffice to prevent a warm or mild summer unless there is an extensive deposit of snow in the winter. Now, nowhere on the earth do we find any lowlands of great extent covered with perpetual snow. The coldest winters on the globe occur in eastern Siberia, where the temperature often averages —40° F. for several weeks in succession, and, according to Professor Pumpelly, sometimes sinks to —120° F.! Yet so dry is the atmosphere that but little snow falls, and after this has been melted in the spring the weather rapidly grows warm. "At Yakutsk, in 62 degrees N. latitude, the thermometer stands often at 77° in the shade, and wheat and rye produce from fifteen to forty fold," while the prairies are covered with grass and flowers. As Mr. Wallace observes, "it is only where there are lofty mountains or plateaus — as in Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Grinnell Land — that glaciers, accompanied by perpetual snow, cover the country, and descend in places to the level of the sea." The coast of the Antarctic Continent is girdled with lofty mountains, which effect such condensation in the damp sea-air about them that the continent is buried under a mass of ice more than a mile in thickness. The antarctic islands South Georgia and South Shetland "are very mountainous, and send down glaciers into the sea; and as they are exposed to moist sea-air on every side, the precipitation, almost all of which takes the form of snow even in summer, is of course unusually large."

In order, therefore, to get a centre from which to start an accumulation of snow and ice sufficient to bring on a glacial epoch in the northern hemisphere, it would seem absolutely necessary that there should be a considerable amount of high land within the Arctic Circle. But in the Eocene and Miocene periods this condition does not seem to have been satisfied. Throughout the greater part of these two periods the area within the Arctic Circle was less elevated than it has been ever since the beginning of the Pliocene age. Greenland stood lower than at present, and the greater part of Siberia was submerged. Moreover, as already stated in the preceding paper,[1] the continents of Europe and Asia did not become "united into one unbroken mass" until the Pliocene period. In the earlier Tertiary times the warm waters of the Indian Ocean flowed northwestward between Asia and Europe even into the Arctic Ocean, the mountains of Armenia and the Caucasus protruding as islands from this vast sea surface. Again, Mr. Wallace has pointed out a number of peculiarities in the distribution of plants and animals in the southern hemisphere which "render it almost certain" that in the early Tertiary times the antarctic land was much more extensive than at present. Now an elevation in the antarctic region, increasing the deposit of snow and ice about the south pole, and thus increasing the difference of temperature between the south pole and the equator, would be just what was needed to convert the fickle monsoons of the Indian Ocean into a steady and powerful trade-wind, that would drive the warm water northward through the channel between Europe and Asia even as far as the north pole. This current from the Indian Ocean must have been more than equal to the Gulf Stream in heating power, and its effect would be to prevent any accumulation of ice within the Arctic Circle, and to produce in Greenland such a climate as it is known to have enjoyed in the Miocene period, when it was covered with a vegetation as luxuriant as that of Virginia at the present day.

This question is discussed at considerable length and with great ability by Mr. Wallace, in his treatise on Island Life. His argument is in some re-

1 Europe before the Arrival of Man, Atlantic Monthly, April, 1882.

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spects the most valuable contribution that has ever been made to our understanding of past climatic changes. He makes it perfectly clear that while Mr. Croll's astronomical interpretation of the Glacial period is perfectly correct in principle, nevertheless extensive glaciation cannot take place unless the geographical conditions are such as to enable a great accumulation of ice to begin. We are not, therefore, obliged, on Mr. Croll's view, to suppose that every epoch of high eccentricity has inaugurated a glacial period; and we see, in particular, why such a result was not likely to follow 2,650,000 years ago or 800,000 years ago, supposing the latter date to have occurred before the beginning of the Pliocene age; and thus the only serious objection to Mr. Croll's theory is effectually disposed of.

We have every reason to believe, then, that the great Glacial period of the Pleistocene age began 240,000 years ago, and came to an end 80,000 years ago. But at the beginning of this period men were living in the valley of the Thames; at the end of it the men of the River-drift had probably become extinct, and their place in Europe had been taken and held for ages by the boreal Cave-men, who now in turn were about starting on their long retreat to the arctic regions. How long a time may have elapsed before the swarthy Iberian settled in Europe, with his dogs and cattle, we have no means of deciding; nor can we say when the blue-eyed Aryan began his invasions, though we know that this last event must have been very recent, — not very long before the dawn of history. Nor can we tell how long there had been human beings on the earth before the Glacial epoch began. But, as I have said already, it must have been a great while, because, even before the close of the Pliocene age, they had had time to spread over the earth as far as Portugal in one direction, and as far as California in the other. And if we are to take the date of 240,000 years ago for the beginning of the Glacial epoch, we can hardly allow for the close of the Pliocene age an antiquity of less than 400,000 years.

It only remains to add that the enormous length of time during which the human race has existed is of itself a powerful argument in favor of the opinion — now generally accepted — that the human race was originated, by a slow process of development, from a race of non-human primates, similar to the anthropoid apes. We see man living on the earth for perhaps half a million years, to all intents and purposes dumb, leaving none but a geological record of his existence, progressing with infinite slowness and difficulty, making no history. Yet his geologic record is not quite like that of the dog or the ape, who could not chip a flint, and in the incised antlers of the Cave-men we see the first faint gleams of the divine intelligence that was by and by to shine forth with the glories of a Michael Angelo. We cannot but suppose that during those long dumb ages, through infinite hardship and through the stern regimen of deadly competition and natural selection, man was slowly but surely *acquiring* that intellectual life which was at last to bloom forth in history, and which has made him "the crown and glory of the universe."

John Fiske.

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AUNTY LANE.

On a bit of "No Man's Land," three miles from the top of Gray's Peak, in Colorado, stands a little old log house called Kelso's Cabin. Travelers going from Georgetown, to make the ascent of Gray's Peak, climb twelve miles up to this cabin, and sleep there; setting off for the peak early the next morning. The climb to the cabin is the best part of the ascent of the peak. The road zigzags and tacks on precipice edges up the mountain sides, with a foaming little river below, under, and across it, at convenience. Past Silver Flume, a nest of miners' houses, in the nook made by a sudden halt of the stream; past Brownsville, another miners' hamlet, tucked in on rims of the shore and ledges of the canyon; past lonely cabins, high up like eagles' eyries in crannies of stone; past deserted smelting works and abandoned shanties, where some poor soul was lured to bootless trial at making a living off a hand's-breadth of meadow and a hole in the rock; past mounds and miniature mountains of shining gray ore, thrown out of myriads of mine shafts high up on the mountain sides, with tramways of glistening wire, shining down through the air like a sort of supernatural cobweb, from them to the mills on the banks of the stream; past great basins and slopes of solid fir forests, grand in their solitude and beauty; past picture after picture of majestic circles and ranges of snow-topped peaks, at each turn opening new vistas, revealing new horizons; past all these climbs the road, steadily higher and higher, steeper and steeper, till at last, rounding the north front of Kelso's Mountain, leaving Gray and Erwin hidden in the south, it comes to abrupt ending in a rock-walled amphitheatre, so strange and startling that it reminds one of fairy tale descriptions of the uncanny spots to which brave princes and princesses are sent in search of enchanted lovers and knights.

On two sides, a bare ridge, thousands of feet high, stony, steep, forbidding; gravelly slides from top to bottom, here and there, only add to its appearance of inaccessibility. On the third side stand the glittering snow peaks of Gray and Erwin, and the solid brown front of Kelso. Only one narrow opening to the northwest gives a way into and out of the place. A little stream dashes through; firs and spruces grow on its banks, and alders, with yellow cowslips under them, blue gentians and white daisies, and harebells and asters. Two miles and a half up in the air, they have to wait long for their summer, and drink it quick; but they make a splendid carouse of it while it lasts.

Here, close to the brook, facing east, to get what it may of the late sunrise over the rocky wall, stands Kelso's Cabin. It was built twenty years ago, by the Sonora Mining Company; and a man named Kelso, superintending their mines, lived in it. Whose cabin it is now, it would be hard to say; latitudes and longitudes and possession and ownership being such indefinite terms, twelve thousand feet up, in a new mining country. Probably it is nobody's cabin; but when Kelso left it, ten years ago, he gave it to "Aunty Lane," and there she has lived from June to October, every summer since, — "the happiest summers of her life," she says; and as she has more than half a century of other summers to compare them with, she does not use her superlative hastily. But it is really less tribute to the happiness of the summers in Kelso's Cabin than it might seem, for the half century of summers before had held small joy for Aunty Lane.

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The story of her life is worth telling, as an illustration of what our pioneer women endure, even in this nineteenth century. The wilderness and the frontier have retreated so far to our West, and comfort, luxury, and self-satisfaction are so fast crystallizing into indifferentism and selfishness in our East, that it is well to be brought now and then sharply face to face with the facts of a life like Aunty Lane's, — a life not exceptional in its experiences, except in so far as the experiences were modified by the remarkable temperament of a woman whom nothing could daunt or cast down. So long as there remain in America wildernesses to be conquered and men to conquer them, there will be hundreds and thousands of American women leading just such lives: working side by side with men, uncomplaining, unknown; doing the hardest part of the work; laying the best foundation of all that the next generation will have to build on. There is a heroism in such lives far greater than most of the heroisms which are accounted as such by the world. It is not of a sort often suited to the setting of song, or the blazonry of picture; but its meed is above both song and picture.

"I've been often asked to write my life out," said Aunty Lane, "and I've often thought I would do it; but I haven't ever kept a journal, or anything of the kind, and I've seen so much I should n't know where to begin, if I was to set out to tell it. But I'd be glad to have folks know what there is gone through with by women that have to live in such places as I've lived in. It would do folks good."

"I should like to try to tell it for you, aunty," I said. We were sitting side by side, on a great rock, looking towards Gray's Peak, whose snowy summit shone in the sun as if it were hewn out of ice. Great drifts of snow lay in all the ravines and furrows of the other mountains, and in the seams and crevices of the eastern wall of the valley. Blue gentians and daisies were blooming around us, and in every hollow of the rock lay mats of flowering mosses, with pink, white, and turquoise-blue blossoms, star-shaped, tiny; a score of their infinitesimal disks could have been laid on one cowslip petal.

The old lady picked a handful of the blue ones, and, looking at them thoughtfully, said, "These forget-me-nots are the prettiest of all, I think. I keep them in the house all summer."

I had noticed a low dish filled with them, on her little work-table.

"They are forget-me-nots, ain't they?" she continued. "I've heard a good many people call them so. But I don't know why one flower's any more to do with remembering than any other. They all of them remind me of lots of things. There's always been lots of flowers everywhere I've ever lived, and I've always been fond of them.

"Yes, I'm willing you should write out anything I've told you. There is n't anything ever I did I've got any objection to people's knowing. Everybody knows me, round here. I've been 'aunty' to everybody, these twenty years. If you was to send me anything in the Georgetown post-office, you would n't need to put on anything but 'Aunty Lane' on it. They'd send it right up here to me."

The story will lose much in my telling. I wish I could have taken it down, word for word, as it fell from Aunty Lane's lips. Part of it she told me as we sat on the mossy rock; part of it after nightfall, in the little cabin. It seemed strangest in the cabin. The small, low room, its walls covered with scraps and bits of a dozen different papers, its furniture poor and scanty, the dim light flickering over her fine old face, and her gentle, sensitive, changeful voice sounding almost loud in the stillness of the spot, — all made a scene not to be forgotten, and one

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strangely foreign to the narrative I was hearing.

Aunty Lane's hard times began early in life. Left an orphan at the age of four, she was "taken," as the phrase is among rural people, by a cousin, who lived on a farm adjoining her father's, in Western New York. There is a chance for no end of miseries in the experience of unprotected little waifs who fall into this sort of semi-adoption niche among relatives. It usually means being inadequately clothed and fed, with some begrudging, and authority as absolute as if it were parental, exercised with little love and small courtesy. This part of Aunty Lane's life she passed over with curt mention, and it was more by instinctive inference than by any statement of hers that I understood how it came about that in her twentieth year she married, hastily and unwisely, the man whose unstable and wandering nature cost her so dear before she was done with him. He was a worker in iron, had had experience in foundries, and was of so ingenious a turn that no sort of mechanical work came amiss to him. But his very versatility of capacity was his ruin. That, joined to a restless, insatiable liking for change, and an easy faith in new schemes of big promise, made his whole life a chase after birds in the bush. Their first six years were spent in Michigan, which was then little more than a wilderness; Ann Arbor, where they first lived, being at that time a small village, with only three or four hundred inhabitants. Here, sometimes, they moved three times in a year. Jobbing, contracting, and at odd intervals farming, the restless man tried his hand at. In 1839 they pushed on to Wisconsin. Here he added hotel keeping to his previous list of occupations. In Wisconsin they lived thirteen years, and in six different places. In these thirteen years, eight children were born to them. When, in 1852, they decided to try their fortunes in California, the youngest of these children was sixteen months old.

One good fortune never deserted Aunty Lane; wherever she went she made friends. This it is easy to understand, to-day. Even in her old age she retains the charm of a sympathetic, outspoken, sensitive, and enthusiastic temperament, full of affections, quick of impression, and swift to act. When she decided to go with her husband to California, there were enough friends around her to provide homes for all eight of her little children.

"I 've always been lucky in my friends," she said. "I 'd a good home to leave each of the children in; else I could n't have gone, no ways, for we could n't take them with us. I felt worst about leaving the baby. He was n't quite sixteen months old, and I knew he would n't know me when I came back, if I ever did."

Early in April, 1852, she set off for California by the overland journey. To undertake that journey then required more courage than to have sailed with Columbus.

"I just expected we 'd both of us be killed by the Indians before we got across," said Aunty Lane; "but I was n't going to have him go alone. I believe in a woman sticking to her husband — just as long as she can," she added, after a pause and sigh, which I understood later.

The emigrant train which Aunty Lane and her husband joined started from Chicago. There were about forty persons, all told, but only five women in the party. There were seven wagons: some of the men rode; others walked, driving the stock. A girl child was born and a woman died on the journey, which lasted over four months. On the 12th of May they crossed the Missouri River, in Nebraska. Not a house nor a sign of human habitation there. The last of July they crossed the Rocky Mountain range, through the Devil's

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Gate in a pass called the South Pass, in Nevada. On the Fourth of July they had camped on Green River. It was Sunday, and "we kept both days to once, I remember," she said. "It snowed hard that night, and the next morning the ice in the river was an inch thick."

They saw Indians every day, sometimes great bands of them, four and five hundred at a time; but, much to their surprise and relief, found them uniformly friendly. "The worst there was to those Indians on the plains was that they were thievish; they would drive off our stock, nights, all we could do. But I never blamed them for that," said Aunty Lane. "I guess we 'd have done as much as that in their place; and anyhow we were mighty glad to get off so easy. A steer now and then did n't amount to much, if it would keep our heads on our shoulders. We women used to be real glad when the men came in, in the morning, and said there was some more cattle gone. We told them they 'd better not swear much, if nothing worse 'n that came to us."

They followed the "old trail" all the way. I have myself seen many miles of this old trail. It is in sight at intervals, often, from the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads, and there is something of unspeakable pathos in its deep-trodden, mute line: so slender a thread to have first linked ocean to ocean; so short-lived sign and record of untold toils and woes. Before the generation which trod it shall all have passed beyond this life, its last trace will have disappeared, swallowed up again in the wilderness which took no heed of its presence, or lost in the thoroughfares of new towns which will not remember its place.

"When we went down the Pacific slope, the rocks and the mountains all stood that way," said Aunty Lane, interlocking her fingers, and throwing up the joints and knuckles. A better figure could not be made out of small things for great than this is, for the confused overlapping, interlapping upheavals of the rocks and mountain peaks of this continent's great backbone.

Weaver, a little town four miles from the famous Placerville, was the first California town they entered. It was a wild spot, — the gulches and streams "lined thick with Chinamen, as thick as they could stand, all washing for gold!" The sight reminded Aunty Lane of "nothing in the world but black ants, a-swarming every which way," she said, and she never forgot that "first sight of them." They never looked the same to her after that, she got so used to them; but that first time they did n't look like human beings; they looked just like ants, as she had seen them "going up and down on the bark of the pine-trees."

Placer mining is too hard work and yields too small returns for restless men to follow it long. In a few months Lane threw it up, and pushed on to Sacramento, where he got a contract for building a big dam in Sacramento River. This took the better part of a year; and then he pulled up stakes again, this time moving to the spot which Aunty Lane loved best of all she had ever seen, except her last home, the eyrie on Gray's Peak. It was a cabin high up on the Coast Range, only seven miles from the ocean, looking down over vast tracts of redwood forests. Here she lived for one year, the only woman on the mountain. Her husband had a large force of men under him, cutting down and shipping redwood logs to San Francisco. She did all the cooking and washing for these men, working many days from sunrise till midnight. Nevertheless she often found time to jump on the back of her pony, dash down alone to the beach, watch the sea-lions playing on reefs of rocks, get a dip in the water, and be back again to her cabin, without being missed. From her doorstep she could see San Francisco, San Jose,

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and many miles of shining sea, with the white ships coming and going. She never wearied of the picture, and except for the yearning, heart-sick desire to see her children, her lonely days in this mountain cabin would have been the happiest she had known for many a year. But this desire strengthened and grew, till it refused to be longer denied; and on the last day of September, 1854, she set sail from San Francisco for New York, leaving her husband alone in the redwood forest.

"I never knew if I done right to leave him," she said, "but I reckoned that I'd die if I stayed there another year without seeing how the children got along; and he said I might bring one back with me. I don't know how I'd ever have picked out which one to take; but it wa'n't to be. It 's lucky we don't ever know what we 're going into."

There were over one thousand passengers on the steamer in which Aunty Lane left San Francisco. In less than twenty-four hours, four hundred of them were drowned. Off the Santa Barbara shore, the steamer, going at full speed, in broad day, ran on a rock and snapped in two. Six hundred people clung to the wreck all that afternoon and night; the two halves of the boat lifting and beating on the reef with every wave that broke. Aunty Lane was helped up to a place high on the bows, by a man whose face she could not see, and whose voice she did not know. There the two sat, hour after hour, holding tight to each other, expecting every moment to be washed away. "He asked me if I was n't afraid," she said; "and I told him, 'No, I did n't feel afraid, whichever way it went.' Then he said, 'Do you think we 'll get ashore?' And I said, 'If it 's God's will, we shall; and if it is n't, it 's all right.' I don't know how it was, but I never felt more composed in my life. He told afterwards in San Francisco that he never thought anybody could be so composed as I was; he said it most made him think we wa'n't in any kind o' danger."

All night the boats pulled to and fro between the black shore and the tossing wreck; and before morning all who were left alive of the shipwrecked creatures were landed. It was an uninhabited, barren coast, some hundred miles below Santa Barbara: sage brush and bare rocks were all that could be seen; a blinding fog drove in, through which they groped helplessly from rock to rock. They had literally nothing except the torn and dripping clothes in which they had escaped. When the fog lifted, there was not a trace to be seen of the steamer. She must have gone down, they thought, in a very few minutes after the last boat had pulled away. Before noon a small coasting vessel, bound for San Diego, came along, and took on board about five hundred, all that she could safely carry. At San Diego Aunty Lane refused to land, but waited on board the coaster for her return voyage to San Francisco.

"They all thought it was so strange of me to be willing to go right back by sea. Some of the women said they 'd walk every step of the way first. But I told them I never heard of anybody's being shipwrecked two voyages running; and I 'd as soon take my chances on water as on land. Besides, the captain said he 'd take anybody back free to San Francisco that wanted to go, and I wanted to go bad enough. I expected my husband would be almost crazy; for there would n't be any way of knowing who was drowned and who was n't, till our coaster got back. We heard there was another coaster took the rest back to San Francisco, the day we came off; but it was all such confusion nobody could tell much about the names, and of course the lists were all lost. I expect there were lots of people that were drowned that night, that nobody ever knew what become of them, owing to the lists being lost."

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It was ten days before the coaster got back to San Francisco. It arrived just one hour after the news of the wreck and rescue had reached the city. Aunty Lane's friends were thrown into great anxiety, but some of them who knew her best felt a presentiment that she was still alive. The first face she saw on the wharf was that of a little boy, the son of one of her dearest friends, who had been sent down to learn her fate.

"Oh, Mrs. Lane!" he exclaimed. "Mother and Mrs. Beals, they 're both crying good; they did cry good, I tell you."

But when Aunty Lane reached the house her friend said to her, "Well, I 've said a dozen times this last hour, 'If there is n't but two people saved off that boat, she 'll be one of them.'"

News traveled slowly, in those days, from San Francisco into the Coast Range forests. The first that Lane heard of the shipwreck was the tidings that his wife was in San Francisco again.

"They said he turned as white as a sheet, and said he, 'My God! How did she get there? She can't be there. She 's sailed for New York.' And then they told him the whole story. And he never answered them one word, but he just threw down his axe and things where he stood, and turned round and rushed off. And the next day he walked into Miss Beals's, before I 'd any thought of his getting to hear anything about it. I was going right out to him, as soon as I 'd got some clothes to wear. I was a sight to behold, in the very same gown I went off the boat that night. I 'd worn it just as it was, all dried and shrunk up."

No doubt the redwood forest seemed a very haven of refuge now. Aunty Lane went back there for another year; this time to a cabin at the foot of the mountains, for her husband had gone into the freighting business, and she must now help on by keeping a boarding-house for lumbermen.

At the end of the year she had once more saved money enough for the journey to New York, and set sail again from San Francisco, with no more fear of the sea than if it had never served her ill.

"Folks wondered," she said, "that I 'd try going again that way, but I did n't think much about it. 'T was the only way I could go, and go I 'd got to. That was most the only thing I was sure about. It did use to seem to me, sometimes, nights, as if I could n't live till morning without seeing the children."

The voyage was made successfully and quickly. Twenty-two days from the time she left San Francisco she entered New York harbor, and, turning West again, took the very first train which would bear her towards her children in Wisconsin. She found them all alive, all well: the two elder daughters, married; the sixteen months' old baby, a sturdy boy of six. He sat by, a strong, bearded man past thirty, while she was telling me this part of the story.

It now seemed clear that her children needed her more than her husband did, and, gathering up the little brood of six, Aunty Lane journeyed back to Chicago, and undertook the task of earning a living for herself and them by keeping boarders. Here she lived for five years, with varying luck; never making anything more than a fairly comfortable living, and often being in sore straits. During these five years her husband returned from California once to see her, and sometimes sent her a little money; but he was never successful long at a time, and was falling more and more into bad ways.

In 1860, tempted by the stories of great fortunes to be made in Colorado, she decided to remove to Denver. Two of her boys she left at school in Chicago; three daughters were now married; the remaining children, two boys and a girl, she took with her. Once more she was in the thick of frontier life, with its excitements, dangers, and deprivations.

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These were the terrible days of Denver's early history: days whose record has never yet been fully written; days when white-skinned savages and red-skinned savages fought fiercely together over lands which need never have been matter of contention at all, if the whites had been honest or just. It is touching to read, in the official records of the early settlement of Colorado, how the Ute and Cheyenne Indians, in one of their treaties with the government, requested that large tracts of their surrendered lands might be given to the people of Denver at a merely nominal price, in token of their good-will to them. And before many years the men of Denver had plotted against these same Indians one of the most fiendish massacres the world ever saw, — a massacre in which unarmed, friendly men, with the United States flag flying over their lodges, were shot down in cold blood; women were killed, outraged, and indecently mutilated; babies, half killed and left to die.

Aunty Lane lived in Denver through these days. She saw the men ride back from this massacre, Indian scalps hanging at their bridles, and other tokens of their barbarities, too horrible to be mentioned, proudly displayed on their saddle-bows. She had also seen, a few days before, drawn in a open wagon through the streets of Denver, the dead bodies of some white settlers, murdered by Indians; but the first savagery did not, in her eyes, justify the second. She had herself journeyed for months through the Indians' hunting grounds, and seen for herself that they were not hostile unless hostilely treated.

"Not that I ever loved Indians," she said, half apologetically. "I can't say I did. I 'd a good deal rather never see one; and I think any country 's better off without them than with. But I do say they were treated shameful, and they did n't ever do anything, so far 's ever I 've known, that was any worse than the white folks did to them. But it 's a blessed thing they 're pretty well out o' the country, in my opinion."

If Aunty Lane had expressed these views in Denver, in the year of the Sand Creek massacre, it would probably have gone hard with her. No doubt her feelings have changed, more than she is aware, since 1865; but it was evident that she had been, even in those times of peril and terror, singularly just in her notions of the balance of responsibility for the warfare.

Seven years of the hardest sort of boarding-house keeping in Denver left Aunty Lane little better off than she had been when she first went there. It was a hard and bitter period in her life. In the course of it, she had been at last forced, by the advice of friends and for her own self-respect, to separate herself legally from the man by whose side and for whose sake she had struggled through so many vicissitudes. This she did in 1865. Two of her sons were fighting in Illinois regiments, she knew not where, or, indeed, if they were living or dead.

Her last remaining daughter was married. With her son she moved now to Georgetown, once more to take up the weary task of keeping boarders; still hoping, also, that in the Georgetown mines might be waiting for them the long-delayed fortune. At the end of a year this boy left her, and went to Kansas, choosing the life of a farmer rather than that of a miner.

For two years she was alone in Georgetown; her eight children scattered, her husband lost, by worse loss than death. Still she worked bravely on; made, after the plain fashions of the mining camp, a cheery, comfortable home for those who boarded with her, and, as she said with dignity, "never had much, but always plenty, and never had to be beholden to anybody."

Nine years ago she occupied Kelso's Cabin for a summer; and, finding that

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something could be done by taking care of travelers coming to make the ascent of Gray's Peak, she fitted the cabin up, built on a sort of kitchen, and determined to spend her summers there. The plan suited her from the first.

"I don't know how it is," she said, "but I feel a great deal less lonely, off in a lonely place like this, than I do among folks. I can sit all day long and look at these mountains, and they do me good. And I enjoy talking with the sort of folks that come to go up the mountain. You know what I mean: there 's always something *to* people that 'll take the trouble to climb a mountain like that; and they 're always kind to me. I 've seen some of the greatest men in this country, up here on Gray's Peak, and talked with them, as I would n't have done nowhere else in the world; and I like that. And I 'm out of the way, too, of lots of things."

Two of her sons had joined her in Georgetown, and were engaged in mining; still lured on by the same *ignis fatuus* that had led their father to California, thirty years before.

"We 've got some real good properties here; we 've got interests in several mines, that are being worked; and we 've got lots of claims, if we 'd only got the capital to work them," she said, as enthusiastically as if she were only twenty-seven instead of sixty-seven. "I don't care so much now for myself, but I 'd like to see the boys strike it rich. My son's wife, the one that 's married down in Georgetown, she is n't strong, and this country don't suit her. She 's got to go back East. I 'd like to see them fixed comfortable; she 's not long for this life, I 'm afraid. That 's the reason I 've got their little boy up here; and he 's a great deal of company for me, too."

It was her grandchild, then, the marvelous chameleon, in shape of a small child, that we had encountered on our arrival at the cabin. He was standing in the doorway, when we drove up. In the dim twilight he looked like some sort of elf. Less than three feet high; his legs sunk in a pair of old leather boots, much too big, their red loops sticking out on each side of his little hips, masses of bulgy wrinkles at his ankles, shining copper strips at his toes; an old brown felt hat tipped on one side of his head, and jammed well down over his ear, — what a picture he made! Without saying a word he picked up one of our biggest parcels, a bag nearly as heavy as himself, staggered across the door-sill with it, threw it down, and came back panting.

"I 've got a stake to my lode, I have!" he exclaimed, in a triumphant tone, throwing back his head, and looking at us confidently out of a pair of clear blue eyes, which shone in his rosy face like bits of sunny blue sky.

"A stake to your lode!" we echoed. "What does the child mean?"

"Yes, sir-r-r; I tell you," he responded. "Here 't is;" and in the twinkling of an eye he darted under the horses' heads, across the road, and sprang up exultant on a pile of earth some three feet high, on the top of which lay an old shovel. "Here 's my lode!" he cried; and in another twinkling was down in a hole, digging away, and throwing up shovelfuls of earth; then out again, like a flash, flat on the ground, his legs crossed, kicking his feet up in the air, and eying us with delicious infant bravado. Before we had fairly taken in the situation, he was back again, crowding up sociably first to one and then to another, with "Some day I 'm going to buy a new horse, I am, . . . and a gun; . . . a gun so long," holding out his chubby hands as far apart as his little arms would reach, — "a gun so long, . . . to shoot rats with."

"Rats! Are there rats up here?" we said.

"Rats? Yes, sir-r-r-r-ee! You bet! I 'll shoot 'em when I get my gun."

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Restless as quicksilver, darting from spot to spot, laughing, snatching, making dives at everything, each moment making some new speech droller than the last, it actually put one out of breath to watch the child.

"How old is he?" we asked of our driver.

"That young 'un? He 's about four, I reckon; can't be older," replied the driver; "don no 's he 's 's old. He 's the smartest youngster ever I seen. Too smart, I reckon. 'T ain't natural."

As we watched the little fellow, the next day, we felt a similar misgiving. It is no exaggeration to say that he was not still for a moment. He was at the chopping log, with the great axe, lifting it higher than would have seemed possible for his tiny hands, making two or three strokes, then throwing it down; then off after a saw, lugging it along, and trying its edge on the projecting ends of the logs at the cabin corners; then astride the railing at the kitchen door, half in, half out, over, under, in and out again, turning somersaults between the bars like an acrobat; then back at his lode, leaping down into the hole, digging desperately, and throwing out the earth like a man; then out, off, and up the banks where flowers grew; down flat on his stomach among them, snuffing to right and left, picking big bunches in a hurry, sometimes bringing them back to the house, sometimes throwing them down on the ground. If he were headed off on any of these plunges, he always said, "I can't stop! I 've got to work! I shall strike ore!"

"What do you call your lode?" I asked him.

He paused, perhaps a quarter of a second, put his hands in his pockets, and set his droll legs so wide apart that he recovered himself with difficulty for his next step. Evidently, he had never thought of naming his lode.

"I call it the Drift Lode," he said haughtily, and strode away.

So we christened him, in our minds, "the Proprietor of the Drift Lode;" and as we bade good-by to Aunty Lane, and looked back, waving our farewells to her in her doorway, with the child clinging to her, we wondered if there were not a touching pertinence in his phrase; if he were not born of a blood destined forever to bootless searches in "Drift Lodes" of little more value than his own. Our last sight of him showed him darting down his miniature shaft, sure as usual that he would "strike ore." And our last sight of Aunty Lane was of her fine, thoughtful face, looking earnestly after us, out towards the opening of the pass; her gray hair blowing in the fresh morning wind; her hand above her eyes, shading them from the sun, that she might see a little farther. The gesture seemed characteristic of her character and life.

H. H.

OLD FORT CHARTRES.

THE marvelous growth of the great West obscures all relating to it, save what is of recent date. It has a past and a history, but these are hidden by the throng of modern events. Few realize that the territory of Illinois, which seems but yesterday to have passed from the control of the red man to that of our republic, was once claimed by Spain, occupied by France, and conquered by England. And fewer still may know that within its boundaries yet remain the ruins of a fortress in its time the most formidable in America, which filled

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a large place in the operations of these great powers in the valley of the Mississippi. Above the walls of old Fort Chartres, desolate now and almost forgotten, have floated in turn the flags of two mighty nations, and its story is an epitome of their strife for sovereignty over the New World.

The union of Canada, by a line of forts, with the region of the West and South was a favorite scheme of the French crown at an early day. Spain then laid claim to nearly the whole of North America, by the right of first discovery, and by virtue of a grant from the Pope, who disposed of a continent which he did not own with reckless liberality. France relied on the possession taken by La Salle for her title to the Mississippi Valley, and a long altercation ensued. But the French held their own, and occupied the disputed territory. In the Illinois country the mission villages of Cahokia and Kaskaskia sprang up and throve apace, though troubled by rumors of English encroachments near the Ohio and the Mississippi. The need of guarding these settlements became more manifest, at the news of the discovery of valuable mines in that locality. And when the grant of the whole valley of the great river to the merchant Crozat was surrendered in 1717, John Law's famous Company of the West, afterwards absorbed in that of the Indies, was ready to become his successor, and to dazzle the multitude with the glitter of the gold and silver of Illinois. The representatives of this great corporation, in unison with those of the French government, recognizing the many reasons for a military post in that far-away region, made haste to found one, and thus Fort Chartres arose. It was established as a link in the great chain of strongholds which was to stretch from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf; a bulwark against Spain and a barrier to England; a protector of the infant colony and of the church which planted it; a centre for trade and for the operation of the far-famed mines; and as the chief seat in the New World of the Royal Company of the Indies, which wove a spell so potent that its victims saw in the near future crowded cities all along the course of the Mississippi, and stately argosies afloat upon its waters, one hundred and fifty years ago.

On the 9th of February, 1718, there arrived at Mobile, by ship from France, Pierre Duqué Boisbriant, a Canadian gentleman, with the commission of commandant "at the Illinois." In October of the same year, accompanied by several officers and a detachment of troops, he departed for his new province, where he was ordered to construct a fort. The little flotilla, stemming the swift current of the Mississippi, moved slowly on its way, encountering no enemies more annoying than "the mosquitoes, which," says the worthy priest Poisson, who took the same journey shortly after, "have caused more swearing since the French have been here than had previously taken place in all the rest of the world." Late in the year Boisbriant reached Kaskaskia, and selected a site for his post sixteen miles above that village, on the left bank of the Mississippi. Merrily rang the axes of the soldiers in the forest by the mighty river, as they hewed out the ponderous timbers for palisade and bastion. And by degrees the walls arose, and the barracks and commandant's house and the storehouse and great hall of the India Company were built, and the cannon, bearing the insignia of Louis XIV., were placed in position. In the spring of 1720 all was finished, the banner of France was given to the breeze, and the work was named Fort Chartres. An early governor of the State of Illinois, who wrote its pioneer history, has gravely stated that this fort was so called because it had a charter from the crown of France for its erection. But it is feared that the same wag who persuaded an Illinois legisla-

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ture to name the second capital of the State Vandalia, by reason of the alleged traces of a tribe of Indians named Vandals in its neighborhood, also victimized a governor. We can hardly accept his derivation, when it appears that the name was taken, by way of compliment to the then Regent of France, from the title of his son, the Duc de Chartres.

The first important arrival at the new post was that of Philip Francis Renault, formerly a banker in Paris, the director-general of the mines of the India Company, who reached Fort Chartres before its completion, bringing with him two hundred and fifty miners and soldiers, and also a large number of blacks from St. Domingo. This was the beginning of negro slavery in Illinois. The fort was hardly finished, when news reached Boisbriant of the march of a Spanish force from Mexico against his stronghold. But this expedition was cut off by the natives on the route, the chaplain alone being spared. He ultimately made his escape, while delighting the Indians with feats of horsemanship, by gradually withdrawing to a distance, and describing a final elaborate figure which had no return curve. Two Pawnee chiefs, who displayed as trophies a Catalonian pistol and a pair of Spanish shoes, gave this account to Father Charlevoix at Green Bay.

This pleasant old traveler was then making the journey through North America of which he has left such a charming description. On the 9th of October, 1721, he passed Fort Chartres, which, he tells us, then stood a musket-shot from the river. The leader of his escort was a young Canadian officer, Jean St. Ange de Belle Rive, destined in later years to have a closer acquaintance with the fort than this passing glimpse of its newly built walls and structures afforded him. He hardly anticipated then that to him would come the honor of commanding it, and that on him, almost half a century later, would fall the sad duty of finally lowering there his country's flag, which waved so proudly above it that autumn morning.

No sooner was the fort erected than a village began to grow up at its gates, in which the watchful Jesuits forthwith established the parish of St. Anne de Fort Chartres. Its existing records begin with an ancient document, tattered and worn, written in Quebec in the year 1716. It is a copy of a curious decree of Louis XV., seemingly in the nature of a manual of church etiquette. Twelve articles provide, among other things, that the governor-general and the intendant shall each have a *prie-dieu* in the cathedrals of Quebec and Montreal, the governor-general on the right, the intendant on the left; the commander of the troops shall have a seat behind the governor-general; and in church processions the governor-general shall march at the head of the council, his guards in front, the intendant to the left and behind the council, and the chief notary, first usher, and captain of the guard with the governor-general, yet behind him, but not on the same line with the council. And these rules are to govern all other churches of New France. Probably this copy of this important deliverance of the king was sent from Quebec to the church of St. Anne in 1721, the year in which the parish registers seem to have been opened. We may presume that Boisbriant followed its instructions strictly, and took care to be on the right hand in the church, and also that his intendant, or civil officer, Marc Antoine de la Loire des Ursins, should be on the left. These two, together with Michel Chassin, commissary for the India Company, formed the provincial council of the Illinois, and speedily made Fort Chartres the centre of the civil government of the colony. This council executed the grants of land upon which many titles rest to this day. Boisbriant, doubtless believing that he

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that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel, had a large tract granted to himself, "beginning at the little hill behind the fort." Their largest conveyance, in 1723, to M. Renault, included a parcel above Fort Chartres, one league along the river and two leagues deep, on which to raise provisions for his settlements among the mines. Of this last tract, a large part was never sold by Renault, and to this day the unconveyed portion is marked upon the maps of Monroe County, Illinois, as the property of the Philip Renault heirs.

In the place of Boisbriant, in 1725, came M. de Siette, a captain in the royal army. In the parish register, in his time, appears the baptism of "a female savage of the Padoucah nation," by the fort chaplain, who records with satisfaction that he performed the ceremony and called her Thérèse, but does not say whether she consented, or what she thought about it. She apparently paid a casual visit to the fort, and he baptized her at a venture, and made haste to write down another convert. The Fox Indians were a thorn in the side of De Siette. Their war parties swooped upon the settlers, murdering them in their fields, even within a few miles of the fort. In great wrath, the commandant opened a correspondence on the subject with the French governor at Green Bay, and proposed that the Fox tribe should be exterminated at once. The calmer De Lignerie replied, in substance, that this would be the best possible expedient, provided the Foxes did not exterminate them in the attempt. He suggested a postponement of hostilities until De Siette and himself could meet "at Chikagau, or the Rock of St. Louis," and better concert their plans. De Siette's successor, by a masterly piece of strategy, waylaid and destroyed so many of the persistent foemen that peace reigned for a time. This officer, M. de St. Ange de Belle Rive, who, as we have seen, first visited the Illinois country with Father Charlevoix, had since made it his home, for the ancient title records of this region show that in 1729 he purchased "a house in the prairie bounding on one side the road leading to Fort Chartres." And in an old package of stained and mouldering papers, but lately disinterred from the dust of at least one century, is the original petition, addressed by St. Ange to the proper authorities, for the confirmation of his title to certain land not far from the fort, acquired from "a savage named Chicago, who is satisfied with the payment made to him." A young officer named Pierre d'Artaguiette, who had distinguished himself greatly in the French warfare with the Natchez Indians, was appointed to the Illinois district in 1734, taking the place of St. Ange, who was transferred to another post. The services and virtues of the new commander, his brilliant career and untimely death, have surrounded his name with a halo of romance. He had ruled his province well for two short years, when the summons to the field came to him again. Governor Bienville had resolved to crush the Chickasaws, and needed the aid of all his subordinates. D'Artaguiette set forth from Fort Chartres on a morning in February, with his whole force, making a brave show, as the fleet of batteaux and canoes floated down the Mississippi. This first invasion of Southern soil by soldiers from Illinois was made by the entire garrison of the fort, augmented by a company of volunteers from the French villages, the Kaskaskia tribe, and a throng of Indian warriors who had flocked to the standard even from the far-away Detroit. The chief, Chicago, led the Illinois and the Miamis, and at the mouth of the Ohio the Chevalier Vinsenne joined the expedition with the garrison from the post on the Wabash and a number of Indians, including a party of Iroquois braves. Landing

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and marching inland, they reached the Chickasaw villages at the appointed time, but the troops from New Orleans, who were to meet them there, failed to appear. Compelled to fight or retreat, D'Artaguiette chose the former, and was at first successful; but the tide turned when he fell, covered with wounds. Many of the French were slain, most of the Indians fled, and D'Artaguiette, Vinsenne, the Jesuit Senat, and young St. Ange, son of the Illinois commandant, were taken prisoners by the unconquered Chickasaws, who burned them at the stake, and triumphantly marched to the Georgia coast to tell their English allies there of the French defeat. The broken remnants of the little army, under the leadership of a boy of sixteen, pursued by the savages for five and twenty leagues, regained the river, and sadly returned to the fort. On the sorrow caused there by the mournful news, the masses that were said in the little church of St. Anne for the repose of the souls of the slain, and the deep grief felt throughout the country of the Illinois, in cabin and wigwam alike, we will not dwell. The impression made by the life and death of D'Artaguiette was so abiding that his name remained a household word among the French for years, and well into the present century the favorite song among the negroes along the Mississippi was one of which the oft-repeated chorus ran, —

"In the days of D'Artaguiette, ho! ho!
In the days of D'Artaguiette, oho!"

Three years later, La Buissonière, who succeeded him, led an expedition from Fort Chartres, composed of Frenchmen and natives, to take part in another campaign against the dauntless Chickasaws. Soldiers from Quebec and Montreal, with recruits from all the tribes along the route, overtook him on the way, and the Northern forces joined the troops under Bienville, newly reinforced from Paris, near the site of the city of Memphis. The dominions of the king of France, in the Old World and the New, were laid under contribution to concentrate this army at the rendezvous, but not a blow was struck. White men and red lay in camp for months, apparently unwilling to risk an encounter, and at length a dubious peace was arranged, and all marched home again, without loss or glory. Hardly had the Fort Chartres detachment returned, when a boat going from New Orleans to the Illinois was attacked above the mouth of the Ohio by the Chickasaws, and all on board were killed, save one young girl. She had recently arrived from France, and was on her way to join her sister, the wife of an officer at the fort. Escaping by a miracle to the shore, she wandered through the woods for days, living on herbs, until, sore spent and ready to die, she chanced to reach an elevation from which she caught a glimpse of the flag floating over Fort Chartres, and with new hope and strength struggled onward, and came safely to the friends who had mourned for her as dead.

During La Buissonière's governorship were the halcyon days of the French settlers at the Illinois. The Indians were kept in check, the fertile soil yielded bounteous harvests, and Lower Louisiana afforded a market each year for two convoys laden with grain and supplies. The village of Prairie Du Rocher had grown up five miles from the fort, upon a grant made by the India Company to Boisbriant, and Renault had established the village of St. Philip on a portion of his tract of land above the fort. These were laid out after the French manner, with commons and common fields, still marked upon the local maps, and to some extent held and used to this day under the provisions of these early grants. To the colony came scions of noble families of France, seeking fame and adventure in that distant land, and their names and titles appear at length in the old records and parish registers

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Among them was Benoist St. Clair, captain of a company detached from the marine service, who followed La Buissonière in the chief command, and held it for a year or more. He found little to do in those piping times of peace, made an occasional grant of land, and soon sought other service.

The Chevalier de Bertel, who describes himself as major commanding for the king, took charge in his stead. Together with De la Loire Flancour, civil judge at the Illinois, he made various grants of land, including one to a young man at St. Philip, for the reason that he was the first one born in Illinois to marry and settle himself. And to another, who asked the gift of a farm, because he had seven children, they conveyed a large tract for each child. Not long before De Bertel's accession, Governor Bienville had returned to France, finally resigning his trust to the Marquis de Vaudreuil. Here a word may appropriately be spoken of the first royal governor of the province of which Illinois was a part, and in whose administration Fort Chartres was constructed. Le Moyne de Bienville was one of an illustrious family. His father was killed in battle in the service of his country, and his ten brothers held well-earned commissions in the French army and navy. He won renown in engagements with the English on land and sea, was one of the founders of Louisiana, and chose the site of the city of New Orleans. As lieutenant-governor and governor of the province, he served for nearly forty years, and was honored as the bravest and best man in the colony. His portrait, which adorns the mansion of Baron Grant, at Longueil, in Canada, the representative of the family, shows a martial figure and a noble face, in keeping with his record, and his intimate connection with its early history would make it fitting to preserve a copy of this original in the State of Illinois.

The Chevalier de Bertel had a difficult part to play. France and England were at war, and whispers of an English attack upon the settlements at the Illinois were in the air. The fort was out of repair and poorly supplied, and the old-time Indian allies had been won over by the English. The abandonment of the post was contemplated, but the Marquis de Galissonière, governor-general of Canada, protested against this step in a memorial to the home government, in which he says: "The little colony of Illinois ought not to be left to perish. The king must sacrifice for its support. The principal advantage of the country is its extreme productiveness, and its connection with Canada and Louisiana must be maintained." In the year 1750, De Galissonière once more urged upon the king the importance of preserving and strengthening the post at the Illinois, describing the country as open and ready for the plow, and traversed by an innumerable multitude of buffaloes. "And these animals," he says, "are covered with a species of wool sufficiently fine to be employed in various manufactories." And he further suggests, and doubtless correctly, that "the buffalo, if caught and attached to the plow, would move it at a speed superior to that of the domestic ox"!

In the succeeding autumn, the Chevalier de Makarty, a major of engineers, with a few companies of troops, arrived from France, under orders to rebuild the citadel of the Illinois country. Other detachments followed, until nearly a full regiment of French grenadiers answered to the roll-call at Fort Chartres. They toiled busily to transform it from a fortress of wood to one of stone, under the skillful guidance of the trained officer, whose Irish blood, as well as his French commission, made hostile preparations against England a labor of love to him. You may see to this day the place in the bluffs, to the eastward of the fort, where they quarried the huge blocks, which they carried in boats across the little

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lake lying between. The finer stone, with which the gateways and buildings were faced, was brought from beyond the Mississippi. A million of crowns seemed to the king of France only a reasonable expense for this work of reconstruction, which was to secure his empire in the West. And hardly was it completed, when the contest began in the New World, and the garrison of Fort Chartres had a hand in the opening struggle. In May, 1754, the young George Washington, with his Virginia riflemen, surprised a French party at the Great Meadows, and slew its leader, Jumonville. His brother, Neyon de Villiers, one of the captains at Fort Chartres, obtained leave from Makarty to avenge him, and led his company, by the Mississippi and the Ohio, to Fort Du Quesne, joining there the head of the family, Coulon de Villiers, who was marching on the same errand. Together they brought to bay "Monsieur de Wachenston," as the French dispatches call him, at Fort Necessity, which he surrendered on the 4th of July. The capture of this place by the French is one of the causes assigned by George II. for the declaration of hostilities by England, and thus the Old French War began. The little detachment, with its bold leader, returned, flushed with victory, to celebrate at Fort Chartres the triumph of Illinois over Virginia. And soon the tireless De Villiers and his intrepid band made the long river journey again, and, crossing the Alleghanies, captured Fort Granville on the Juniata. The Marquis de Montcalm, writing to the minister of war at Paris, thus pleasantly alludes to this little attention paid by Illinois to Pennsylvania: "The news from the Beautiful River is excellent. We continue to devastate Pennsylvania. De Villiers has just burned Fort Granville, sixty miles from Philadelphia." The following year Aubry, another of the Fort Chartres captains, was sent by Makarty, with four hundred men, to reinforce Fort Du Quesne. The morning after his arrival, he sallied out and defeated an English force near by, and a few days later surprised the main body of the enemy in their camp, forty-five miles away, captured their horses, and brought his party back mounted. Shortly, however, the approach of a superior force, with Washington and his riflemen in the van, compelled the abandonment of Fort Du Quesne. By the light of its burning stockade, the Illinois troops embarked at midnight on the Beautiful River, and set sail for their distant homes.

The English star was now in the ascendant, yet still the French struggled gallantly. Once more the drum beat to arms on the parade ground at Fort Chartres, at the command to march to raise the siege of Fort Niagara. All the Illinois villages sent volunteers, and Aubry led the expedition. As they entered the Niagara River, Indian scouts likened them to "a floating island, so black was the stream with their bateaux and canoes." The desperate charge upon the English lines failed; Aubry, badly wounded, fell into the hands of the enemy; and the bulletin reads, "Of the French from the Illinois, many were killed and many taken prisoners." Despair and gloom settled upon the fort and its neighborhood, when the sorrowful news came back. Makarty writes to the governor-general, "The defeat at Niagara has cost me the flower of my men." The surrender, at Montreal, of the Canadas followed upon Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham, but still the Illinois held out for the king. Neyon de Villiers received his richly deserved promotion, and assumed command at Fort Chartres. And the fine old soldier, Makarty, doubtless regretting that he had not had opportunity to test the strength of the goodly stone walls he had built, sheathed his sword, twirled his mustache, made his bow, and departed.

The village at the fort gate, after the

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rebuilding called New Chartre, had become a well-established community. The old title records quaintly illustrate its ways of transacting business, as when, for instance, the royal notary at the Illinois declares that he made a certain sale "in the forenoon of Sunday, after the great parochial mass of St. Anne, of New Chartre, at the main door of the church, offering the property in a high and audible voice, while the people were going out in great numbers from said church." And the parish register, which briefly and dryly notes the marriages of the common people, spares neither space nor words in the record of the weddings in the families of the officers at the fort. When Jean Freilé de Vidrinne, officer of a company, is married to Elizabeth de Moncharveaux, daughter of Jean François Liveron de Moncharveaux, captain of a company, and when Monsieur André Chevalier, royal solicitor and treasurer for the king at the country of the Illinois, weds Madeleine Loisel, names and titles and ancestry are set forth at length, and all the dignitaries of fort or village sign the register as witnesses. In the baptismal register of the chapel of St. Joseph, at Prairie Du Rocher, appears one entry which has a strangely familiar sound, though written more than a century ago. For it recites that several persons, adults and children, were baptized together, "in the presence of their parents, brothers, uncles, mutual friends, their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts." This palpably is the germ of Pinafore, which Illinois may therefore take the credit of originating, long before our era!

New Chartre and the neighboring villages and the fort rested secure in the belief that, although Canada had surrendered, Louisiana with the Illinois country would be preserved by the king. Hence, like a thunder-clap came the news that, on the 10th of February, 1763, Louis XV. had ratified the treaty ceding these also to the English. An expedition from New Orleans, coming to settle at the Illinois, was met by the announcement of the change of government, and its leader, Pierre Laclede, decided to establish a new post in the territory west of the Mississippi, supposed to be still French soil. Storing his goods and making his headquarters at the fort for the winter, he selected a fine bluff, sixty miles to the northward, as the site of his colony, and took possession in the spring. This was the beginning of the city of St. Louis. Many of the French from the Illinois followed him, even transporting their houses to the other shore, so great was their desire to live under their own flag; and terrible was their disappointment when the secret treaty with Spain was made known, by which their faithless king transferred all his dominions beyond the Mississippi to that nation. Those who remained at the Illinois felt their hopes revive, as time passed on and the redcoats came not. The veteran St. Ange had come from Vincennes to play the last sad act in the drama, and, with a little garrison of forty men, still held the fort, although it was the only place in North America at which the white flag of the Bourbons was still flying. Until that flag was lowered, the victory of the English was not complete; but the way to the West was not yet open to them, for Pontiac was a lion in the path. Captain Morris, sent from Detroit to arrange for the surrender, was met by the forest chieftain, who, squatting in front of him, opened the interview by observing that the English were liars, and asked him if he had come to lie to them, like the rest. Attentions much less courteous were received from individuals of the Kickapoo persuasion, and Morris turned back. Lieutenant Frazer, pushing down the Ohio, reached Kaskaskia, where he fell into Pontiac's hands, who kept him all one night in dread of being boiled alive, and at daybreak shipped him to New Orleans by canoe express, with the

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cheerful information that the kettle was boiling over a large fire to receive any other Englishmen who came that way. Other attempts were no more successful, and the French and Spanish officers in Louisiana laughed at the English failures to reach a fort they claimed to own, and suggested that an important party had been omitted in the treaty of cession, and that a new one should be made with King Pontiac. Meanwhile, that sovereign was ordering into service some Illinois Indians assembled near Fort Chartres, and, when they seemed reluctant to engage in hostilities against their new rulers, said to them, "Hesitate not, or I destroy you as fire does the prairie grass. Listen, and recollect that these are the words of Pontiac!" Their scruples vanished with amazing rapidity, and they did his bidding. Then, with his retinue of dusky warriors, he led the way through the tall gateway of Fort Chartres, and, greeting St. Ange, as he sat in the government house, said, "Father, I have long wished to see thee, to recall the battles which we fought together against the misguided Indians and the English dogs. I love the French, and I have come here with my warriors to avenge their wrongs." But St. Ange plainly told him that all was over and he must make peace with the English; and Pontiac, at last convinced, gave up the contest. No opposition was made to the approach of a detachment of the forty-second Highlanders, the famous "Black Watch," under Captain Sterling, to whom St. Ange formally surrendered the fort on the 10th of October, 1765. The lilies of France gave place to the red cross of St. George, and the long struggle was ended. At Fort Chartres, the great empire of France in the New World ceased forever.

The articles of capitulation are preserved in the French archives at Paris. The fort is minutely described in them, with its arched gateway, fifteen feet high, having a cut-stone platform above the gate; its walls of stone, eighteen feet in height, with loop-holes, embrasures, and bastions; the great store-house, ninety feet long by thirty wide; the government house, with iron gates and a stone porch, a coach-house and pigeon-house adjoining; the two rows of barracks, each one hundred and twenty-eight feet long; the intendant's house, guard-house, bake-house, and prison, all of stone; and the magazine, thirty-eight feet in length, nearly the same in width, and thirteen feet high above the ground, with doors of wood and iron hung in a cut-stone doorway, — the whole occupying an area of more than four acres. The English claimed the cannon in the fort, under the treaty of cession. The French differed with them, but left the guns in position, pending the settlement of the question by the home authorities. St. Ange and his men took boat for St. Louis, where they exchanged the service of his Most Christian Majesty of France for that of his Most Catholic Majesty of Spain. One tragedy signalized the accession of the new government at Fort Chartres. Two young officers, the one French and the other English, were rival suitors for the hand of a young girl in the neighborhood, and a quarrel arose, which led to perhaps the first duel fought in Illinois. They met early on a Sunday morning, near the fort, armed with small swords; the Englishman was slain, and his opponent made haste to descend the river to New Orleans. With the departure of the French soldiers, the last spark of life in the village of New Chartre went out. On the register then in use in the church of St. Anne was written, "The above-mentioned church having been abolished, the rest of the paper which was in this book has been taken for the service of the church at Kaskaskia." And the Mississippi, as if bent upon destroying every vestige of the once happy and prosperous village, encroached upon its

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site, until a large portion of it was swept away.

The Illinois had now become an English colony, "in the days when George the Third was king." The simple French inhabitants with difficulty accustomed themselves to the change, and longed for the paternal sway of the commanders of their own race. It is said that, soon after the English occupation, the officer in authority at Fort Chartres died suddenly, and, there being no one competent to succeed him, the wheels of government stopped; and that St. Ange, then commanding the garrison at the Spanish post of St. Louis, hearing of the confusion in his old province, repaired to Fort Chartres, restored order, and remained in charge until another English officer could reach the spot. The story is typical of the man, who deserves a wider fame than he has won. He spent a long life in the arduous duties of a frontier officer, and for more than fifty years was associated with the Illinois country, which became the home of his family. Entering the French army as a boy, he grew gray in the service; and when New France was surrendered by the unworthy king, who made no provision for the men who had stood so steadfastly for him, St. Ange was more faithful to France than Louis XV. had been. For his removal to St. Louis and acceptance of a Spanish commission were in the interest and for the protection of his misled fellow countrymen who had settled at that place, solely that they might still be French subjects. And all who knew him, friends and foes, countrymen and foreigners, white men and red, alike bear testimony to the uprightness, the steady fortitude, the unshrinking courage, the kindliness and nobility, of Louis St. Ange de Belle Rive, the last French commandant of the Illinois.

The year after the surrender, Captain Philip Pitman, an English engineer officer, visited the fort, in pursuance of his orders to examine the British posts in the Mississippi Valley. In his report he speaks of the thickness of the walls and the handsome entrance gate, describes the works and buildings very fully, and concludes as follows: "It is generally believed that this is the most convenient and best built fort in North America." In the fall of 1768, Lieutenant Colonel John Wilkins relieved the officer in charge of the post, and, under a proclamation from General Gage, established a court with seven judges, to sit at Fort Chartres and administer the law of England, — the first court of common law jurisdiction west of the Alleghanies. The old French court, with its single judge, which for more than forty years decided the causes that arose in the Illinois country, according to the civil law, had ceased with the surrender. Its records for many years were preserved at Kaskaskia, but less care was taken of them when removed from there; and, within a few years past, these documents, so valuable to the antiquarian and the historian, have been used by veritable Illinois Vandals to light the fires in a country court-house, and but a solitary fragment now remains.

For seven years only the English ruled at Fort Chartres, though doubtless believing it to be their permanent headquarters for the whole Northwest. But the Mississippi had ever been a French river, and could not endure the presence of a rival nation on its banks. Its waters murmured the names of Marquette and Joliet, of La Salle and Jonty, and their memories would not suffer it to rest contented with successors of another race. So it rose in its might, and assailed the fort, and, on a stormy night in springtime, its resistless flood tore away a bastion and part of the river wall. The garrison fled in all haste across the submerged meadows, taking refuge on the hills above Kaskaskia; and from the year 1772 Fort Chartres was never occupied again. An occasional band of

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Indians found shelter in its lonely buildings, but otherwise the solitude which claimed for its own the once busy fortress remained unbroken for many a year. Now and then an adventurous traveler found his way thither. Quaint old Governor Reynolds, who saw it in 1802, says, "It presented the most striking contrast between a savage wilderness, filled with wild beasts and reptiles, and the remains of one of the largest and strongest fortifications on the continent. Large trees were growing in the houses which once contained the elegant and accomplished French officers and soldiers. Cannon, snakes, and bats were sleeping together in peace in and around this fort." United States Judge Brackenridge writes in 1817, "Fort Chartres is a noble ruin. There are a number of cannon lying half buried in the earth, with their trunnions broken off. I remarked a kind of inclosure near, which, according to tradition, was fitted up by the officers as a kind of arbor, where they could sit and converse in the heat of the day." Hall, in his Romance of the West, describes a visit to the fort in 1829: "The crumbling pile is overgrown, the tall trees rearing their stems from piles of stone, and the vines creeping over the tottering walls. It was curious to see in the gloom of a dense forest these remnants of the architecture of a past age." Governor Reynolds came again in 1854, and found "Fort Chartres a pile of mouldering ruins, and the walls torn away almost even with the surface."

To one visiting the site but a year ago, the excursion afforded as strong a contrast between the past and the present as may readily be found. From the nearest railway point the brisk new town of Red Bud, twenty miles distant, the greater part of the drive over the prairie and through the forest which intervenes is as monotonous as a drive anywhere in Illinois may properly be. But when you reach the bluff, far overlooking the lordly Mississippi and its lowlands to the Missouri hills beyond, and wind down the road cut deeply into its face to the little village of Prairie Du Rocher, lying at its foot, a change comes over the scene. The wide and shaded village streets, with the French names upon the little stores; the houses built as in Canada, with dormer windows and piazzas facing to the south; the mill bearing the name given by the Jesuits; the foreign accent and appearance of the people; the very atmosphere, so full of rest and quiet, to which hurry is unknown, — all combine to make one feel as if in another time and another land than ours. It is as though a little piece of old France had been transplanted to the Mississippi a century since and forgotten; or as if a stratum of the early French settlements at the Illinois, a hundred years ago or more, had sunk down below the reach of time and change, with its ways and customs and people intact, and still pursued its former life, unmindful of the busy nineteenth century on the uplands above its head. It was not surprising to be told that at the house of the village priest some ancient relics were to be seen, and that some old documents had once been there. In such a place, such things should always be. But it was a surprise, when shown into a room adorned with portraits of Pius IX. and Leo XIII., and expecting to see a venerable man in black robes and perhaps the tonsure, to be suddenly greeted by a joyous youth in German student costume, with a mighty meerschaum in his hand, who introduced himself as the priest in charge of the parish of St. Joseph of Prairie Du Rocher. He had arrived but six months before from the old country, and had been stationed at this place because of his knowledge of French, which is spoken by nearly all of the two hundred and fifty families in his parish, which includes a number of colored people, the descendants of the slaves of the early settlers. With ready courtesy he led the way to his sanctum,

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where he displayed, with pride, three chalices and a monstrant, or receptacle for the wafer, very old and of quaint workmanship, made of solid silver, and a tabernacle of inlaid wood, all supposed to have belonged to the church of St. Anne of Fort Chartres. At an inquiry for old manuscripts, he produced from a lumber room a bundle of discolored papers, fast going to decay, which he had found in the house when he took possession, but of which he knew but little. The first inspection revealed a marriage register of the church of St. Anne of Fort Chartres, containing autographs of Makarty and De Villiers: and a subsequent examination showed that these papers comprised a large part of the registers of that parish, as well as the early records of that of St. Joseph of Prairie Du Rocher.

Such an experience was a most fitting prelude to the sight of the old fort itself, though this was indeed difficult to find. In the early days all roads in the Illinois country led to Fort Chartres. Highways thither are the most prominent feature of the old village plats and ancient maps of the region. Now, there is not even a path to it. The simple French people along the way found it hard to believe that any one could really wish to visit the old fort, and, with kindly earnestness, insisted that the intended destination must be the river landing, which takes its name from the fort, but is some miles distant. By dint of repeated inquiries, a course was found which led to the goal, after a five-mile drive from Prairie Du Rocher. The ruins were approached by crossing a beautiful level field, green with winter wheat, and the first sight of the low bank which marks the position of the walls and of the old magazine, standing bravely up against the forest background, was a sufficient reward for the journey. At the entrance to the inclosure is a rude farm-gate, which stands just in the place of its lofty predecessor of carved stone, and the line of the walls and corner bastions can be readily traced by the mounds of earth and fragments of stone, beneath which, doubtless, the heavy foundations remain. On two sides the outline of the ditch can be seen, and the cellars of the commandant's and intendant's houses are distinctly visible, half filled with *débris*, under which, perhaps, the old cannon of Louis XIV. are still lying. Time has settled the question of title to them, and they belong neither to France nor to England now. Two rude houses, occupied by farm tenants, are within the area of the works, which have been cleared of trees, save a few tall ones near the magazine and along the ditch. In front the ground is open and under cultivation, and, looking from the old gateway, you have before you the prospect which must often have pleased the eyes of the officers of France and England, when gazing from "the cut-stone platform above the arch:" the knoll in front, where Boisbriant's land grant to himself commenced; the level plateau, dotted with clumps of forest trees, the gleam of the little lake in the lowland, and, beyond, the beautiful buttresses of rock, rounded and shaped as if by the hand of man, supporting the upland which bounds the view. Of the vanished village of St. Anne, no trace remains, save a few garden plants, growing wild on the plain; and there is no sign of the church, where sales were made, "in a high and audible voice, while the people were going out in great numbers." The site of St. Philip is covered by a farm; but, to this day, a part of its long line of fields is known as "the king's highway," though there is no road there, and it is supposed that this was the route along which Renault brought the supplies from his grant to the river for transfer to his mines.

Yet, though so much has gone of the ancient surroundings and of the fort itself, it was an exceeding pleasure to

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find the old magazine still almost complete, and bearing itself as sturdily as if conscious that it alone is left of all the vast domain of France in America, and resolute to preserve its memory for ages to come. It stands within the southeastern bastion, solidly built of stone, its walls four feet in thickness, sloping upwards to perhaps twelve feet from the ground, and rounded at the top. It is partially covered with vines and moss, and one might search far and wide in our land to find an object so picturesque and venerable. But for the loss of its iron doors and the cut stone about the doorway, it is well-nigh as perfect as on the day it was built. Within, a few steps lead to the solid stone floor, some feet below the surface, and the interior, nearly thirty feet square, is entirely uninjured. You may note the arched stone roof, the careful construction of the heavy walls, and the few small apertures for light and air, curiously protected against injury from without. Here one may invoke the shades of Makarty and De Villiers and St. Ange, and easily bring back the past. For, as it is to-day, it has seen them all, as they went to and fro before it, or examined its store of shot and shell; it has heard the word of command as the grenadiers drilled on the parade ground hard by; it has watched the tawny chieftains and their followers trooping in single file through the adjacent gateway; and past its moss-grown walls the bridal processions of Madeleine Loisel and Elizabeth Montcharveaux, and other fair ladies from the fort, have gone to the little church of St. Anne. And gazing at it in such a mood, until all about was peopled with the airy shapes of long ago, and one beheld again the gallant company which laid the foundations of this fortress with such high hope and purpose; the hurrying scouts passing through its portals with tidings of Indian foray or Spanish march; the valiant leaders setting forth from its walls on distant expeditions against savage or civilized foe; the colonists flocking to its store-house or council-chamber; the dusky warriors thronging its inclosure, with Chicago or Pontiac at their head; the gathering there of those who founded a great city; the happy village at its gates; and the scenes of its momentous surrender, which sealed the loss of an empire to France, it seems not unreasonable to wish that the State of Illinois might, while yet there is time, take measures to preserve, for the sake of the memories, the romance, and the history interwoven in its fabric, what still remains of Old Fort Chartres.

Edward G. Mason.

DOCTOR ZAY.

III.

She came at once. She stepped before him at the bedside, and stood there, without moving. She let him look at her as long as he would. It was not long. He felt very ill. He regarded her confusedly. He perceived a woman of medium height, with a well-shaped head. He felt the dress and carriage of a lady. His eye fell upon her hands, which were crossed lightly on the edge of the little table where his medicines stood. Sick as he was, he noticed unusual signs of strength in her fingers, which were yet not deficient in delicacy. Yorke had always judged people a good deal by their hands. He repeated his nervous phrase:—

"I am in a woman's hands!"

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She spread them out before him with a swift, fine gesture; then made as if she put something unseen at one side from them.

"Let me send for the man I spoke of. You are irresolute. You are losing strength and time. This is a mistake as well as a misfortune. I can't help being a woman, but I can help your suffering from the fact."

"No, — not yet. No. Wait a moment. I wish to speak with you. Will you pardon me if I ask — a few questions?"

"I will pardon anything. But they must be very few. I shall not stand by and see you spend your breath unnecessarily."

"Are you an educated physician, madam?"

"Yes, sir."

"A beginner?"

"I have practiced several years."

"Do you think you understand my case?"

"I think I do."

"This old man you speak of, — this other doctor, — what is he?"

"His patients trust him."

"Do you think I should trust him?"

"No, sir."

"Are you the only homœopathist in this region?"

"There is one at Cherryfield; others at Bangor; none within thirty miles."

"Can you get consultation?"

"I have already telegraphed to Bangor for advice: there is an eminent surgeon there; he will come if needed. I know him well."

"How much am I hurt?"

"A good deal, sir."

"Where are the injuries?"

"In the head, the foot, and the right arm."

"What are they?"

"I do not wish you to talk of them. I do not wish you to talk any more of anything."

"Just this, — am I in danger?"

"I hope not, Mr. Yorke."

"I see you can tell the truth."

"I *am* telling the truth."

"I begin to trust you."

She put her finger on her lip. He stirred heavily, with an ineffectual attempt to writhe himself into another position.

"I cannot move. I did not know my arm was hurt before — Ah, there!"

As he spoke, blood sprang. The doctor made towards him a motion remarkable for its union of swiftness with great composure. Her face had a stern but perfectly steady light. She said calmly:

"Lie still, Mr. Yorke," and with one hand held him down upon the pillow. He perceived then that a bandage had slipped from a deep wound just below the shoulder, and that a severed artery was oozing red and hot. He grew giddy and faint, but managed to keep his wits together to watch and see what the young woman would do. She quickly bared his arm, from which the sleeve was already cut away.

"Mrs. Butterwell," she called quietly, "will you please bring me some hot water?"

During the little delay which ensued on this order — a momentary one, for Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell was one of those housekeepers whose conscience would admit of a lukewarm sanctification sooner than a lukewarm boiler — the doctor gently unrolled the bandage from the wound, which she then thoroughly sponged and cleansed. The patient thought he heard her say something about "secondary hæmorrhages;" but the words, if indeed she used them at all, were not addressed to him. The hot water did not stop the blood, which seemed to him to be sucking his soul out.

"Hold this arm, Mrs. Butterwell," said the young lady — "just so. Keep it in this position till I tell you to let go. Do you understand? There. No, stay. Call Mr. Butterwell. I want two."

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She drew her surgical case from her pocket, and selected an artery forceps. She opened the wound, and instructed Mr. Butterwell how to hold the forceps in position while she ligated the artery. She bandaged the arm, and adjusted it to suit her upon a pillow. She had a firm and fearless touch. Her face betrayed no uneasiness; only the contraction of the brows inseparable from studious attention.

The patient looked at the physician with glazing eyes.

"Write to my mother," he said weakly. "Don't say you are not a man. Only say you are not an allopath — and that I have given my case unreservedly to you. Tell her not to worry. Give her my love. Tell her" —

And with this he fainted quite away.

This faint was the prelude to a hard pull. Days of alternate syncope and delirium followed. Short intervals of consciousness found him quiet, but alarmingly weak. His early anxiety had ceased to manifest itself. He yielded to the treatment he received without criticism or demur. In fact, he was too ill to do anything else. This condition lasted for more than a week.

One day he awoke, conscious and calm. It was a sunny day. There seemed to be a faint woody perfume in the room, from some source unknown. A long, narrow block of light lay yellow on the stiff-patterned brown carpet; it was by no means, however, a cheap carpet. There was an expensive red and gold paper on the walls, and marble-topped furniture. There were two pictures. One was a framed certificate setting forth the fact of Mr. Butterwell's honored and honorable career as a Freemason. The other was an engraving of the Sistine Madonna. Yorke had hardly noticed the contents of his room before. He observed these details with the vivid interest of a newly-made invalid, wondering how long he was likely to lie and look at them. As his eye wandered weakly about the room it rested upon the bureau, which stood somewhat behind him. A vase of yellow Austrian glass was on the bureau; it held a spray of apple-blossoms.

While he lay breathing in their delicate outlines like a perfume, and feeling their perfume like a color, the half-opened door pushed gently in, and a woman — a lady — entered with a quick step. She was a young lady; or at least she was under thirty. She stopped on seeing that he was awake, and the two regarded each other. She saw a very haggard-looking young fellow, with a sane eye and a wan smile. He saw a blooming creature. She had her hat on and driving-gloves in her hand. Her face was sensitive with pleasure at the change in the patient. She advanced towards him heartily, holding out her hand. He said, —

"Are you the doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is — excuse me — but, madam, I don't know your name."

"My name is Lloyd. You are better to-day!"

"Infinitely! Wait, please. . . . I have seen you before. Where have I seen you?"

"Three times a day for a week, without counting the nights," said the young lady, with mischief in her voice. She had a pleasant voice. She spoke a little too quickly, perhaps. She stood beside his bed. She stood erect and strong. Her hair was dark, and she had rather large, dark blue eyes. He thought it was a fine, strong face; he did not know but it might be safe to call it beautiful. She wore a blue flannel dress.

"I know!" he said suddenly. "You are the caryatid."

"*What*, sir?"

"You are the blue caryatid — Never mind. I am not deranged again. Have I been very crazy?"

"Sometimes," said the lady gravely.

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Her expression and manner had changed. She sat down beside him and opened her medicine-case, which she laid upon the table. He smiled when he saw the tiny vials. She either did not observe or did not return the smile. Her face had settled into an intent and studious form, like a hardening cast. He thought, She is not beautiful.

She took out her note-book, and began to ask him a series of professional questions. She spoke with the distinct but rapid enunciation which he had noticed before. She wrote down his answers carefully. Many of her questions were more personal than he had expected; he was not used to what Mrs. Butterwell called "doctoring." This young lady required his age, his habits, family history, and other items not immediately connected in the patient's mind with a dislocated ankle.

"Now your pulse, please," she said, when she had reached the end of her catechism. She took his wrist in a business-like way. The young man experienced a certain embarrassment. The physician gave evidence of none. She laid his hand down again, as if it had been a bottle or a bandage, told him that she was greatly gratified with his marked improvement, prepared his powders, and, drawing the little rubber clasp over her medicine-case, gave him to understand by her motion and manner that she considered the consultation at an end.

"One powder in six tablespoonfuls of water; one tablespoonful every four hours," she said, rising. "Are you quite able to remember? Or I will speak to Mrs. Butterwell myself as I go out. She will be with you soon, and I have directed that some one shall be within call whenever you are left alone. You do not object to being alone somewhat?"

"I like it."

"I was sure of it. I prefer you to *be* alone as much as you can bear now. But you will not be neglected. I will see you again at night."

"I should like to talk with you a little," stammered Yorke, hardly knowing what was the etiquette of this anomalous position. "Cannot you stay longer?"

She looked at her watch, hesitated, and sat down again.

"I can give you a few minutes. I have a busy day before me."

"Did you write to my mother," began the patient, "and what has she answered?"

"If you go on improving at this rate, you may read your letters to-morrow, Mr. Yorke."

"Not to-day?"

"No."

"You are arbitrary, Miss — Dr. Lloyd."

She gave him a cool, keen look.

"That is my business," she said.

"What has been the matter with me?" persisted the young man. "What are my injuries? I wish to know."

"A dislocation of the ankle; a severed artery in the arm; and concussion of the brain, — besides the minor cuts attendant on such an accident as yours. Each of these is doing finely. You have now no cause for alarm. It was a beautiful dislocation!" added the physician, with enthusiasm.

"Have I been dangerously ill?"

"Yes."

"Have you had consultation?"

"By telegraph every day, your worst days; by letter when I have thought you would feel easier to know that I had it."

"How soon shall I be about again?"

"I cannot promise you anything at present. You are doing remarkably well. But you will have occasion for patience, sir."

"I must have seemed very rude — or — distrustful of you, at the first."

"On the contrary, Mr. Yorke, you have shown me every reasonable confidence, — far more than I could have expected under the circumstances. I have appreciated it."

That sensitiveness had come into her

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face again; she gave him a direct, full look; and he thought once more that she was a beautiful woman.

"Believe," he said earnestly, "that I am grateful to you, madam."

She smiled indulgently, bowed, and left him. He heard her quick step in the hall, and her voice speaking to Mrs. Butterwell; then he heard her chirrup to her pony, and the sound of wheels. She drove rapidly, and was soon gone.

The day passed in the faint, sweet, hazy way that only the convalescent knows. No other creature ever gets behind that glamour. Returning life paces towards one so solemnly that the soul would keep upon its knees, were it not so weak; one dares not pray; one ventures only to see the frolic in the eyes of the advancing power, and dashes into joy as bees into rhythm, or as flowers into color. Waldo Yorke was very happy. He thought of his mother; his heart was full. He looked at the block of yellow light upon the carpet; at the apple-blossoms in the vase; at the patch of June sky that burned beyond that one open window. Life and light, he thought, are here.

Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell, however, was there, too. She was extremely kind. She entertained the young man with a graphic account of his accident and its consequences. Mr. Butterwell himself came in, for a moment, and briefly considered it (although the Bangor horse was killed) a lucky thing.

"When he brought you home," observed the lady, "I said, 'He 's dead.' I must say I hoped you were, for I said to my husband, 'He 'll be an idiot if he lives.' It always seems to me as if the Creator was thinking he had n't made enough of 'em, after all, and was watching opportunities to increase the stock. But our doctor 's been a match for him this time!" added Mrs. Isaiah, with a snap of her soft eyes.

"Why, — Sar-ah!" rebuked her husband, gently.

"Well, she has!" insisted Sarah; "and I don't see the harm. He made *her*, too, I suppose, did n't he? I think he ought to be proud of her. I 've no doubt he is, — not the least in the world."

"Why, *Sarah*!" repeated Mr. Butterwell. He had the air of being just as much surprised by these little conversational peculiarities in his consort as if he had not wintered and summered them for better and worse for forty years. This amused the invalid. He liked to hear them talk. He was so happy that day that Mrs. Isaiah seemed to him really very witty. He drew her out. She dwelt a good deal upon the doctor. She explained to him her difficulty in concealing the fact of the physician's sex from him those first few days.

"I would *not* tell a fib for you, Mr. Yorke, even if you did die. And when you ran on so about seeing the doctor, I was hard up. I could n't say 'she,' and I would n't say 'he,' for she was n't a 'he,' now, was she? Once I got stuck in the middle of a sentence; and Mr. Butterwell was here, and I said, 'Sh— Isaiah! — he;' so I cut the word in two, don't you see? Only I spelled it with an extra *h*. But I 'd rather sacrifice my spellin' than my conscience. And Isaiah asked me afterwards what I sh-shd him up for, when he had n't opened his mouth. He did n't open it very often while you were sick, Mr. Yorke. But he spoke about your uncle, and was blue enough. I had to make up my mind to do the talking for two, when I married Mr. Butterwell. What time did Doctor Zay say she should look in again, Mr. Yorke?"

"Doctor Zay?" repeated the young gentleman blankly.

"Oh, we call her Doctor Zay. You see there were two of them, she and the old man; and, as luck would, they must have the same name. I suppose he was ashamed of his, — Adoniram; I don't blame him. At any rate, there 's the sign, 'Dr. A. Lloyd.' And she has some

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kind of a heathen name herself; I never can pronounce it; so she takes to 'Dr. Z. A. Lloyd,' and that 's how we come by it. Everybody calls her Doctor Za. But she spells it with a *y* herself. We love the sound of it," added Mrs. Butterwell gently. "So would you, if you 'd been a woman Down East, and she the first one, of all you 'd read about and needed, you 'd ever seen."

"But I 'm not a woman," interrupted the patient, laughing. "*I* can't call her Doctor Zay. The young lady has done admirably by me; I 'll admit that. How much I must have troubled her, to come here so often!"

"I would n't waste your feelings, sir," observed Mrs. Butterwell, dryly. "Feelings are too rich cream to be skimmed for nothing. Doctor would have done her duty by you, anyhow; but it 's been less of a sacrifice, considering she lives here."

The subsiding expression of weariness on the sick man's face rose to one of interest. He repeated, "Lives here?" not without something like energy.

"Yes, I 've had her a year. She was starving at the Sherman Hotel, and I took her in. I used to go to school with some connections of hers, so I felt a kind of responsibility for her. And then I 'm always glad of society, as I told you when I took you. I 'm social in my nature. I suppose that 's why Providence went out of his way to marry me to Mr. Butterwell. If my lot had been cast in Portland, or Bangor, I 'm afraid I should have been frivolous, as I said to Doctor Zay, the first time I saw her, — it was chilblains; I thought I could trust her; I did n't know her then, you see. Do you mean to say you did n't notice her sign? Then, if she 'd got sick at the hotel, they 'd have said she was A WOMAN. I had the cause to consider," added Mrs. Butterwell, solemnly.

The physician came again at night, as she had promised. She was later than usual. Yorke listened for her wheels, and got restless. It made him nervous when the country wagons rolled up, and rumbled by. He had flushed with the end of the day, and was feverish and miserable. He attended to his sensations anxiously. He wished she would come. It was quite dark when the low wheels of the phaeton came smoothly and suddenly to a stop in the great back yard; he heard the doctor's voice speaking cheerily to her boy. "Handy," she called him. Handy took the horse; a light step passed the corner of the house, and vanished. "She must have gone on to the office door," thought Yorke. He found himself absorbed in a little uneasiness; he wondered if she would take her tea first.

She did not. She came to him directly. Her things were off; her hair smoothly brushed; she stood beside him, her pleasant figure, in its house-dress, cut against the light that fell through the open door. She began at once: "There are patients in the office, — I am late; I was detained by a troublesome case. I can give you five minutes now, or come back when they are gone. Let me see!" She went out and brought the lamp, scrutinized his face closely, sat down, and felt his pulse; she did not count it, but quickly laid his hand aside.

"Please come by and by," urged the young man. Already he felt unaccountably better. "I can wait." She hesitated a moment, then said, "Very well," and left him. She was gone half an hour.

"Have you had your supper?" asked Yorke, when she came back.

"Oh, my supper is used to waiting," said Doctor Zay, cheerfully. "You have waited quite long enough, sir. Now, if you please, to business."

The note-book, the pencil, the medicine-case, and the somewhat stolid, studious look presented themselves at once. Yorke felt half amused, half annoyed.

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He wanted to be talked to, as if she had been like other women. He thought it would do him more good than the aconite pellets which she prepared so confidingly. He was just enough better to begin to be homesick. He asked her if he might try to walk to-morrow. She promptly replied in the negative.

"I *must* walk next week," urged the patient, setting a touch of his natural imperiousness against her own. She gave him one of her composed looks.

"You will walk, Mr. Yorke, when I allow you," she said, courteously enough. She looked so graceful and gentle and womanly, sitting there beside him, that all the man in him rebelled at her authority. Their eyes met, and clashed.

"When will that be?" he insisted, with a creditable effort at submission.

"A dislocated ankle is not to be used in ten days," replied the doctor quietly. "It is going to take time."

"How much time?"

"That depends partly on yourself, partly on me, a little on" —

"Providence?" interrupted Yorke.

"Not at all. God made the ankle, you dislocated it, I set it; nature must heal it."

"Mrs. Butterwell might have said that."

"Is it possible," said the young lady, with a change of manner, "that I am growing to talk like Mrs. Butterwell?"

This was the first personal accent which Yorke had caught in the doctor's voice. Thinking, perhaps, to pursue a faint advantage, which he vaguely felt would be of interest to him when he grew stronger and had nothing else to do but study this young woman, he proceeded irrelevantly:—

"I did not know that you stayed here, till to-day. It has been fortunate for me. It will be more fortunate still, if you are going to keep me on this bed all summer. Our hostess has been talking of you. She gave you such a pretty name! I've forgotten exactly what it was."

"We will move you to the lounge to-morrow," replied the doctor, rising. Yorke made no answer. He felt as if he were too sick a man to be snubbed. He found it more natural to think that his overthrown strength ought to have appealed to her chivalry, than to question if he had presumed upon the advantage which it gave him. In the subdued light of the sick-room all the values of his face were deepened; he looked whiter for its setting of black hair, and his eyes darker for the pallor through which they burned. But the doctor was not an artist. She observed, and said to herself, "That is a *cinchona* look."

She moved the night-lamp, gave a few orders, herself adjusted his window and blinds, and, stepping lightly, left him. She did not go out-of-doors, but crossed the hall, and disappeared in her own part of the house. He heard, soon after, what he now knew to be the office-bell. It rang four or five times; and he heard the distant feet of patients on the graveled walk that led to her door. After this there was silence, and he thought, "They have let her alone to rest now." It had not occurred to him before that she could be tired. He was restless, and did not sleep easily, and waked often. Once, far on in the night he thought it must have been, a noise in the back yard roused him. It was Handy rolling out the basket phaeton. Yorke heard whispers and hushed footfalls, and then the brisk trot of the gray pony. There was a lantern on the phaeton, which went flashing by his window, and crossed his wall with bright bars like those of a golden prison. He wished the blinds were open. He thought, "Now they have called that poor girl out again!" He pictured the desolate Maine roads. A vision of the forest presented itself to him: the great throat of blackness; the outline of near

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things, wet leaves, twigs, fern-clumps, and fallen logs; patches of moss and lichens, green and gray; and the light from the lonely carriage streaming out; above it the solitary figure of the cary-*atid, courageous and erect.* He hoped the boy went with her. He listened some time to hear her return, but she did not come.

When he woke again it was about seven o'clock. He was faint, and while he was ringing for his beef-tea, the phaeton came into the yard.

"Put up the pony, Handy," he heard her say; "she is tired out. Give me Old Oak, to-day."

Yorke listened, feeling the strength of a new sensation. Was it possible that this young woman had practice enough to keep two horses? He knew nothing of the natural history of doctresses. He had thought of them chiefly as a species of higher nurse, — poor women, who wore unbecoming clothes, took the horse-cars, and probably dropped their "*g*'s," or said, "Is that so?"

It was later than usual, that morning, when Doctor Zay came round to him. It was another of those sentient, vivid June days, and the block of light on the brown carpet seemed to throb as she crossed it. The apple-blossoms on the bureau had begun to droop. She herself looked pale.

"You are tired!" began the patient impulsively.

"I have been up all night," said the doctor shortly. She sat down with the indefinable air which holds all personalities at arms-length, and went at once to work. She examined the wounded arm, she bathed and bandaged the injured foot; she had him moved to the lounge, with Mr. Butterwell's assistance. She was incommunicative as a beautiful and obedient machine. Yorke longed to ask what was the matter with her, but he did not dare. He felt sorry to see her look so worn; but he perceived that she did not require his sympathy. She looked more delicate for her weariness, which seemed to be subtly at odds with her professional manner. He would have liked to ask her a great many things, but her abstraction for-*bade him. He contented himself with* the pathological ground upon which alone it was practicable to meet this exceptional young woman, and renewed his entreaties to be allowed to use his foot.

"You do not trust me," she said suddenly, laying down the sponge with which she had been bathing his arm.

"You wrong me, Doctor Lloyd. I think I have proved that I *do*."

"That is true. You have," she said, softening. "Trust me a while longer, then. No. Stay. Put your foot down, if you want to. Gently — slowly — but put it down."

He did so. A low outcry escaped him; he grew very pale.

"Now put it back," said the doctor grimly. But with that she melted like frost, and shone; she hovered over him; all the tenderness of the healer suffused her reticent face.

"I am sorry to let you hurt yourself, but you will feel better; you will obey me now. Is the pain still so sharp? Give me the foot." As if it had been her property, she took the aching ankle in her warm, strong, and delicate hands, and for a few moments rubbed it gently and gravely; the pain subsided under her touch.

"What am I going to do?" cried Yorke, despairingly.

"You are going to do admirably, Mr. Yorke, on invention for a while, on courage by and by. Your crutches will be here to-morrow night."

Waldo Yorke looked at the young lady with a kind of loyal helplessness. He felt so subdued by his anomalous position that, had she said, "I have sent to Bangor for your work-basket," or, "to Omaha for your wife," he would scarcely have experienced surprise. He

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repeated, "My crutches?" in a vague, submissive tone.

"I sent to Bangor for a pair of Whittemore crutches three days ago," replied the doctor quietly. "I should not want you to use them before to-morrow. The stage will bring them at five o'clock. If I should be out, do not meddle with them. No, on the whole, I had them addressed to myself. I wish to be present when you try them. One powder dry on the tongue, if you please, every four hours. Good-morning."

"Don't go, please," pleaded the young man; "it is so lonely to be sick."

An amused expression settled between her fine, level brows. She made no reply. He realized that he had said an absurd thing. He remembered into how many sick-rooms she must bring her bloom and bounteousness, and for the first time in his fortunate life he understood how corrosive is the need of the sick for the well. He remembered that he was but one of — how many? dependent and complaining creatures, draining upon the life of a strong and busy woman. He let her go in silence. He turned his face over towards the back of the lounge; it was a black hair-cloth lounge. "I must look as if I were stretched on a bier, here," thought the young man irritably. All his youth and vigor revolted from the tedious convalescence, which it was clear this fatally wise young woman foresaw, but was too shrewd to discuss with him. He remembered, with a kind of awe, some invalid friends of his mother's. One lay on a bed in Chestnut Street for fifteen years. He recalled a man he met in the Tyrol once, who broke his kneepan in a gymnasium, — was crippled for life. Yorke had always found him a trifle tiresome. He wished he had been kinder to the fellow, who, he remembered, had rather a lonely look. Yorke was receiving that enlargement and enlightenment of the imagination which it is the privilege of endurance alone, of all forms of human assimilation, to bestow upon us. Experience may almost be called a faculty of the soul.

He was interesting himself to the best of his brave ability in this commendable train of thought, when something white fluttered softly between his heroically dismal face and the pall of smooth hair-cloth to which he had limited his horizon. It was a letter, and was followed by another, and another, — his mother's letters. The big, weak, tender fellow caught them, like a lover, to his lips — they had taken him so suddenly — before he became aware that they fell from a delicately-gloved hand suspended between him and Mrs. Butterwell's striped wall. He turned, as the doctor was hurrying away, quickly enough — for he was growing stronger every hour — to snatch from her face a kind of maternal gentleness, a beautiful look. She was brooding over him with that little pleasure; he felt how glad she was to give it. But instantly an equally beautiful merriment darted over the upper part of the doctor's face, deepening ray within ray through the blue circles of her eyes, like the spark in the aureola of ripples where a shell has struck the sea.

"Another fit of the sulks to-day, if you dare!" she said, and, evanescent as an uncaptured fancy, she was gone.

IV.

Waldo Yorke was right in foreseeing for himself a tedious recovery. Had he at that time known the full extent of the shock he had undergone, that beautiful submission to the inevitable which he flattered himself he was cultivating to an extent that might almost be called feminine, and assuredly was supermasculine, would have received an important check. To his perplexed inquiries about certain annoying symptoms in the head and spine, his medical ad-

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viser returned that finely-constituted reply which is the historic solace and resource of the profession, — that he had received a nervous strain. This is a phrase which stands with a few others (notably among them "the tissues," "the mucous membrane," and "debility"), that science keeps on hand as a drop-curtain between herself and a confiding if expectant laity.

The young man got upon his crutches in the course of the week, but kept his room. He discovered the measure of his feebleness by the measure of his effort. He wrote cheerfully to Boston about both. In fact, he found himself more cheerful than one would have expected to be, under his really unusual circumstances. He wrote that Mrs. Butterwell read to him, and asked for more books. He deprecated distinctly a modest maternal plan for proposing to the eminent Dr. Fullkoffer to travel from Boston to Sherman to consult with the local physician. He assured his mother that he had every reason to be satisfied with his treatment. He still, from motives of consideration, neglected to reply to her minute inquiries as to the nature of the practitioner.

"My mother wants to know whether he is 'high' or 'low.' What does she mean?" he asked. "And are you a gentleman or a quack? And does he 'alternate,' — what 's *that?* And does he use 'attenuations,' — do you? — and something — I forget what — about what she calls 'triturations.' It seems to be a very important point. I was not to omit to answer it. Then there was a treatise on — I think she called them 'aggravations.' Don't go just yet Doctor Zay — I beg your pardon! I get so used to it with Mrs. Butterwell."

"Oh, never mind," she said, with her gentler manner; it was one of her easy days, and she had leisure to be kind.

"I wish you would tell me," pleaded Yorke, "if you *don't* mind, how you came to have such an uncommon supply of initials. I 've never even heard your name."

"Atalanta," said the doctor, looking up pleasantly from the powder-paper she was folding with mathematical precision. He always liked to see her fold powders; it brought all the little delicate motions of her firm hands into play.

"Ah, the apple-blossom!" said Yorke impulsively. The powder-paper remained for an instant motionless in Doctor Zay's hand; she turned her head slightly in the attitude of attention towards the hair-cloth sofa. He thought, "She meant to do it." Her eyes were bent. He thought for a moment he could see the mischief beneath the lids, and that she would ripple into frolic over his daring speech, like any other young lady. Nothing of the sort happened. The doctor's countenance presented a strictly scientific basis. "She dropped it by accident," said Yorke.

He contented himself with observing that it was an unusual name.

"I had a mother who liked the name," proceeded the doctor, leaning back in her chair, and looking over his head out of the window into the young June day. "When I was a baby she had this fancy for romantic names. She called me Zaidee, to begin with. Then she happened on this. She always said it was cruelty to infants to impose names on them about which they were never consulted, and I should have my choice of either. I dropped the first, till I came here to practice. Then I had to make some compromise with fate as regarded Dr. Adoniram. There was something absurd in seeing 'Atalanta' on a Down East doctor's shingle, — I have known women do such things in that way! I had a classmate at New York who took out her diploma in the name of *Cubbie* Smith, M. D.; and there was one who was let loose upon a defenseless public as Dr. *Teasie* Trial. So I had recourse to the discarded initial.

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My patients have made a pretty use of it. I rather like it, myself."

She gave that ominous snap to the elastic on the well-worn green morocco medicine-case, which had become philosophically associated in the invalid's mind with the cessation of a pleasure. She was going. He hurried to say, —

"Do you object to telling me how you came to settle in this village? There are so many things I should like to ask. I never knew a lady physician before. The whole thing interests me. So it will my mother; she is familiar with such subjects. I believe she once consulted a doctress herself. I shall tell her about you when I get a little better; when it is too late to worry."

"I will give you any facts about professional women that may interest you, certainly," replied the doctor, rising, "when I have time."

"You *never* have time!" cried the patient.

"Have I neglected you, Mr. Yorke?" she said, coloring slightly; her color became her. She wore a black dress that day, of almost extravagantly fine cashmere; she was always well dressed. There was a carmine ribbon around her high, close collar of immaculate linen. The fastidious sick man wondered where this Down East doctress had her origin.

"You have asked me all sorts of personal questions," he went on, with his masculine insistence. "You know all about *me*."

"It is my business," said the doctor, coldly, "to know all about you."

"In other words, it is none of mine to feel the faintest human curiosity in a scientific fact like yourself. You are candid, Doctor Lloyd."

"And you are nervous, Mr. Yorke. Good-morning. I will send Mrs. Butterwell to read to you."

He held her to her promise, however; and the next time she came he returned to the subject. It was her mood to be tolerant of him that afternoon; indeed, she was tolerant of everything. She had just brought a patient triumphantly through a mortal attack of erysipelas: she had been a good deal worn by the case for some time; now her cruel care had slipped radiantly from her young shoulders. He had never heard her talk so naturally, so much like other women. It seemed to him at the moment as if she were really communicative. Afterwards, he remembered how little she had said; and began to analyze the fine reserve upon which all her ease had been poised, like the pendulum of a golden clock upon its axis. She told him that she had been in active practice for four years; that she was originally a Bangor girl; that she came to Sherman for a complexity of reasons which might not interest him. She paused there, as if there were nothing more to be said.

"But where did you get your medical education?" asked Yorke. "I don't even know where such things are to be had."

"At New York, Zürich, and Vienna."

"But why did you select this wilderness to bury yourself in?" he repeated, his surprise overcoming his civility. "You who had seen — Is it possible you have been abroad?"

She laughed outright at this, but did not otherwise comment upon it. A fine, good-natured scorn hovered over and seemed to be about to light upon her. He perceived at what a disadvantage he was showing himself; he might as well have said point-blank, "I thought you a crude, rural agitator." He felt his cheeks burn with the quick fever of illness, while she went on indulgently to say, —

"I used to come here summers, once. I knew Mrs. Butterwell and some people here. I must make my blunders somewhere. And then I had learned how terrible is the need of a woman by women, in country towns. One does not forget such things, who ever under-

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stands them. There is refinement and suffering and waste of delicate life enough in these desolate places to fill a circle in the Inferno. You do not know!" she said, with rare impetuousness. "No one knows, Mr. Yorke, but the woman healer."

"What led you to see it? How came you to *want* to see it?" he asked, reverently. "How came you to make such a sacrifice of yourself? — such a young, bright life as yours! I cannot understand it."

She did not answer him at once; and when he raised his eyes he perceived that her own swam with sudden tears. She held them back royally, commanded herself, and answered in a very low voice: —

"It was owing to — my mother. She had a painful illness. There were only we two. I took care of her through it all. She spent that last summer here in Sherman, — it was cool here. She suffered so from the hot weather! My mother was greatly comforted, during a part of her illness, by the services of a woman doctor in Boston. There was one when we were in Paris, too, who helped her. I said, When she is gone, I will do as much for some one else's mother."

Waldo Yorke was lying with his hands clasped behind his head, his thin face upturned towards her while she spoke. He did not say anything; but his sense of sympathy with this lonely woman vibrated through him to the last sick nerve. He had, for a moment, that vague consciousness of gaining an unexpected hold upon an unknown privilege which is one of the keenest allurements and bitterest delusions of life. He dared not speak, lest he should startle her, — lest he should touch the rainbow in a bubble. She saw his hand tremble; her manner changed at once.

"And so I became a doctor," she said, with superficial cheerfulness. "Is there anything more you wanted to know?"

"I want to know everything," said Yorke, in an undertone. She ignored this little slip, as she would a rise in his pulse after dinner, or a faint turn on a hot day.

"If I knew what kind of information would interest you," she continued good-naturedly; "but I have had a very simple history. It is like that of many others in my profession. I really have nothing to tell. It came to me the more easily because I always had a taste for science; I found that out in my Sophomore year. And I inherited it, besides."

"Sophomore?" repeated Yorke vaguely.

"I was a Vassar girl," said the doctor quietly.

"I have seen educated women before, though you might n't think it," returned Yorke, with humility. "My mother has them at the house, sometimes. I never saw one like you. I never noticed them very much."

"You must have been too preoccupied, — a young man in your arduous profession, Mr. Yorke. I can readily understand that you would have little leisure to study feminine types."

"It is unfair to be sarcastic with a patient, Doctor Lloyd! I was going to say it was unmanly. I have never been busy in my life. You know it as well as I do."

She scintillated for an instant with that charming merriment she had, but made no reply.

"Instead of being successful, I have been rich," he said bitterly. "If I had had to work for a living, I might have been worth something. There is nothing in life so fatal as to be fortunate."

"Ah," she said indifferently, "do you think so?"

"Indeed I do."

"Have you had that stinging pain in the right side of the head, Mr. Yorke?"

"Yes."

"And the dizziness you complained of?"

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"A good deal. How many years did you study, Doctor Lloyd? Did you never shrink, — never want to give it up?"

"It was hard sometimes, in the foreign lecture-rooms, among the men. They were very courteous to me. I never had anything to complain of. But they could not make it easy. I never saw a woman rudely treated but once; that was her own fault. Then the dissecting-room was a trial to me, at first. It would have been easier if my mother had been living; if I could have gone home and talked to her. I was only twenty-one. But courage, like muscle, grows by exercise. No; I never wanted to turn back."

"How many years did you study?"

"Three years are necessary to a diploma from any reputable school. The fourth I spent abroad. But of course one always studies. That is one of the advantages of the Maine wilderness. If I had settled down among people I knew in a town, there would have been too many minor demands. It is never even a professional necessity, down here, to get into one's best clothes; and there 's been but one wedding reception since I 've been here. I went to that on my way to a scarlet-fever patient. I could n't come afterwards, with the risk. I did waste a pair of gloves, but I went in my woolen dress, the one I meant to sacrifice to that case. I *do* miss the concerts," she added; but hastily collected herself, with the air of a woman who had been drawn to the verge of a grave moral imprudence.

"Were you ever in Boston, — to stay, I mean?" asked Yorke.

"Oh, yes."

"I wish I had known it! I suppose it is unpardonable to ask where you were?"

"Oh," she said pleasantly, "I used to stay with different people: at the Shirleys' sometimes, and the Waynes'. I saw more of New York in my gay days; we had more relatives there, and I liked it better than Boston. I used to be at the Garratts' when I was a child. They were very kind to me, I remember, when I cried because I was homesick; they never noticed me at the time, but always gave me orange marmalade for luncheon after it. When I got home I used to feel unappreciated, because tears and marmalade did not retain the relation of cause and effect."

"Is it possible," cried Yorke, "that you are the little girl from somewhere who used to come over to our house with Susy Garratt, once in a while, to blow soap-bubbles? You had two long braids of black hair, and blew bigger bubbles than I did. I hated you."

"Very likely," said the doctor, laughing as she rose. "I don't remember it. I have n't been to the Garratts' for years. Or anywhere else, for that matter."

"You have had better things to do than to blow our soap-bubbles."

She nodded gravely.

"How many times have you walked across the room to-day, Mr. Yorke?"

"Oh, wait a minute. Don't go yet."

"*How many times, I ask*, have you walked about the room?"

"Oh, ten, I believe, — yes, ten."

"I hope to get you out-of-doors next week. Are you suffering from restlessness? Do you feel that rebellion you spoke of at the tediousness of the case? I wish I could hasten your convalescence."

"I don't," said Yorke bluntly, "though I am rebellious enough."

She swept upon him the full fine rebuke of her professional look. He returned it with a certain defiance. She was a woman. She should not thrust him aside like this.

"I believe I shall give you Nux," observed the physician, after a silence which the patient had felt was fraught with a significance he could hardly believe she failed to perceive or share. He flushed painfully.

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"Doctor Lloyd," he demanded, "did you ever have a man for a patient before?"

"Oh, yes," quietly. "I am treating a Mr. Bailey now, — the erysipelas case I spoke of. His wife is a patient of mine; and Bob, the boy, and all the babies. They live about four miles out, beside the Black Forest."

"Do you often have us?" persisted Yorke.

"I do not desire it, — no. It will sometimes happen. Most of my patients are women and children. That is as I prefer it."

She was sweeping away. She had almost a society manner, like any other young lady. She spoke haughtily. She was evidently displeased. He had never seen her look so handsome. But he dashed on: —

"Did you ever treat a young man, — a fellow like me?"

"Certainly not."

"I never should have known but you had them every day, — never."

"And why should you?" she answered coolly. She left him without another word. He listened for her to call Handy; for the nervous steps of the pony; for the decreasing sound of the phaeton wheels, which had become so familiar and vital an event in the invalid's dull day. He knew that he had made himself successfully wretched until he should see her once more. He knew that he had followed to the verge of folly a pathological, and therefore delusive, track in that region which lay marked upon the map of his nature as "unexplored." He knew that he should lie and think of it, regret it, curse it, set his teeth against it, and do it again.

"I must get well," said the young man aloud; as if that result awaited only the expressed intention on his part, and fate, like woman, needed nothing but the proper masculine handling. He got over on his crutches to the tall bureau, and looked into the old-fashioned gilt-framed glass. He saw a fierce-looking fellow, all black and white, like a "symphony" of Whistler's, — a thundercloud in the eyes, symptoms of earthquake about the jaw, the fragility of mortal illness in the sunken cheeks. What kind of a man was that to command a woman's respect? He must be on a level in her mind with, say, a case of measles. What a pity he could not have had the whooping-cough, and done with it!

It occurred to him that he would go out-of-doors. It struck him just then that he should go into a decline if he housed himself here like an old tabby any longer. He hunted up his hat, and rolled Mrs. Butterwell's somewhat accentuated red and black striped afghan anyhow about him, and hobbled to the front door. The day was damp and cheerless. It did not rain, but would have done so if it had dared. Yorke looked at the clouds grimly. "They are probably ordered by their physician not to go out," he thought. He got down upon the graveled walk, and stumped along towards the gate. He had never felt more guilty since, at the conscientious age of eleven, he kissed Susy Garratt without asking. As he stood there he caught sight suddenly of the doctor's phaeton. She was turning a distant corner, over by the post-office. He maintained his ground sullenly; at least he would not run from her. She did not see him, he was sure; she was driving very fast. He watched her till she was out of sight, and then returned at once to the house. Mrs. Butterwell, at the rear kitchen window, was making lemon pies, — a conscientious, not to say religious process. No one observed him. As he came up the walk he caught a glimpse of the doctor's sign, and wondered, with the idle curiosity of illness, what her part of the house might be like. He felt himself extremely faint, after his exertion, and sank exhausted on the hair-cloth sofa, beneath the blazing but generous afghan.

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He looked at the marble-topped bureau, the Madonna and the framed certificate, the red and gold striped walls, the brown carpet, where the block of sunshine was conspicuously absent. The clock was striking ten. He tried to read. Sparks of fire darted before his eyes, and his ears rang. There was no mail-stage till four o'clock. Doctor Zay might not make her evening call before eight or nine.

"How *dare* men ridicule or neglect sick women?" thought Waldo Yorke.

The day dragged piteously enough. He felt unusually ill. He had Mrs. Butterwell in till she dilated before his eyes, and her head swelled and flashed fire like a jack-o'-lantern. He let her go, to call her back because her vacant chair undertook to rise and hop after her as she went. She read till he entreated her as an act of charity to stop, and talked till he begged her in self-defense to read.

"I 'm worried to death about Doctor," observed Mrs. Butterwell, by way of saying something cheerful. It was the sick man's habit to discourage his hostess in gossiping about the young lady; perversely, to-day he let her run on; he had already that prevailing sense of having broken the ten commandments which made the absence of an eleventh seem a philosophical lapse on the part of the Giver.

"She will be worked half out of her wits," proceeded Mrs. Butterwell, with that exasperating serenity which ignorance of one another's mental processes gives to the most perceptive of us at times. "East Sherman has the scarlet fever. It 's something about drains. There 's no society in East Sherman; they 're a miserable lot. Doctor will be up and down day and night, now, you 'll see. She has no more consideration for herself than a seraphim. She 'll *be* one, if she don't mind. The poorer they are, the more nobody else goes near 'em, the more they get of *her*. I 've seen her go on like a lover to creatures you or I would n't touch with our winter gloves on — hold 'em in her arms — dirty babies; and once there was a woman at the poor-house — but there! I won't go into that. You would n't sleep a wink to-night. She has such a spirit! You 'd expect it if she was n't smart. When a woman ain't good for anything else she falls back on her spirit! You don't look for it when she 's got bigger fish to fry. But there! There 's more *woman* to our doctor than to the rest of us, just as there 's more brains. Seems to me as if there was love enough invested in her for half the world to live on the interest, and never know they had n't touched the principal. If she did n't give so much, she 'd be rich on her own account before now."

"Give so much what, — love?" asked Yorke, turning with the look and motion of momentarily arrested suffering.

"Practice," said Mrs. Isaiah severely, "She will do it, for all anybody, when folks ain't able to pay. Why, Mr. Yorke, if Doctor got all that 's owin' her she 'd do a five-thousand-dollar practice every year of her life; as it is, she don't fall short of three. She 's sent for all over the county."

"Five thousand dollars!" echoed the sick man faintly. "That girl!" He had never earned five hundred in his life.

"And that, I 'd have you understand," pursued "that girl's" adorer, "is only because she shuts herself up down here with us, bless her! If she lived in New York, I 've no doubt it would be TWENTY-FIVE, — not the least in the world. What are you laughing at, Mr. Yorke? There is a woman out West that makes twenty."

"I don't dispute that it might be seventy," groaned Yorke.

"Not that there 's the remotest need of it," proceeded Mrs. Butterwell loftily. "Doctor is quite independent of her practice."

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"I never had heard of that!" exclaimed Yorke savagely.

"Well, she is, all the same. Her father was one of the rich men in Bangor, — a doctor himself; she used to be round his laboratories, and so on, with him, when she was little. He died when she was fifteen. This girl is the only one left, and has it all. You don't suppose Providence did n't know what he was about when he planned out *her* life! He sets too much by her. He never 'd let *her* go skinning round in medical schools, do your own washing, and gesticulate skeletons or go out nursing, to make a few dollars."

"It is a remarkable case," murmured Yorke. "And I must have been a remarkable donkey."

"Oh, I would n't dispute that, sir," replied Mrs. Isaiah gently.

"Why, *Sa*rah!" objected Mr. Butterwell, whose prudent gray head appeared at the half-open door in season to receive the full force of this characteristic reply.

"Well, I would n't. I never argue with sick folks. You want to know what she does it for, Mr. Yorke? I see you do. Well, I 'll tell you. Don't you know there are women that can't get through this valley without men folks, in some shape or 'nother? If there ain't one round, they 're as miserable as a peacock deprived of society that appreciates tail-feathers. You know the kind I mean: if it ain't a husband, it 's a flirtation; if she can't flirt, she adores her minister. I always said I did n't blame 'em, ministers and doctors and all those privileges, for walkin' right on over women's necks. It is n't in human nature to take the trouble to step off the thing that 's under foot. Now, then! There are women that love *women*, Mr. Yorke, care for 'em, grieve over 'em, worry about 'em, feel a fellow feeling and a kind of duty to 'em, and never forget they 're one of 'em, misery and all, — and nonsense too, may be, if they had n't better bread to set; and they lift up their strong arms far above our heads, sir, like statues I 've read of that lift up temples, and carry our burdens for love of us, God bless 'em! — and I would n't think much of him if he did n't!"

"Why, Sarah, Sarah!" said Mr. Butterwell. The sick man answered nothing. He tossed upon the hair-cloth sofa, and looked so uncommonly black that Mrs. Butterwell, acting upon an exceptionally vivid movement of the imagination, went to make him a blanc-mange. It was the whitest, not to say the most amiable, thing she could think of. She feared the patient was not improving, and experienced far more concern for Doctor Zay's professional venture in the matter than if it had been her own.

It was half past nine that evening before the doctor got, upon her rounds, to Mrs. Butterwell's spare chamber. The patient watched her dreamily, as she crossed the room through that mysterious half-light, in which he was so used to seeing her that he always thought of her in beautiful hazy outlines, standing between himself and the lamp upon the entry floor.

"How are the fever patients?" he began, with a stupid idea of deferring personal consultation.

"I have changed my dress," said Doctor Zay, — "every article. There is nothing to fear."

"I never *thought* of *that!*" cried Yorke. She paid no attention to his thoughts, but sat down, and abruptly took his hand to count the pulse. He was in high fever.

"It is just as I expected," she said shortly. "You will discontinue the other remedy, and take these powders dry on the tongue, every two hours."

She brought the light to prepare the medicine. Her face, bent over the green morocco medicine-case, was stern. She did not talk to him. She rose, took up the light, and left the remedy and the room in silence.

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"Come back, please, Doctor!" called the culprit, faintly. She stood, the lamp in her hand, looking over her shoulder. It was a warm night, and she had on a cambric dress, of one of the "brunette colors;" he did not know what to call it.

"I am afraid I did a wrong thing to-day," he began meekly. "I went" —

"It is unnecessary to talk about it, Mr. Yorke. I saw you."

"What don't you see!"

"Very little, I hope, which it is my business to see."

He had thought she would say more, but perceived that she had no intention of discussing the matter with him; he keenly felt this dignified rebuke.

"I don't suppose I did quite right," he admitted hastily, "but I am not versed in medical ethics. I did not realize, till I felt so much worse, how wrong it was by you."

"It was not honorable. But the real wrong is to yourself. We will not talk of it, if you please. I must go. I have had nothing to eat since twelve o'clock."

He saw how tired she looked, and his heart smote him. He smothered an ineffectual groan. He felt that she was very angry with him, and that he deserved it. He would have pleaded with her. Unreasonably, he felt as if his suffering ought to appeal to her pity. Where was the woman in her that Mrs. Isaiah prated of? Was there no weak point where his personality could struggle through and meet her own, man against woman, on level ground? What an overthrow was his! He called impetuously: —

"Doctor Zay!"

"Sir?"

"One moment" —

"I have no moments for you, at present, Mr. Yorke." Her peremptoriness was the more incisive for being punctiliously polite. "It would be perfectly just if I were to refuse to keep your case another day. You have disobeyed and distrusted me. You would have no right, after what I have done for you, sir, to complain, if I turned you over to old Doctor Adoniram to-morrow morning. Good-night." And the woman of science left him, without a relenting word. It struck him forcibly, perhaps for the first time, that these exceptional women had an unfortunate power of looking beyond that gentle pressure of the individual, which, like the *masque* veils that their sex wore, heightened the complexion, if it did not brighten the eyesight. Obviously, her interest in her professional reputation overpowered her interest in her patient. He accepted his fate and his fever. This was easier to do, as he was quite ill for several days.

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She took care of him conscientiously and skillfully. On his worst day, she even melted and brooded in that gracious, womanly way of hers that he watched for; but as soon as he began to get better again he felt that she distanced him.

"You are harder than Heaven, Doctor," he said. "You cannot forgive."

"Forgive what?" She looked up; she was bandaging his ankle. "Oh, that disobedience of yours? Honestly, I have been so hard-worked, I had almost forgotten it."

"Then what is the matter, Doctor Zay?"

She glittered upon him for an instant with her professional look. It was as if she held out a golden sceptre to measure the width at which she would keep him. There was no invitation in her eye. He did not press his question. When the consultation was over she told him that she should not be in again till the next morning.

"You no longer need two calls a day, Mr. Yorke. I will be here as usual, after office hours, before I start off, and will see you safely out upon the piazza

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I wish you to keep out, now, from one to three hours a day. I will superintend the experiment, to begin with. But you are perfectly able to dispense with this frequent attendance."

Was she thinking of her — bill, perhaps? The young man had really forgotten, till that moment, that any embarrassing basis of this sort awaited himself and this lady.

"Oh, indeed, I don't think I am well enough, at all," he hastily said. "I — really — I have such troublesome sensations towards evening. I beg you will continue to come as you have, Doctor Lloyd."

That amused look flitted for a moment over her bowed forehead; he could see it in the little movements about the temples. She said, —

"It is impossible for me to call where I am not positively needed, just now. You do not realize how driven I am. You will find one daily call quite sufficient for your case. We will hope to dispense with that, before long."

She was as bad as her word, and he did not see her for twenty-four hours.

When she came again, she looked at him and frowned. He was clearly worse.

"I have found out now what my mother meant by 'aggravations,'" said the patient. "This must be one."

She did not smile, as he had expected. Neither did she express the sympathy which he felt that the physician's heart ought to keep on tap, like cider, and gush to order, at least upon a reasonably interesting invalid like himself. She leaned back in her chair with a look of annoyance, drumming lightly upon the table, with that nervous protest of the fingertips, which is a more natural expression of irritation among men than women. As she sat there, looking steadily at him, it occurred to him that she was about to say something of novelty and importance. A certain swift illumination of her thoughtful eyes struck him, and fell, like a ray of intercepted light. It was somehow made apparent to him, also, perhaps from the fact that she refrained from saying what she purposed, that it would not have been a matter of pleasurable interest to himself.

"I will get you out-of-doors, now," she observed, rising. She had never made him so short a call. He protested that he was too ill to go to-day; and, in fact, he had no heart or health for it. He was full of aches and ails; those, especially in the spine, were not of light importance; he was thoroughly dejected.

She paid no attention whatever to his opinions, but helped him out upon the piazza, overlooking the process carefully; when she had him located to her mind, in the proper hygienic relations to wind, wet, sun, and shade, she gathered her driving-gloves, as if to go.

"You have not changed the medicine, Doctor," he said, with difficult carelessness.

"I do not propose to."

"Excuse me. I thought perhaps you had forgotten it."

"A physician cannot always give a patient the remedy he wants, you will understand; only the one he needs. I expect to find you better, when I come to-morrow."

It was hardly possible, he thought, to be mistaken in attributing a significance to these words. Yet so ineffably fine are the intonations by which souls become articulate for each other, and so exceptional was the acoustic position of these two, that the young man experienced a modest and taunting doubt whether he might rate himself even of value enough to his physician to receive a clearly personal rebuff.

There exists, and there must exist, between woman and man an exquisite chromatic scale of relations, variable from the sublimest passions which glorify earth to the most futile movements of the fancy; from the profound and eternal sacrifices to the momentary deification

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of self; from divine oneness, past conscious separation, all the way down to little intellectual curiosities, and the contented reverences of slight and beautiful approach. Somewhere in this wide resource of harmony, thought Waldo Yorke, we *must* belong. Then where?

It was apt, he remembered, to be the woman whom nature or fate, God or at least man (the same thing, doubtless, to her), had relegated to the minor note. It occurred to him that in this case he seemed to have struck it himself.

He did not seek to detain her. They parted in silence, and she went to her day's work. Handy was at the gate with the gray pony. Handy always wore hats that were too big for him, and coats that never by any mistake were large enough. The doctor went down the long front walk, drawing on her gauntleted gloves. She had the decisive step which only women of business acquire to whom each moment represents dollars, responsibilities, or projects. Yet he liked to see that she had not lost the grace of movement due to her eminently womanly form. She had preserved the curves of femineity. He had never even seen her put her hand upon her hip, with that masculine angle of the elbow, the first evidence of a mysterious process of natural selection, which goes on in women thrust by fate or choice to the front and the brunt of life; and the last little peculiarity to leave them if, by choice or fate, they suffer a military recall to the civil status. She saluted him lightly with her free hand, as she gathered the long blue reins into her left, and, turning once, shot over her shoulder a sudden smile. She had, when she felt like it, a lovely smile. He found himself ridiculously better for it. He leaned back in the easy-chair where she had imprisoned him, and watched her drive away. The gray pony exhibited professional responsibility in every clean step that morning, and the consciousness of having made a timely diagnosis in each satisfied movement of her delicate ears. The doctor had on her linen dress and sack, and her figure absorbed the July morning light. Her color was fine. She was the eidolon of glorious health. Every free motion of her happy head and body was superb. She seemed to radiate health, as if she had too much for her own use, and to spare for half the pining world. She had the mysterious odic force of the healer, which is above science, and beyond experience, and behind theory, and which we call magnetism or vitality, tact or inspiration, according to our assimilating power in its presence, and our reverence for its mission.

It seemed to the nervously-strained patient on the piazza that he received a slowly-lessening strength from the doctor's departing figure, as he received warmth from the sun, at that moment threatened by a cloud. It seemed to him a cruel thing that she should not permit him to see her for twenty-four hours more.

It cannot be said that the young man did not chafe under his unprecedented consciousness of dependence. He did. It had struck him yesterday that he was in danger of making a fool of himself. He had devoted the day to this inspiring discovery, and to those select resolves and broad aspirations by which the Columbus in the soul is moved. His present relapse, not to say collapse, was the humiliating result. As he sat there, patient and weak in the strong summer morning, thinking these things sadly over, he recognized the fact that he was still too sick a man to be wise. The grave urgencies of illness intercepted him. He was caught between the fires of a higher and lower species of self-defense. All that a man hath, particularly his good sense, will he give for his life.

"Let me get well, first; I will be prudent afterwards," thought Yorke.

He waited to see her return at noon. He found himself strengthened — such

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is the hygienic influence of possessing an object in life — and calmed, as the morning wore away. It was a warm morning; would have been hot, outside of Maine. The soft, sudorific glow upon the small leaves of the acacia-trees in the front yard; the opaque color of the dust in the dry, still street; the contented cluck of a brood of yellow chickens, that made futile attempts at acquaintance with him, around the shaded corner of the house; the faint purr of unknown domestic mysteries in Mrs. Isaiah's distant kitchen; and then the sky, of whose intense blueness he was conscious, as if he had been a star gone out in it and become a part of the burning day, — these things emphasized the dreamy struggle after strength, in which he seemed to be alternately the victor and the vanquished, and to fight for high costs, and cover large arenas, and to live a long time in the hours of a short July morning. Well people will not understand.

Mr. Butterwell came out and sat with him a while; he tipped his chair back, and rocked on its hind legs, not having felt at liberty to be individual before since his guest was hurt. He talked of his horse, of Uncle Jed and the estate, of the doctor, of her horses, of Handy, of the lumber trade, and Sherman politics.

"I hope you find it comfortable to be sick, Mr. Yorke," he added hospitably. "I hope you don't mind it, bein' on Sarah's hands. Why, she *likes* it. The worse you were, the more she 'd enjoy it. Sarah is a very uncommon woman. She and I used to argey one spell about profession. Sarah is a professor. Seems at first she could n't sit down to it that I should n't profess alongside of her. But she gave it up after a while. Women are curious creeturs about what they *call* religion. It looks as if nature gave 'em their meetin's and hymn-tunes much as she give men a store or a counting-room. They want places to go to, — that 's what they want. They ain't like us, Mr. Yorke. There 's a monstrous difference. Why, there 's the doctor! She 's a good girl, Doctor Zay is, if she is cute. There is n't a horse in town, without it 's mine, can make the miles that pony can. Look there! The creetur wants her dinner. See how she holds her? No blinders nor check-rein on *her* horses. She drives 'em by lovin' 'em. There 's *woman clear through that girl's brains.* You should see her in January. There ain't three men in Sherman I 'd trust to drive that mare in January without a good life insurance before they set out. Now, Mr. Yorke, may be you don't feel as I do, but to my mind there 's no prettier sight under heaven than a brave girl and a fine horse that understand each other. I guess I 'll speak to the little doctor."

This was a long speech for Mr. Butterwell, who clearly took advantage of what he thought the first well-bred opportunity to relieve himself of his unwonted conversational responsibility. He was fond of Mr. Yorke, but he adored the doctor, who never wasted good English herself, and had cured the big sorrel of rheumatism. Yorke watched the two standing in the bright, unshaded yard. Mr. Butterwell patted the pony, and it seemed, although she did not touch him, as if the doctor patted the old man. There was a beautiful affectionateness about her, — Yorke had either never noticed or never seen it before, — a certain free, feminine impulse, which it is hard to describe, unless we say that it showed itself chiefly in the motion of her delicate chin. She nodded pleasantly to her patient as she came by, but did not stop.

Presently the dinner-bell rang, and she came through the long hall behind him, and out upon the piazza. He saw then that she had changed her "scarlet-fever dress" for a fresh cambric, before coming near him. She had a vine, whose name he did not know, in her hand. She dropped it lightly over his shoulder;

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it floated down, and fell slowly; it was a delicate thing. She said, —

"Do you know too much about the spontaneous movements of plants? I have some books that you may like, when you are strong enough, — one of Darwin's, especially. It is a subject that interests me greatly. I found this sensitive thing stepping straight over the shrubs and logs for a certain birch-tree it fancied, to climb there; it went as if it were frightened, or starved, — like a creature. It made me feel as if it had a nervous system, and that the lack is in us, not in it; we have not the eyes fine enough to find its ganglia, that is all."

"It seems to shrink from my touch, like a woman," said Yorke.

"It was so delicate, I thought you would like it," observed the doctor. "But come! I must send you back to bed. I will have your dinner brought in. You have been here twenty minutes too long."

He went, peaceably enough. He felt ridiculously, vaguely, pitifully happy.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

SAGE OR POET.

In yon woody hermitage
Dwell a poet and a sage:
Peaceful inmates, mark them well!
Room enough within their cell, —
Room enough for courteous foes.
In or out, each singly goes;
Never yet the twain were seen
Walking in the forest green;
Or beneath the roof were met,
Though the time were cold and wet.

Go there as the poet's guest,
Share his feast and share his rest,
Drinking many a jocund bout;
Stay until the stars come out,
Ay, until next morning's sun, —
You 'll not see that other one,
Him of keen and narrow eye,
Lip austere and discourse high.

Go there as the sage's guest,
He will serve you with his best;
Spend the white December days
By his crackling sere-wood blaze;
Listening what the wind harp sings
When the North sweeps o'er its strings:
You may come, and come again,
Or in sunshine, snow, or rain,
But you may not ever meet,
At the door or ingle-seat,

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Him whose thought goes lighter shod
Than the pluméd errand god.

Read the legend as you run:
Sage and poet are but one;
He you seek is found within, —
Sage and poet know their kin.

Edith M. Thomas.

PROGRESS IN AGRICULTURE BY EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT AID.

II.

It would then seem that on the whole the people of the United States are not fully satisfied with anything that has thus far been offered them in the shape of agricultural education, and are slow to avail themselves of the benefits of the Morrill act. Yet the call for such education has been sufficiently loud and persistent to prove that there *is* a real want, — that "the shoe pinches somewhere." May we not fairly conclude that the exact spot upon which the pressure comes has not been generally identified, and hence well-advised action for relief has not been taken?

The blame for the indifferent success that has attended their efforts has heretofore been freely and even angrily thrown upon the colleges by the vast majority of those interested; and the most modest suggestion that perhaps there is as yet not much real demand for agricultural education, properly so called, has met with derision, or denunciation as an intolerable heresy.

Some of the causes leading to this result, the roots of which lie deep in our social and educational organization, have already been alluded to. Remembering these, let us consider upon what basis a demand for professional agricultural education must needs be expected to rest.

It will be conceded that, unless the "improvement" of agriculture means *making it more profitable*, it will be of little avail to preach and teach it. On any other ground, the bulk of the farming population will place and ridicule it under the head of fancy or book farming. It is obvious, then, that so long as unexhausted soils and an abundance of "fresh" land shall enable the cultivator to obtain, even by the rudest tillage, what he considers abundant returns, his interest in agricultural improvement and education will be but slight, or more sentimental than practical. He may even contend loudly for the rights of farmers' sons to a professional education; but he will fail to send his own sons to get it where it is offered, and employ them in taking in more fresh land for the home farm, with the view of settling each one on a "new place" hereafter. The all but universal prevalence of this feeling and practice in the newer States explains abundantly the almost necessary failure of their agricultural colleges to secure attendance upon their properly professional courses, no matter upon what system they may be organized.

Conversely, it is easy to understand the increasing interest in the teaching and practice of improved agriculture as we advance toward the older States, whence the inevitable and rapidly swell-

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ing wave of soil exhaustion sweeps westward. As the "pinch of the shoe" tightens, and the soil fails to respond to the ruder touches of the plow, the farmer turns for relief to the experience of the Old World, embodied in agricultural science; and when we reach the well-worn soil of New England, we find on it one of the oldest of the agricultural colleges of the United States, and perhaps the most firmly established as such in public esteem. Enthusiastically praised and loudly condemned by turns, and buffeted as severely by the changing tide of popular and legislative opinion as any of her younger sisters, the Massachusetts Agricultural College, guided by the hands of able men and steadied by the existence of an indisputable and genuine demand for the application of the higher art and science of agriculture, has become an influential factor in directing agricultural practice in New England; but even here, *especially so* since it has *assumed the functions of an experiment station.* The same cue has been vigorously taken up by Connecticut, and the services rendered by the agricultural department of Yale, under the management of Johnson and Brewer, have not only silenced the sneers often bestowed upon the comparative minuteness of their agricultural classes, but have given an impulse that has extended far southward and is bearing substantial fruits in North Carolina. It is rather singular that in this respect the great State of New York has until within a few months failed to respond adequately to the demands of the time. While the names of Caldwell, Law, and Arnold are familiar to the readers of agricultural journals in connection with much information and some investigations of high practical value, private experiment stations, established by public-spirited citizens, have anticipated Cornell in the practical recognition of the agricultural experiment station as a necessary factor in the promotion of rational agriculture.

The fruitful idea of the agricultural experiment station, where questions of local or general importance are systematically and thoroughly investigated under all the lights that science can give, and whence reliable results are directly and promptly communicated to those interested, touches the quick of the whole problem of the agricultural colleges in the United States. Their importance and usefulness in Europe in the elaboration and investigation of details is thrown in the shade by that which they should possess in a new country, where new and untouched problems of the most vital importance confront the farmer at every turn, — problems whose solution, even if covered by the general teachings of agricultural science, lie far beyond the reach of any but the trained investigator, provided with all the means and appliances that modern science can furnish. No agricultural college in the new States will need to bid for a cheap but hollow popularity by lowering its functions to that of a peasant school, to secure attendance of pupils, if it will but undertake to prove the value of the knowledge that may be acquired within its halls, by taking up and determining (not *ex cathedra* and dogmatically, but by patient, conscientious, and practical research) some of the many unsolved questions that the farmers of the State will bring before its instructors, so soon as it is known that such things will be attended to by them. The colleges will thus be performing the most important function within their power, under the circumstances: that of educating the fathers of the rising generation to a proper estimate of the value of the knowledge which is offered to their sons. Instead of the ceaseless wrangling as to the value and merits of any particular system of agricultural education, they will find themselves accomplishing that of whose value no one will raise a question, and securing that respect and appreciation of the use of intelligence and

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science in agriculture which is not only the expressed intent of the Morrill act to foster, but also the most efficacious remedy for the indisposition of our youth to engage in farming, and for the prevention of the disastrous results threatened by exhaustive culture. It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the last-named object, alone; but it will never be accomplished by mere preaching, unaccompanied by demonstrations, in the field itself, of the practical and financial feasibility and advantage of conservative and intensive culture, and of the cheapest and most available means for the maintenance or resuscitation of fertility.

But since these means and methods must vary with the climate, soils, and products of each region, the college should be in possession of accurate information on these points, or be able to obtain it. This involves the carrying out of agricultural surveys, properly so called; not merely geological and topographical surveys, with a few scattering notes and vapid generalities concerning the agricultural features and capabilities of a State, but an intelligent and detailed examination of each natural agricultural division or region, by persons specially qualified as agricultural experts.

Provisions for the carrying out of such investigations are on the statute-books of most of the States, in connection with the acts for geological surveys; but few and far between are the examples of a *bona fide* execution of the intent of this portion of these acts. The most recondite researches in almost every other department of science — geology, palæontology, mineralogy, ornithology, botany, ichthyology, and even conchology — have often had precedence over the most needful and elementary work bearing directly on agriculture; and the result has been painfully apparent in the premature or periodic cutting-off of state surveys, usually by the vote of country members, who failed to see the practical benefits of the expenditure incurred. It is a curious fact that in the case of some States whose geological structure is known even to minute details, he who would obtain a general idea of their agricultural features must laboriously collate scattered data contained in state or United States reports, newspaper paragraphs, the advertisements of land companies, and information obtained by correspondence. The history of the work lately done in that direction, under the auspices of the tenth census, is pregnant with instruction on this point. It is interesting to note, also, that this neglect is in most cases directly traceable to the lack of agricultural experts qualified to carry out such work; and the inference is plain that if the agricultural colleges shall succeed in supplying this want, they will do yeoman's service in the cause of agricultural progress.

It is, however, painfully apparent that in most cases the means now at the command of the agricultural colleges of States where the experiment stations are most needed are quite inadequate to the full requirements of such work, in addition to the maintenance of a proper corps of teachers. As to agricultural surveys, they are even more out of the question, except in so far as the instructors may gradually acquire some knowledge of the State through personal visits, specimens, and correspondence, — a tedious and slow method, especially in the larger States west of the Mississippi River. These States, moreover, have become distrustful of the management and agricultural utility of state surveys, and are slow in giving adequate pecuniary aid to them. It seems to be a case in which enlightened intervention and substantial aid from the general government would be especially well applied; whether in the shape of additional endowments, or, in view of the uncertain policy of the several States in

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the matter, by the direct coöperation of the United States Department of Agriculture with the several colleges.

The act establishing the Department of Agriculture recites that its "general design and duties shall be to acquire and diffuse among the people of the United States useful information on subjects connected with agriculture, in the most general and comprehensive sense of that word, and to procure, propagate, and distribute among the people new and valuable seeds and plants." A succeeding section specifies that such information shall be obtained by the commissioner "from books and correspondence, and by practical and scientific experiments, by the collection of statistics, and by other appropriate means within his power."

The very general wording of this act leaves to the commissioner a wide discretion in respect to the manner in which the intent of the law shall be carried into effect, and probably was intended to do so by its framers. In view of this, it is a curious fact that no qualifications as to special fitness on the part of the incumbent are prescribed; the selection being left entirely to the good judgment of the executive.

It can hardly be surprising that wide differences of opinion as to the proper scope and mode of action should have arisen in respect to the Department of Agriculture as well as the agricultural colleges. Like the latter, that department and those placed at its head have been highly extolled on the one hand, and roundly denounced for utter inefficiency and uselessness on the other. As in the case of the colleges, the truth is doubtless to be sought between the extremes. Much of what has been objected to is and has been due to causes lying outside of the department itself, in the political atmosphere of the country, and in the immense extent of the territory over which the benefits of the department were to be spread by the aid of the small sums that have until quite recently been at its command. The inevitable great dilution of the effects produced under the circumstances could hardly fail to draw down upon the department the criticism of portions of the country, or of certain special agricultural industries, which for the time being found themselves neglected.

If we examine in detail the records of the department, as shown by the annual and special reports issued by it, we find that, so far as they go, the letter as well as the spirit of the law creating it has been fairly complied with. It is a common thing to hear these reports sneered at, and to find them in the receptacles usually provided for waste paper. But it is generally true that the sneering critics are those who would have little use for agricultural reports of any kind, and that the fault found is not as to what *is* in the reports, but rather what *is not* there; that is, they do not happen to contain anything that applies usefully to some particular region or circumstances.

As regards the former class of objectors, its only *raison d'être* is the unwise mode of distributing these and other government reports, chiefly by members of Congress, to or through persons whose only interest in them is the political or personal capital they can make thereby. Hence we find the plates of cattle and other domestic or useful animals, plants, fruits, implements, etc., which form part of the agricultural reports, figuring extensively in the nurseries and other recondite places of towns and cities, while the paper-mill is often a large-scale recipient of the depleted volumes. "As valuable and interesting as an agricultural report" is a saying that finds its natural origin in the wide distribution of these documents among those having no real interest in anything of the kind. It is sufficiently obvious that the required remedy for

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this state of things is a greater diligence and conscientiousness on the part of members of Congress in getting these, as well as other government reports, directly into the hands of those for whom they are intended, instead of using them as lubricants for party machinery.

The class of objectors to the reports because of their omissions is more formidable, because having a real grievance resulting from the management of the work of the department. It will be useful, in considering this part of the subject, to institute comparisons with what other nations have done and are doing in the same direction. And in so doing it will be found that, while European reports are replete with accurate and laborious investigations of details of subjects long discussed, the American reports are remarkable for dealing largely with new and vitally interesting questions arising under the peculiar conditions of our agriculture; and are therefore read with interest by educated agriculturists in Europe, who are far from considering them, or the general work of the agricultural department, as being below the proper standard. Apart, then, from some weak papers, such as will occasionally find their way into much more pretentious publications, we need not be ashamed of the quality of the matter that has entered into the agricultural reports.

The adequacy of the department to the needs of the overshadowing industrial interest of the country is quite another matter, and the weakest point of the case. Its work has certainly not met the expectations entertained by the general public; and the causes assigned have been as various as the remedies proposed. Prominent among the reasonable grounds for dissatisfaction has been the management of the distribution of seeds and plants, provided for by the original act, that has absorbed a considerable share of the appropriations made by Congress, and for years has loaded down the mails with thousands of packages of seeds that, even if "valuable," were certainly not "new" in any sense save that of having been grown the preceding season, and might have been purchased by any one desiring them at any country variety store, or at least of seedsmen or nurserymen, in any portion of the country to which they were adapted. This practice competed with legitimate trade, and alienated from the support of and coöperation with the department a professionally intelligent and influential class of men throughout the country. This overstepping of the proper limits and intent of the law was notoriously brought about under pressure from members of Congress who desired the seeds, like the reports, to act as lubricants toward reëlection, or other party advantages; and were especially strenuous on the subject of full sets of flower-seeds, wherewith to conciliate the good offices of the female portion of their constituencies. Under the terms of the appropriation bills, the commissioners were to a great extent helpless in preventing this stultification of the department, without incurring the risk of a defeat or serious curtailment of their general appropriation; and while this indiscriminate, injudicious, and costly distribution has resulted in making known and bringing into use a not inconsiderable number of improved or new culture plants, the benefits derived therefrom thus far have been largely offset by the ill-will, and in part contempt, resulting from the transmission of seeds already in the general market, or obviously unadapted to the local climate. For in the impartial distribution claimed by members, cotton-seed was sent to New England, and Illinois-grown seed corn and California wheat each went back to their native climes. All the commissioners have commented more or less upon the evils of this system; and the firm stand taken

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by the late commissioner Le Duc on this point secured for him the respect even of those who found fault with the somewhat "personal" character of his administration.

Apart from this obvious and legitimate cause of complaint, the objections to the management of the department have not been very definitely formulated, and are rather to be inferred from the propositions made for changes intended to render it more efficient.

The reasonable claim that agricultural interests should have a greater influence in the councils of the nation than has heretofore been the case has led to a movement which contemplates the elevation of the commissionership of agriculture into a cabinet office. It is supposed by the advocates of this measure that a position and vote in the cabinet would insure a more serious and liberal consideration of agricultural interests by the government. But it is not clear what practical object would be accomplished by this mere change of name, or increase of conventional dignity. The time when reforms could be accomplished by such easy means is past. It is not supposable that an afflatus of greater wisdom in the management of his department would thereby inflow upon the new minister, *ex officio;* and it would be difficult to point, in the political history of the United States, to any case in which agricultural interests would have been sensibly benefited by a cabinet vote. If it is the influence on congressional legislation that is contemplated, a much shorter and more direct way to reach the object is to send to Congress men who shall truly represent these interests; and this it is entirely within the power of farmers to do, without asking any legislation or consent of cabinet or Congress. It is the lack of a sufficient number of such men in the legislative halls, both state and national, that keeps the agricultural interests begging at the doors of the assemblies for the recognition and aid which they ought to be able to command. What more need be said on this point, so far as Congress is concerned, than that the senate committee on agriculture of the forty-sixth Congress was composed of five lawyers and two members who might be classed as agriculturists? — of whom, however, only one remains in the same committee of the forty-seventh session. In the House, enough just men have been found to form about one half of the corresponding committee. How can favorable and intelligent legislation on a special subject be expected of a body thus one-sidedly constituted?

Forming, as they do, a sweeping majority of the entire population, why is it that the farmers' vote is steadily given to men whose interests are not identified with theirs, and whose personal knowledge of the needs of the agricultural industry is limited to the most general and often misty ideas? The question has frequently been asked by the writer, as well as by others, when farmers complained of want of representation in the legislatures. The reply has not generally been clear or satisfactory, and it has mostly been left to the questioner to suggest that it is because farmers do not often find among their own number men sufficiently trained both in the science and art of agriculture and in the requirements of successful public life to hold their own, and effectually maintain the cause of their constituents, among the trained men put into the same field by other professions; and because they find that when they do send a "plain, practical farmer" to Congress, or to the legislature, his vote is usually the only manner in which his influence is exerted; if, indeed, amid the complexities of amendments to amendments, he does not unconsciously vote the wrong way.

What agriculture needs is not half so much a vote in the cabinet as intelligent, professionally well-trained repre-

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sentatives in the legislative bodies; men qualified to be leaders in the agricultural as well as in the political field, by as thorough and liberal an education as is bestowed upon the representatives of the other professions. If the agricultural colleges should do no more than to educate leaders of this kind, they would render incalculable services to the cause.

But if professional training is needed for the representatives of agriculture in the halls of Congress, what shall we say of the qualifications that should be a prerequisite for the office of Commissioner of Agriculture? It is not enough that he should be an amiable gentleman and friend of the President, who has been more or less engaged in farming, and has some pet ideas or experiments in his mind. In or out of the cabinet, that officer should combine a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of the science and art of agriculture with high administrative capacity, and a wide acquaintance with the varied peculiarities and needs of the immense region that constitutes his field of action. In other words, he should be as thoroughly qualified professionally as the heads of the coast and geodetic or geological surveys; and when once found to be so, and satisfactory to the country, he should, like the officers just referred to, hold his office during "good behavior," and without reference to political parties or presidential terms. It is only under such conditions that men possessing the requisite qualifications will consent to hold the office, and that the benefits of an intelligent, well-considered policy, consistently carried out, can be realized. Under the system thus far prevailing, the incumbents have as a rule been removed from office just about the time when they obtained a good insight into the needs and proper management of the department, and became qualified to discharge their duties efficiently.

The definite organization of the Department of Agriculture as a technical bureau, withdrawn from ordinary political changes, is of course incompatible with the holding of a cabinet position by its head; since each President must of necessity be free to choose his advisers. By parity of reasoning it might be conversely said that the holding of a cabinet office by the head of any properly technical bureau is incompatible with the efficiency of such department, unless the actual management is substantially left to a competent and efficient subordinate. But in that case the particular uses of a mere figure-head are not apparent. The leader *in fact* had better be also the responsible head.

It has farther been proposed to increase the efficiency of the Department of Agriculture by enlarging its scope so as to embrace not only the properly agricultural industries, but also all industrial branches cognate with it; including even the vitally important subject of transportation. As it is difficult to see just where the intricate correlations of industries would stop, under such a point of view, this would practically amount to the establishment of a "bureau of industries" of immense range and cost, if so equipped as to be effective; whereas, if it were not adequately organized and equipped, it would almost inevitably so diffuse and dilute the share given to agriculture proper as seriously to impair the modicum of efficiency and usefulness thus far attained by the department. The latter view was evidently the one taken of the matter by a committee of the National Grange that recently waited upon the present commissioner, to enter a protest against such project of enlargement; while still, however, insisting on the advancement of the commissionership to a cabinet office. The position of the committee seems somewhat inconsistent; for on the one hand they express the wish to see the department

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kept as closely and technically agricultural as possible, while on the other they desire to see that done which would render a strictly technical character almost impossible. Their action is proof conclusive, however, that the practical farmers agree with the scientific men of the United States in considering that there is ample matter within the lines of action at present prescribed for the Department of Agriculture; and that what is needed is that this wide field should be more fully and efficiently covered.

It will be proper to consider this field somewhat in detail, both as to the portions measurably covered heretofore, and those which have been slighted or omitted.

(1.) That portion of the work relating to the distribution of seeds and plants has already been commented on above. It has been enormously overdone as to quantity, improper selection, and indiscriminate distribution, and should undergo severe pruning in these respects, leaving to private enterprise whatever it is manifestly likely and adequate to accomplish. On the other hand, the department should give greatly increased attention to the introduction from foreign countries of new species and varieties of valuable culture plants adapted to the varied conditions of the different portions of the Union; and to this end it should be able to secure the assistance of consular agents abroad, not as a matter of individual good-will, but of duty imposed by the acceptance of the office, — if necessary, with such compensation as may be needful and just.

In this, as in other matters, the department should invoke the active coöperation of the agricultural colleges, both in respect to information as to local wants and adaptations, and in effecting a judicious distribution of seeds and plants.

(2.) In the collection of crop and commercial statistics and monthly reports of the condition of crops, the department has done excellent work; but the geographical scope of that work needs to be greatly extended, the number of observers and reporters to be increased, and, above all, the publication expedited so that it shall not be behind private enterprise in point of time and accuracy, as has heretofore too often been the case. If the government printing-office cannot give precedence to these monthly reports, over other matter in hand, they should be printed elsewhere.

(3.) In the publication of treatises on agricultural subjects of immediate importance, whether newly written, translated, or simply republished, the policy of the department and the results achieved have been worthy of all praise, placing within reach of those interested the best information on the subjects selected. That this selection has not always been the best possible for the time being may, in large part at least, be ascribed to financial inability to command the services of the men needed for the tasks. Here, also, a material increase of activity is called for, so as to place the latest results of experience and investigation promptly within the reach of farmers. An annual report of agricultural progress everywhere, with references to sources, should be made a standing feature of the general report.

(4.) Of special work involving experiment and investigation, that referring to entomological subjects has been particularly useful and acceptable, especially when that portion accomplished by the entomological commission during its temporary separation from the department is counted in, as it should be. This subject is of such vital importance that a considerable increase of means for its energetic prosecution is pressingly called for.

(5.) The chemical work has been of a somewhat miscellaneous character; the means at command for the purpose, be-

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ing inadequate to the prosecution of extended investigations, have been largely given to the examination of specimens sent to the department. Considering the expenditure, however, a great deal of useful work has been accomplished. The investigations of sorghums and their products, and of forage grasses, form valuable contributions to practical knowledge. It is curious that examinations of soils have been almost entirely excluded from the list of subjects, under a somewhat antiquated impression of the inutility of wasting one's efforts on so complex and difficult a matter. This is a particularly unfortunate omission in the one country in the world where it is possible to observe soils leisurely in their original condition, as well as under the progressive phases of culture without the use of manures. It has remained for the Census Office to take the initiative in this important matter, also, in connection with the subject of cotton production. Considering that the question of soil exhaustion and maintenance of fertility by the cheapest means is fast becoming the prominent one in the States east of the Mississippi River, it can hardly be doubtful that the examination of this subject is among the most important services the agricultural department could render to practical agriculture. The problems to be solved necessarily involve such extensive comparisons, systematically made over a wide range of soils and climates, as to be out of the reach of individual or even state action, and peculiarly the province of the national Department of Agriculture. The prosecution of these and related researches will of course necessitate greatly enlarged means for chemical and physical work.

(6.) In connection with the more accurate definition of the several agricultural divisions of the country as to soils and climates, the subject of forestry should receive continual and close attention, both as regards the naturally existing forests and timber supply, and their replacement and increase by tree-planting in timberless regions. The reports on the subject made by Mr. Hough, however valuable, have but served to show the pressing need of farther work in this direction; and here, again, the Census Office has taken a timely and most important step forward, in the investigations placed under the charge of Professor Sargent, of Harvard.

(7.) The second section of the act creating the Department of Agriculture specifies, among the means to be employed by the commissioner for the acquisition of the useful knowledge to be diffused by him, the making of "practical and scientific experiments;" in other words, it charges the department with the usual and well-understood work of an agricultural experiment station. It is true that the means and appliances for carrying on such work on a scale commensurate with the wide field to be covered were exceedingly inadequate; but it is also true that, had those placed in charge of this trust appreciated to its full extent the importance and scope of the task thus set before them, and resolutely and intelligently applied themselves to its fulfillment, an impulse might have been given that would have been felt throughout the land, and would long ago have been echoed in every State by the establishment of local stations, instead of the few that have slowly struggled into existence under the pressure of enlightened local leaders, or as step-children of agricultural colleges. As in the case of the latter themselves, the undefined dissatisfaction that has hovered round the Department of Agriculture since its inception is mainly due to the fact that it has failed to appreciate adequately, and to minister to, the strongly-felt want of the American farmer for more information directly to the point, — information bearing not merely upon theoretical and future questions, but upon problems immediately

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before him, and bearing within them the alternative of success or failure, crops or no crops. In a word, the department has failed to lead, and has barely even followed promptly, the movement of public opinion and demand in respect to agricultural questions, while sometimes taking vigorously in hand some single pet problem, and thereby showing what might be done from this central position with a keener professional insight, and with broader views.

That the grounds of the department at Washington are utterly inadequate to the needs of the most modest experiment station is obvious, and has been alluded to by all commissioners. The attempt made some time ago to obtain a larger plot of land for the purposes of the department, in the neighborhood of Washington, failed; and this is perhaps not to be regretted, as the tendency seemed to be to render the new domain subservient to the purposes of the vicious system of seed distribution, and the critical undertaking of a "model farm" of doubtful utility, especially under semi-political management. The reported results of the tea-farm experiment in South Carolina have cast another unpropitious shadow upon such projects. Yet it is difficult to see why, with a proper professional organization independent of party management, well-conducted experimental farms, under the direction of the commissioner, should not be as possible here as they are in Europe. And it can hardly be questioned that in the remoter and climatically widely different regions, such as the Pacific coast and the "arid" belt lying between the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains, the establishment of branch bureaus, under the care of assistant commissioners, is needed for the purpose of securing to them the advantage of an adequate consideration of their peculiar interests. In most of the States, however, no new or distinct experiment stations would at present need to be provided for, since they are already organized, in a greater or less degree, in connection with the agricultural colleges, under the care of a staff of professional men interested in the most direct manner in the successful performance of such experiments as, from the nature of the case, the national department would be likely to desire in their locality. These men would, as a rule, joyfully avail themselves of the opportunities afforded them by assistance from the department, rendered under conditions similar to those usually made by the Smithsonian Institution, so noted for securing the highest grade of work at the least possible cost.

The failure to seek and secure the active coöperation of the agricultural colleges is one of the most conspicuous omissions of the Department of Agriculture. Through them its most useful influence could have been exerted, and its most authentic information as to facts and wants obtained. For some years, a somewhat extended account of the operations and condition of these colleges formed a part of the report of the department; but that subject has since been left to the Bureau of Education, — properly, so far as the merely educational part is concerned, but improperly as regards the ignoring of the general work they have been doing in the improvement of agricultural methods and knowledge. To speak plainly, the national Department of Agriculture seemed to act, in a measure, as though the colleges and experiment stations were not in existence. Instead of assisting them and summing up their work, it ignored them sometimes even in the matter of distribution of seeds and department reports. Its traveling employees seemed at times to keep out of the way of the existing institutions, often laboriously gathering anew information already abundantly in the possession of the latter. If this was done or omitted under the impression that the colleges

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or stations were indisposed to coöperate, so much the more would it have been incumbent upon an enlightened chief of such a department to seek them out, and stimulate them into active coöperation. Except in the matter of an occasional call for a convention, of which the commissioner was to be the conspicuous centre, and whose results have not been very apparent, the colleges have had but little attention from the department at Washington.

All this would be at once changed were the commissioner to become a technical expert, responsible not only officially to the government, but amenable to that rigorous and incorruptible tribunal constituted of his scientific and technical compeers, and under the standing menace of a loss of his professional reputation, which no whitewashing committees, in or out of Congress, could in any manner condone or undo. The substitution of the opinion and judgment of the republic of letters and science for that of the political one would constitute a self-executing measure of civil-service reform which would quickly sweep away the clogs and barnacles that have heretofore beset the progress of the department toward its highest usefulness. It would at once place it in a position of active and necessary reciprocal sympathy and coöperation with the agricultural colleges and experiment stations, and, through these, with the real wants of every portion of the agricultural domain. It would thus naturally and legitimately become the leading centre of agricultural information and progress, gathering up all the disconnected threads, now scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, into a radiating net-work, conveying back and forth messages of mutual information and encouragement, by deed as well as by word.

The field is a wide and magnificent one, both as to the opportunities it affords, and as to the practical importance of the results that will reward its intelligent cultivation. It is so vast that the proposition to enlarge the scope of operations of the department by charging it with the duties of a general "bureau of industry" seems almost a satire upon its past history. Moreover, outside of the land office and the care of the Indian tribes (the latter, it is to be hoped, a subject soon to be eliminated from its executive responsibilities), the Department of the Interior would as naturally cover, under its general intent, a bureau of manufactures and mines as a bureau of agriculture.

If it should be contended that the carrying into effect of the system outlined in the preceding pages would necessitate too great an increase of expenditure, the answer is that if the present appropriation were to be tripled or quadrupled, it would yet bear but an insignificant proportion to the magnitude and commanding importance of the interests involved, and would be but a fraction of the millions annually wasted upon expenditures of at least doubtful general utility. The country can far better afford to do without a large proportion of the expensive party manœuvres, investigating committees, and "jobs" designed for the manufacture of political capital, than to neglect any longer to foster the fundamental industry, by giving those who exercise it the fullest benefit of the lights that education and science can bestow.

Eugene W. Hilgard.

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THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

VIII.

A FLAW IN A CORNER-STONE.

THE merchant prince had alighted from his buggy, on his way down town, every few mornings, during the building of his mansion, and become a familiar figure in the neighborhood. He had peered into corners, turned over bits of loose material with his boot, and put sharp questions to his workmen, lifting his hand to his ear, in his awe-inspiring way, to catch their replies.

When all was complete he paid off those engaged, having first beaten them down to the lowest point, and they departed in such contentment as they might. In the general harmony there was one exception. The stone-mason, Jocelyn, had grumbled for some time, claiming to have taken his contract too cheap, and to be carrying it out at a loss to himself. There was no relief for this, however, and he was obliged to acquiesce in the brusque opinion of Rodman Harvey, that it was altogether his own affair and he should have kept a sharper lookout.

But now, at the last moment, an offset of some hundreds of dollars besides was retained from him, on the plea of a piece of defective stone-work. This, which he thought might have been spared him in consideration of the extent to which he had already suffered, was the straw that finally ruined his temper. He went away in a rage, swearing never to do another stroke of work for so hard a task-master. He obtained such poor satisfaction as he might from retailing everything he could learn to the disadvantage of Rodman Harvey, not disdaining even the scurrilous stories of the shanty tenants, which he had had occasion to hear while engaged in building the houses in Harvey's Terrace. He spread the stories broadcast, among other places, at the Nassau Street restaurant, where he lunched when transacting business with his bank down town.

Jocelyn, in his irritation, denied the plainest evidence of the senses. There was, in fact, a defect of a very singular character, and it was in the corner-stone itself. There began to appear a scaling of the surface, — a weakness to which the red sandstone of New York is subject, but only as a rule after years and hard usage by the elements. This scaling continued, till one day a lamina as thick as a clap-board detached itself, and, being broken off, disclosed one of those curious fossil bird or reptile tracks found in the Connecticut River formation, from the quarries of which the stone was derived.

"Anything connected with birds, you know, is dreadful," Mrs. Rodman Harvey declared, professing a superstitious awe at the occurrence, as if it were a kind of harpy clutch of destiny upon the house. "If a bird flies in at your window, now, — nothing could be worse, I have known so many instances. This must be rectified at any price."

But Dr. Wyburd, being brought, held learnedly that it was not certainly the foot-print of a bird, but as likely that of the *Otozoön Moodii*, a reptile of the Labyrinthodont order, of the Triassic period, which often attained to a height of twelve feet.

Selkirk approved of it, from a virtuoso's point of view. Angelica fancied it more like a hand than a claw, and was pleased to find in it a certain resemblance to the Muffet crest (their branch of the Harveys having none to which they could legitimately lay claim to use on their note-paper and carriage panel), as if it were a testimony to their nat-

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ural distinction come down from the Mesozoic age. The block was therefore neatly surfaced again, and the singular imprint allowed to remain. Only, as it began to attract much remark from passers-by, a magnolia shrub was set out before it.

After Harvey had finished his series of visits to the house, he was followed by his wife and daughter, who took the matter of the decorating and furnishing particularly into their own hands. It is fair to say, however, that Miss Angelica devoted her chief attention to the apartments allotted to herself. She succeeded in getting her sitting-room done to her satisfaction, in pear-wood and a nebulous drab plush; and her bedroom in flowered silk chintz, of a charming pink effect, and gold.

Mrs. Rodman Harvey summoned this popular arranger of interiors, then that. She gave a room to each, and then got one to going over the work of the other, and embroiled herself more or less with all. She was aided by the suggestions of Aureolin Slab, who, though pained to the heart by the exterior of the house, deemed it his duty to save it to what extent he could from similar vandalism within. Then came the dealers in the smaller objects of art, who filled the rooms as full as they could hold with their elegant wares. The result was a magnificence that the inexperienced in New York houses could never have inferred from without. The whole was finished with such expedition as to be ready for occupation by the family before the beginning of the watering-place season.

There was time for a notable entertainment which took the form of a reception to the President of the United States. Rodman Harvey considered that a sumptuous house-warming, to which the world should be invited on a liberal scale, could be made an effective means for the increase of his popularity. It happened also that the President was to be in town at the date, for the dedication of some new public monument, and would accept his invitation.

If Mrs. Rodman Harvey had cares beyond the ken of most mortals even at ordinary times, it may be conceived that they were not diminished now. Her husband suggested again, as he had once before suggested, the experiment of taking Ottilie, or some such person, to write her letters for her, and otherwise assist in lightening her burdens.

"Oh, you cannot do that with relations," objected Angelica, overhearing. "There are their dreadful feelings to be considered. They always expect to be treated as equals."

The idea apparently did not meet with Mrs. Harvey's favor, perhaps because it was not her own at first. She was led, nevertheless, to include her niece in the long list of guests for the "reception," and to send for her to come down the Saturday before — the entertainment being set for the evening of Tuesday — to make her acquaintance. Should it stop there, it would be an easy way, at any rate, to discharge any obligation the girl might fancy them to be under to her on the score of kinship.

Ottilie's invitation came late, and she was asked to reply by telegraph, and to start immediately. Could she have had the option of a letter she might have framed excuses; but any refusal by telegraph must be curt and ungracious. She had had repeated directions from her mother, that it was her Christian duty, to herself and her family, to receive in an affable spirit any overtures that might come from this influential source. She remembered the arguments of Bainbridge, and the real Gérôme she had seen purchased. The Hasbroucks themselves, who surprised her meditating over the invitation, urged her to go by all means. The opportunity to meet the President was what nobody should think of neglecting. She set out, therefore, and the feud in the family was to

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this extent healed. She well knew privately what she would do for the Hasbroucks, could she gain the confidence of her uncle, and a favorable occasion ever offered.

Her uncle's house was a near realization to her of the rich properties of her histories and romances. "The bedstead in my aunt Alida's room," she wrote home, ministering to an eager curiosity that would naturally be entertained there, "is of carved teak-wood, with a canopy of velvet and lace, and stands upon a platform. I am told by her French maid, Rosine, that it cost six thousand dollars. All the toilet articles in my cousin Angelica's chamber are of ivory and silver," etc., etc., etc.

There was a fire-place in the wide entrance hall, with vases and plates of Italian majolica above it, a rich rug before it, and on each side another vase of Japanese *cloisonné*, taller than Ottilie's head. A porphyry bowl, on a pedestal of old Japanese bronze, like a baptismal font, received the cards of visitors.

She climbed a staircase so broad and easy that climbing was hardly an effort. It had lamps alternately of silver and porcelain, held up by bronze statues, on its posts, and vases and tropical plants on its wide platforms. The approach to the picture-gallery — where her Gérôme, and plenty of other masters that pleased her better, were now to be gazed at to her heart's content — was past a Musidora and a Samson in marble, and up either of two short flights of marble steps, with a marble balustrade between.

The principal drawing-room, upholstered in silks and plushes of sulphur yellow, was of the lightly severe yet elegant Louis XVI. style, and had a small gallery projecting from one side for musicians. A lesser, rose-colored drawing-room was fantastic with the profuse gilded scroll-works of the Rococo Louis XV.

It was her cousin Selkirk who interested himself to go about with her and affix the correct titles to the puzzling variety of styles she saw. The gravely rich Henri II. library was hung with old tapestries. The dining-room had tapestry chairs and dark Italian cabinets, so rich with carving that no vacant space of the original wood was seen. Besides the books in the library, there were found, in low ebony cases, in a small reception-room off the hall, a series of choice volumes, bound uniformly in white vellum.

There were embroidered and wrought *portières*, crystal chandeliers containing waxen tapers, porcelain lamps, their light softened by colored silk shades, floors of polished wood and tessellated marble, tables covered with velvet bordered with Venetian point lace; there were blue china, screens, clocks, musical boxes, statuettes, objects of ivory, pearl, ormolu, buhl, and Limoges enamel, — one revel of glowing color and luxury unstinted by expense.

Ottilie was impressed too by her cousin Angelica, whom she first saw leaning against the back of a fauteuil, in a graceful pose, in one of the rich parlors. She bowed down in ingenuous reverence before her accomplishments, her costly education, her travels, her reception at foreign courts. So many advantages, and so brilliant and high bred an aspect could hardly consist, it seemed to her, with any but the most dignified and worthy character as well.

She did not understand how her aunt need really be so agitated by the management of her servants, and the rest. She had thought that one of the first uses of wealth was to purchase immunity from the more vulgar cares. This good lady took her on her tours of inspection about the house, bustling now with preparations for the festival, and made her a sharer in many confidences. She found here a jewel and there a scarf or a ribbon for the young girl's adornment, and forced it upon her with an open-handed generosity.

"There are times," she said, "when

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it seems as if I must put on my bonnet, and, leaving all, fly to the uttermost ends of the earth, in search of but one moment of blessed, blessed peace. Here are fourteen mortal servants, and the last thought of all of them is to do what they were engaged for, and their first to persecute me."

The tasks of the bond-slaves of Egypt, the sufferings in Dante's Inferno, were but a bagatelle, as Mrs. Harvey represented it, to her own. Yet it was strange that she retained her plump comeliness, and, though so often threatening, had never yet put on her bonnet for any more desperate purpose than to go out in it conformably to the usages of polite society.

Ottilie did not reconcile herself at first to the full-grown men in livery. They seemed clumsy and out of place in the house. She would have preferred, with her simpler tastes, only neat, trim maid-servants. The English butler, William Skiff, with his baldness and false teeth, was as imposing as a bishop. Alphonse, the waiter and footman, had a grenadier aspect, and should have presented arms to you — if he had, that would have been something worth while — whenever he opened the door. They had brought him back with them from their last tour in Europe. Angelica thought of having him go out behind her when she rode on horseback, instead of John Welsh, from the stables.

She had a cultivated taste in servants. She declared the most simply horrible thing in the world to be a waiter with a moustache (instead of the conventional side whiskers and shaven lip), — a view which did not strike Ottilie as quite of the expected profundity from such a source.

One evening there came in from the vicinity, to play billiards with the merchant prince, in his sumptuous new saloon, his friends Hackley and Hastings.

With Hastings was his wife, who was young and pretty. She tripped up-stairs to the boudoir of Mrs. Harvey, with whom she was a favorite, for a confidential chat, while their husbands were knocking about the billiard balls below. Ottilie was presented to her. Quite a friendship sprung up between them, on the basis of two pretty children, whom the young girl admired, and whom she was accorded the privilege of seeing put to bed on Sunday evening. It ended in her being given practically into the charge of Mrs. Hastings, for the entertainment. Her aunt and cousin were to "receive," and would have their hands extremely full. She was simply to be a minor guest among the great number invited, an arrangement that suited her wishes exactly.

IX.

"TO MEET THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

The list of invitations, "To meet the President of the United States," as the inscription following the other details on the impressive square of pasteboard ran, was sufficiently large to include Bainbridge also. The young man considered it respectful to appear at the levee of a patron, who might be a more valuable patron yet, and had a certain curiosity, besides, about the new chief magistrate of his country, then lately installed into office.

He paid a call or two, dropped in at a regular weekly reception of the same night, all places where he was much overdue, and arrived at Rodman Harvey's at about eleven o'clock. A fine drizzle of rain was falling. The semi-opaque roof of the picture-gallery, aglow, and illumining a little the humid atmosphere above, betokened, at a distance, the festivity in progress within. A striped canvas awning was stretched across the sidewalk, just as similar awnings were out on such a night at the group of fashionable restaurants below.

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At the awning's mouth a few spectators, kept in check by a policeman, lingered patiently under umbrellas, to watch the fortunate guests alight. The elegant men got down, with the collars of their great-coats turned up and silk mufflers about their throats. Wonderful creatures, with voluminous draperies of white, pink, pale blue, and saffron gathered close about them, followed, bending double, and alighting upon the carpeted stones with dainty rebounds. The carriages were ranged in interminable files on either side of the street, their wet varnish glistening in the gas-light. The gas-lights themselves and figures that passed were reflected in a mysterious way in the wet sidewalks, as if from black streams of fathomless depth, the surface of which was somehow curiously solidified.

The gloom without gave the more effect to the brightness within. Two orchestras were playing: one in the music-gallery of the principal drawing-room; the other in a spacious temporary apartment formed, for the greater convenience of the dancers, by flooring and roofing over the yard at the rear of the mansion. The banisters of the grand staircase were entwined with smilax and roses. A deep cornice and wainscot belt, made up of white flowers, starred with others in color, extended around the walls in the small drawing-room, and over the spot where the President stood, with the hostess and her daughter beside him, hung a mammoth ball of violets. No expense was spared, as the saying is. Some *confrères* of the merchant prince, of a practical turn, brushing up their elderly whiskers before the mirror in their dressing-room above stairs, endeavored incidentally to compute it. There were those who said that Harvey was not doing all this without an object, either. He had his designs upon the distinguished guest of the evening. He hoped to obtain from him the office of secretary of the treasury, for which he had already intrigued. This was chiefly, too, what his political activity meant. He considered a seat in Congress, from the foremost district of New York, merely as a stepping-stone, since no doubt his not having taken part in national affairs before had been construed against him. The health of the present secretary was not good, and, in case of the appointment of a successor, it was eminently proper that he should be chosen, for once, from the great commercial metropolis of the country. Who more suitable, in that event, — so they deemed the merchant prince to argue, — with his large experience in trade and finance, than Rodman Harvey? "He knew the President of old, it seems; through having employed him in some railroad case at the West. I do not say that Harvey would be my choice," said one speaker, "but stranger things have happened than that he may get the place yet."

"I see that Burlington is here," commented another. "He and the President were generals in the war together, and I suppose he has laid aside his difference with Harvey for the time being, to come and pay his respects, — as is quite right. He is a level-headed person, Burlington."

These elderly gossips were not above comments also on points of feminine beauty, and on the current social scandals. They retailed the latest Huyskamp escapades, among others. A granddaughter of the connection had run away with an adventurer, whom she had been in the habit of meeting at the Park, instead of going to Madame Bellefontaine's school, for which she had started with her books regularly every morning. The second Mrs. Huyskamp, Mrs. John, a rather mature person, — *apropos* of whose appearance, going down the stairs, while they waited for their own spouses to emerge from the dressing-room, these doings were treated of, — had been seen coming out

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of one of the cemeteries, with her head on young Northfleet's shoulder. "That last I deny *in toto*," said Watervliet, availing himself of the opportunity to repeat a witticism which had met with considerable success at the club. "It stands to reason. You cannot have old heads on young shoulders."

The feeling of unconcern with which Bainbridge had come changed to something much more like pleasure when he went below, and found Ottilie. That young woman colored a little on meeting him, no doubt with reflections as to what he would think of her apparent changeableness of purpose. She was with Mrs. Hastings, who had presented to her a number of young men, among them young Stillsby, whose repute for wisdom was not of the most profound. She had been impressed at first by this person's air of fashion; then had wondered, and finally been amused, at the *naïve* foolishness of many of his sayings. The new acquaintances still hovered about her, and Bainbridge could have her to himself at first but little.

"You did not write to me, as you promised," he said, seizing one of the opportunities. "I have lived for nothing else ever since."

"You have lived very well then, apparently. *Did* I promise to write? Well, I have been busy. It is but a short time now till our Commencement; and by the way, since you remind me of it, I did use the information in your pamphlets for my graduating essay. It is to be on The Reformation of Criminals."

"Bravo! At last we have the matter settled. So you graduate. And then what?"

"Return as directly as possible to my home in the West, and glad enough I shall be to get back to the dear old place again."

"I am sorry for that. I thought perhaps you might be intending to come here. Your uncle will not leave you a great fortune, I dare say, but he would be rational to live with. If you got on as well with the rest as with him, I think you might count on a very tolerable sort of existence. Why not return here?"

"Nobody axed me, sir," she said, archly misquoting the old ballad. Then, as if the subject were not a wholly comfortable one, she changed it, with "Well, you cannot deny that *this* is palatial."

"Oh yes, I can. Do not limit my capacity for denying too hastily. In the palace there is a noble poverty of effect, as it were. They understand it in Italy, — a few handsome things along the walls, and the central spaces left free, for the noble occupants to walk up and down in, with their hands behind their backs, planning statecraft, wars, and matrimonial alliance, with the dukes, their neighbors."

They were favorably posted for observing the guest of the evening. "That is what *I* should like to be," said Ottilie contemplatively. "It seems to me that if I were a man I should be very ambitious, and have as many people bowing down before me as possible."

"Oh, the point is to *be* something; not to make a lot of people think you are," scoffed Bainbridge. It was a fine and somewhat startling sentiment, from him, but delivered with an air implying that it was of course impossible, while nothing less was worth striving for.

The President was in a sense a type of his class. He had risen most honorably from humble beginnings. He had been a farmer's lad, school-master, general in the civil war, representative, governor of his State, and diplomate. He was a person of sterling worth, yet hardly of merit sufficient in itself to command the imposing recognition he had received. He had been chosen rather as a compromise candidate between the claims of the greater leaders, who destroy one another, and rarely attain the coveted prize. His whole presence exhaled the air of a calm, well-regulated

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life. He was of good figure, robust, neat and plain in attire. His dignity was apparently of a genuine, simple sort, arising from consciousness of the exalted nature of his success, yet not without a trace of angularity. He gave all who were presented to him a somewhat stiff shake of the hand. He had no great fund of ingenious or gallant discourse at command, but uttered now and then one of those mild pleasantries, that are received on such an occasion and from such a source as brilliant scintillations of wit.

As the pressure of new arrivals slackened, Rodman Harvey, the host, was to be seen conversing with him confidentially, and even giving slight taps of a forefinger on his sleeve, by way of emphasis. "Ah yes, indeed," said envious lookers on, "he will have his secretaryship fast enough."

Angelica, slender, erect, with a long, simple "train" of rich material stretched out behind her, was like some rare bird. Mrs. Harvey was in brocaded satin, its front strewn with costly embroideries in seed pearls, garnets, and other precious stones. From a collar of large diamonds of the purest water depended a splendid ornament of opal and diamonds upon her full bosom, heaving with the pride natural to such an occasion. She was all smiles and comely majesty. When the guests had finally been received, she promenaded through the rooms on the arm of the President. Her aid, Angelica, had already withdrawn with Kingbolt of Kingboltsville, to take a turn in the dancing-hall.

It was at such times that Rodman Harvey was especially content with his spouse. This was her element. It was what he had had in mind when, at a certain stage of his increasing prosperity, touched by the subtile appetite for fashion and display, he had sought the best article of its kind, and married the widow of the elegant Charles Battledore. Perhaps, as he contemplated her, his thoughts may have gone back to that earlier one, his helpmate in the day of small things, — to her with whom he had trodden ingrain carpets, and sat upon chilly horse-hair furniture. Conference with her had always been a matter of the calmest reason. *She* had had no petulances of a spoiled child, no preposterous exaggerations, no stormings-about, arising upon slight cause and abating as easily. She had been inclined to look upon his growing wealth as a delusion and a snare, and had hardly increased her scale of personal expenditure to the last.

The young children of that marriage were dead, with her. He thought of them all buried away together in the rural graveyard of his native place, and hers. He had been accustomed to alight from a train there, on summer days, at long intervals, to pass an hour beside their graves. There were urns on the posts of the high wooden gate, which entered from one side of the village green. The head-stones were stained and awry, the low mounds grown over with tall grass and wild flowers. How very far away it all seemed now! Could it be that he had ever been bound in such intimate ties with those of so very different a circle? Was it possible that in some vague future state the relationship was again to be renewed?

The dancing-hall afforded Bainbridge, also, a pretext for taking Ottilie away. Dancing was an entertainment which he had disparaged, like other things, but she found him, to her surprise, no mean adept in it. He even aided her to execute beautifully a new step, of which she had got an inkling from the girls at school, and in consideration of this she could almost have condoned some of his errors. They found seats afterwards in the picture-gallery, under an orange-tree, by the marble balustrade. She had an unusual animation and color, and fanned herself vigorously. The painter Millboard, wandering about, with little

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to do, having few acquaintances in the large assembly, made a furtive note, on his thumb-nail as it were, of the effect, as she reclined in a fauteuil, her fleecy white draperies scattered about the definite nucleus of her slim waist, her arms, and head.

"Do *see me!*" she said, admiring herself whimsically. "One would think I had always been used to such magnificence, I take it so calmly. And as to my poor dress, for the last hour I have quite forgotten it."

"You will find that the fashion reporters, if they be worth their salt, have not been so remiss. *It will certainly* appear in the papers."

"That shows how little you know about such things. It cost — but never mind what it cost; and I had to make a good part of it myself. If you want to see dressing, look at my cousin Angelica. I am glad if you think it pretty, though. It is what I am to wear at Commencement. By good luck it was just done, or I could not have come."

This was a further touch in a Cinderella-like aspect of her situation, as he represented it, which had pleased him from the first. "Oh, an orange-tree!" she babbled on, catching sight of the boughs above her head, and raising her fan a little towards them. "Do tell me something about the orange-groves, and your manner of life there!"

"Well, nothing is more charming than the silver blossoms and the golden fruit both on the tree at the same time, when the last crop has not been wholly picked off. There was a tree on my place which bore one year seven thousand oranges. That was not in my time, though, — no such luck. In the first enthusiasm of my venture I wrote some newspaper letters, which were complimented, by another newspaper of importance, as one of the most practical treatises on orange culture that had yet appeared. I did not know it, however, till I got back, a year or two afterwards. Perhaps posthumous fame is something like that, — a fine compliment that you never hear of. When I did know it, I secured the *entrée* to Mrs. Stoneglass' literary receptions at once. Really, it was grim satire, so far as I was concerned. I was like one of those ingenious persons who go about lecturing on How to Get Rich, and have to jump out of the back windows with their satchels, because they have not money enough to pay their hotel bills."

"You did not succeed very well, then? I had inferred so before."

"No, I did not succeed. One year a hurricane, such as had not been known for half a century, the next a frost, such as had not been known for another half a century. You might have heard a ton of coal drop, on this last occasion, as I woke up in the morning and found what had happened. I routed out the men to apply restoratives, but all to no purpose."

"And then what? — as you ask me."

"I came into some more money presently, on the death of my grandfather. Did I ever happen to tell you that I was brought up by my grandfather? He bore me no grudge, as it seemed, for the failure of the orange speculation. I went into the manufacturing of a lawn-mower, with one half of the money, and loaned the other half, as a temporary accommodation, to a very dear friend. The lawn-mower was itself cut off by a crisis that overtook certain industries about that time. The temporary accommodation to my friend and classmate, for whom I would have done anything under the sun, and in whose equal devotion to me I had implicit confidence, proved to be of such duration that it not only was not returned when it could have saved the lawn-mower, but I have never seen it since. This dear friend was hopelessly insolvent, and knew it perfectly well, when he borrowed. He cleared off to Colorado, and that is the last I have seen of him from that day

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to this. And now you have about my whole story. It seems a little monotonous, does it not, — three such mischances? Nevertheless, they happened as I tell you."

"This, then, is what makes you so cynical?"

"I do not admit that I am cynical; but naturally experiences of the kind hardly improve one's temper."

"You do not think, perhaps," she suggested, hesitatingly, "that business may not have been your strong point?"

"No, I cannot say that I had thought so. My view, on observing the countless thousands pouring into the professions, was to try and do something more distinctly practical and useful in the world. Where was the fault with that idea?"

"Well, you must try again, and a great many times more."

"At my age one does not try very much more. He takes what is sent to him. There are certain advantages in the law, however. It is a way of getting even. It affords delightful opportunities for rascality."

"At *your* age!" Ottilie exclaimed, ignoring this gibe. "Why, you are a very young man."

Indeed! Was it thus he impressed her? They were fast approaching to terms of equality, truly. This came of being betrayed into gravity, and making confidences which he had not made to any one before, he could not tell when. By way of recovering ground he became as recklessly flippant as possible.

Ottilie could hardly credit the occurrence, in this society, of doings which would better have suited her idea of the times of the Borgias. The suiciding, dueling, opium-eating, and eloping Huyskamps were of the most excellent family. The grandfather, from whom their money was derived, had been a beau in two hemispheres, the companion of Louis Philippe and Ludwig of Bavaria. As to the actors in some of these dramas being still welcomed and fêted, it seemed to her monstrous.

"You must know that this putting down of people is not so easy," said Bainbridge, in his deriding tone. "We good ones are not strong enough. The bold and bad override us, and there is nothing to do but to take it out in browbeating the timid and weak. At the same time, I think it doubtful whether the upper circle of society is so much worse than others below."

"So much worse?" exclaimed Ottilie with heat. "Ought it not to be a hundred times better? With every comfort and luxury, with the opportunity to travel, to be educated, to be cultured and perfected on every side, it ought to admit of no comparison." She had a way of putting back her hair from her temples with both hands, and bending earnestly forward, in her arguing.

"That is a point of view worthy of note, but I doubt if you will find frivolous wealth and luxury to have ever worked that way. First, there is the period of hardship and striving for a certain end; then, when it is attained, the splendid efflorescence, by some called decadence. For my part, I ask, Why the common prejudice against decadences? They are the autumn season, the legitimate fruition, of all that has preceded. Why is the battle a so much better thing than the victory? The poets and orators are continually giving us to understand that the struggle for liberty is particularly commendable, while the peace and plenty which were its objects are of no account whatever."

"Oh, are you never serious?" exclaimed the young girl.

Mrs. Hastings now came to find Ottilie, in order to take her to the supper-room. The tables were so heavily laden with plate and the costly banquet as to require to be sustained, rumor ran, by extra braces of iron underneath. Haricot's men, in unexceptionable evening dress, handed out the viands to the

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thicket of reaching hands, calling, "*Une glace!*" "*Trois glaces!*" Now and then others made their way through the throng, bearing aloft on platters new supplies of game, oysters, and salads, with a deprecating "Please! please!"

Mrs. Eglantine approached the discreet financial magnate, Bloomfield, taking his salad by himself at a corner of the mantel-piece, and said, "I want you to do something with my Missouri 6's. It is the only chance I have to get at you. You know everything. And *do* you think Devious Air Line is going higher?"

Mrs. Sprowle said to Mrs. Clef, finding that lady by chance in a chair beside her, "Why do we never have a *gentleman* for President?" To which Mrs. Clef replied good-naturedly, "Why indeed!" Then Mrs. Sprowle, stopping Kingbolt, who was hurrying by with some refreshment for Angelica Harvey, for whom he had found a seat, after their dancing, in one of the rooms near by, asked him some question about his friend St. Hill. "He is such an agreeable man," she said, — "of the best old Southern stock, which I have always highly esteemed. I do not see him here to-night."

"He does not come here, I believe. There is some misunderstanding, some difficulty of a business sort, between him and Harvey."

"Ah! indeed! I must ask him about it," she said, and Kingbolt passed on.

Her son, Austin Sprowle, having plentiful leave of absence, as it seemed, from the side of his betrothed, came up and paid compliments, by way of passing the time, to Mrs. Clef, who received them as affably as though she had never uttered a disparaging word of him.

"How delightfully you are looking!" said Sprowle. "We have hardly met since last year, at Saratoga. Saratoga is very good for us New Yorkers. We need something of that kind, a certain atmosphere, a — er — variation; but we must *not* drink the waters, — we must not, really." His tone was almost tragical.

"When are we going to have another of our little dinners at the Four-In-Hand?" Mr. Rowley asked of Miss Ada Trull.

"*Sh!* All that is over for the present," she replied. "Somebody has been telling mamma that from eleven in the morning till eleven at night is too long for us to be out in the drags; and that Mrs. Calloway, our chaperon, was younger than most of the girls; and that some of you young men drank too much champagne."

Another interview took place between Bainbridge and Ottilie, later in the evening, just before the young girl's departure. Her purpose of going away, and probably not again returning was once more touched upon.

"Of course I could never get you to write to me, under any pretext," said the young man, "but suppose we think of each other. Suppose we fix certain times and hours — as at ten on the 1st and 15th of each month, say, — when you will agree to think of me, and I of you. Perhaps some mysterious or electrical influence will pass between us. Remarkable scientific developments may take place. Who knows?"

"Oh, there is a difference in longitude," she replied, smiling elusively. "I should have to remember you at eight forty, or nine twenty, or something that way, when here it was ten already. I could never calculate it."

"This is really a very sad and solemn occasion, then. As likely as not I shall never see you again."

"N—ever," with a mock-melancholy waving of the head, from side to side.

"Two souls with numerous different thoughts,
Two hearts that beat as two,"

she parodied again.

"Perhaps you think I do not care, — but I had taken a great liking to you."

She would have been touched by this,

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if she had thought it in earnest; but she understood his raillery perfectly well, and replied, "I wish I could say I returned the compliment."

"Why can you not? Am I so very disagreeable?"

"You have tried to patronize me a good deal, for one thing," she said, casting about for reasons. "And then, I have hardly ever heard you utter a sentiment I could tell to be in earnest."

"Oh, is that it?" reflectively. "But in your case I am earnestness itself."

"Nothing is worse than to be heavy on a frivolous subject."

In such tantalizing fashion, with a bright smile and a shake of the hand, she was gone. It had been a pleasant acquaintance; but this was the end of it. The thoughts of Russell Bainbridge drifted after her not a little, from his office, up in the mansard of the Magoon Building, where his new-fledged law practice was developing. He was of course as incapable of foolish sentiment now as the Magoon Building itself. . . . But she had been a bright, piquant person, with excellent traits, and wherever she went he wished her well.

Meanwhile, — for we need not leave so speedily this rare festivity at Rodman Harvey's, — the *tête-à-tête* which the daughter of the house had granted Kingbolt of Kingboltsville had been in progress. The young man had made but a short visit to his estates, it seemed, and then, for reasons best known to himself, returned. The painter Millboard did not fail to include Angelica too in his hovering admirations. He regretted that such models as these could not be had, that masterpieces in art might be more common than they are.

A curiously simple skirt of lustrous, creamy satin fell down over her limbs, which it delicately outlined. The waist had no other support than small straps upon each shoulder; but she wore over it a jacket of rich lace, amber-hued with the touch of age, and (loosely around her neck) a gossamer scarf, which she readjusted from time to time as it became slightly disarranged. Where the lace was drawn thin, the leaf and snow-crystal patterns seemed daintily printed upon the smooth, firm flesh. Her arms were of a more pinkish tinge than her face. They were lovely arms, capable of weaving dangerous spells even from afar, and Kingbolt had ventured into fatally close proximity to them.

"I don't know when I have enjoyed a waltz so much before," he protests, passing a cambric handkerchief over his forehead. "I had given up dancing, to tell the truth. I have hated to ask an American girl for a long time. One does not reverse abroad, as you know, and I had quite got out of the way of it."

"To what shall I ascribe this exception in my favor? Your reversing is perfect; I have no fault to find with it."

"Oh, you would turn anybody's head; and of course a person is not going to let slip an opportunity to put his arm around the most beautiful girl in two hemispheres, when it is open to him."

Miss Angelica had two very distinct manners. She could assume, when she chose, — and she often chose, — a chilling dignity; but with her intimates she professed to like *natural* people, and to hate "the stiff kind." At this time, too, she was permitting herself a certain sisterly policy, warranted, as she considered, by her new situation in life, towards some of the young men. But this expression of Kingbolt's was trenching a little on the permissible naturalness. She called him "Wretch!" however, and then inquired, —

"Why do you waste such things on me, an old engaged girl? Why do you not say them to Daisy Goldstone or Ada Trull? I suppose you know that I am 'another's,' as the novelists say?"

"Oh, yes, I know it."

"Why! You say it as if you were sorry."

"I am, — damnably," he broke out

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with a changed manner. The epithet was half muttered but she heard it. It appeared that she had led him too far. She had had no objection to amusing herself a little while her freedom remained; but if it were possible, after all they had both seen of the world, that he were going to annoy her with an absurd earnestness, if he were going to look and talk in a savage way like that, it was high time to turn over a new leaf with him, and that instantly. In the purpose she had formed for the disposal of her own fate she was fixed and inflexible. Kingbolt had already begun some further words in the new vein. She looked about for a pretext to repulse them. Dr. Wyburd, with Mr. Hackley — who, on account of his intimacy with Rodman Harvey, assumed an unusual air of geniality and good-fellowship in this house — as his principal auditor, was saying, near by, —

"When you hear the first part of a good story, you are pretty sure to hear the last. It comes to you from different sources, and you finally put all the parts together. Now, I recollect a certain" —

"Oh, an anecdote! an anecdote!" exclaimed Angelica, jumping up, and joining herself to this group, looking back to Kingbolt as a sign that he might follow if he would. She returned presently to her mamma, and whatever slight contact she may have had with the misguided young millionaire during the rest of the evening was marked by the calmest indifference.

Her mamma took it upon herself, when the guests had gone, and they two were alone for a moment in her sitting-room, in the small hours of the morning, to complain of the prolonged tête-à-tête with Kingbolt. She had seen something of it while moving through the rooms with the President. "I could observe," she said, "that Austin was not at all pleased. He was much annoyed."

Angelica, nettled through consciousness of rectitude, refused either to explain or deny anything. "If Austin is not pleased with what pleases me, so much the worse for him. I will *not* be argued with. Leave me in peace," she said, and retired petulantly up the staircase to the bed-chamber in flowered silk chintz and gilt.

The mamma, with a sigh, murmured after her a formula intended to convey her sense of an incorrigibility far out of the common: "She is a regular Harvey."

William Henry Bishop.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

III.

I HAVE seen much of the life of the Southern people of all classes in their homes, in regions remote from the railroads, as well as in the cities and towns and those portions of the country which have been most affected by the influences of commerce, travel, and other forces of the modern world. As the agriculture, manufactures, and trade of the Southern States are the chief sources of their wealth, and constitute, in large measure, the material basis of their civilization, I have studied these industries everywhere with great interest.

Southern agriculture presents almost everywhere highly dissimilar or opposite conditions and characteristics existing side by side. In every State the traveler sees farms or plantations on which the modern and improved methods of work and management are in use, with the result, usually, of a marked in-

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crease in the quantity and value of farm products. The improvement in farming has been greater here during the last fifteen years than in any other portion of our country. Of course this is due in great part to the fact that the room or need for improvement was greater here than anywhere else; but the progress made since the close of the war has been very great and wonderful, and the hearty interest and energy displayed by the leading men of the South in connection with the cultivation of the soil make it certain that these States will contribute their full share to the advancement of agriculture, and, by this means, to the nation's wealth. Indeed, it is plain that agriculture is speedily to have a great and varied development in the South, as this portion of our country possesses some marked advantages, in climate and position, over the North and West. Probably no country in the world has a greater variety of soils; certainly, no territory of equal extent now occupied by civilized men is fitted for the cultivation of a greater number of important agricultural products.

AN ATTRACTIVE REGION.

The northern zone of the South, embracing Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee, with the northern portions of Georgia, Alabama, and Arkansas, is a region of vast extent, and has great interest for Northern people accustomed to farming who may desire to emigrate to a country suited to this industry. There is much excellent land here, with soils adapted to the cultivation of most of the important farm products of the region lying between New York and Pennsylvania on the east and Iowa and Kansas on the west, as well as to those of the South. The climate is favorable, not being so different from that of the States north of it as to cause immigrants from them any considerable inconvenience or discomfort. In the hilly portions of this zone there is cold enough for Northern people, while the mildness of the winter and its brief duration render farming and stock-raising more profitable than they are farther north, as the shelter and feeding of domestic animals require comparatively small expenditure. The summers are of course much longer than in New York or Iowa, but the heat is not usually so great as it is in New Hampshire. With proper attention to sanitary conditions and requirements, this is a very healthy region, the proportion of malarious diseases for the uplands being less than in some of the finest portions of New England. There is much beautiful country, with pleasant scenery. In Northern Alabama I observed a close resemblance to the appearance of the hill regions of Southern and Central New Hampshire.

By attention to the selection of seed of the most suitable varieties, and to methods of cultivation, some of the vegetable products of regions farther north, which are supposed to be unsuited to the South, can probably be made profitable throughout the zone now under consideration. Such acclimation of esculents from other portions of the country would be a great benefit, and is especially desirable for immigrants from the North, who are apt to be impressed by the lack of variety in the bill of fare at the tables of the planters as well as at Southern hotels. But many vegetables and fruits which belong to the South are rarely found on the table, or are in use but for a very brief portion of the year, simply because people do not care to take the pains to produce them. "It 's too much trouble to raise 'em," is the usual answer, when I inquire about them. Little attention is given to gardening on most Southern plantations. It is regarded as a trivial employment for the time and labor of men; entirely unimportant in comparison with "the crop," which is usually cotton, tobacco, sugar, or rice. "We

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like a few messes of green things in the spring," the people say, "but for summer work we need something more substantial. Give us the old stand-bys." These are commonly bread, bacon, and greens, as the ordinary fare for laborers.

COOKERY.

There is no effort to secure a succession of fresh vegetables during the summer. I think most Southern people of all classes care less for variety in their usual diet — less, perhaps, for the pleasures of the table as a matter of habit or constant experience — than Northern people, with equal means for living as they may desire. "I am told that the Northern people are very particular about their eating," was a remark frequently addressed to me, after considerable acquaintance, by gentlemen and ladies who wished to learn something of our Northern civilization and methods of living. Most Southerners certainly eat plainer food than we do, and require less effort in their cookery to make it appetizing. But the women of "good Southern families" are admirable cooks, as they are trained to this work when young. Far more importance is attached to the education of young women in household employments and duties in the South than in most Northern communities; and when Southern people "have company," as the phrase is, — when they entertain guests, — the dinner is a feast. No other word adequately describes the richness and variety of the repast, or the serious delight and high spirits with which it is eaten. (It has not happened to me to hear better conversation anywhere than at many Southern tables.)

COMPARISON OF ADVANTAGES.

The attractions and rewards of agriculture appear to me to be greater at present in this northern zone of the South than in any other part of the United States. Perhaps Virginia is, all things considered, the most desirable of all the Southern States for the Northern farmer who has money sufficient for the purchase of land and farm machinery. The advantages of soil and climate are supplemented here by such proximity to the best markets as few other regions of our country enjoy. The natural advantages of this State are probably not surpassed in any part of the world. For emigrants of moderate or slender means, Kentucky presents noticeable inducements to settlement, in some of the newer regions of the State. There is much highly fertile land here, which can be purchased now at low prices. Many immigrants have recently been attracted to this State by the earnest and intelligent efforts of the state geologist, a far-seeing, patriotic officer, whose services are of greater value to the commonwealth than those of all the partisan politicians within her borders. Kentucky sets an admirable example to the other States of the Union by maintaining an excellent geological and mineralogical collection in the State House, with an exhibition of agricultural products. Both these States have some disadvantages, chief among which may be named the vulgar dishonesty which of late, in so great degree, dominates the politics of Virginia, and the crimes of violence and bloodshed in portions of the State of Kentucky. These evils have the effect of discouraging emigration to the two States named, and will continue to do so until they are removed by positive advances in civilization. Emigrants to the South should acquaint themselves with the material and social conditions of life there before they leave their old homes. I do not forget that the spirit of repudiation is not confined to the South, nor that in Northern towns, where colleges and churches crowd each other, mobs of thousands can gather, overpower the officers of the law, break down jail doors, and murder prisoners in most revolting fashion, all

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before the militia, the pride and boast of the place, can be assembled. I advise Southern people, who may think of emigrating to the North, to mark the regions in which these mob outrages and lynchings occur, and avoid them.

THE YAZOO DELTA.

In Northern Mississippi there are large areas of rather sterile soil, and in other districts much land, once good, has been spoiled by neglect and bad management. But the great Yazoo Delta contains between six and seven thousand acres of very fertile land, a tract larger than the whole of the great plateau of East Tennessee. The central prairie region of Mississippi is also rich. I was told of plans for colonizing these and other Southwestern districts by bringing in thousands of settlers from various parts of Europe. This will probably be done, or attempted, in some instances, and as a result these wild tracts will ultimately be subdued and cultivated. This will only be accomplished, however, by unmeasured toil and hardship and the sacrifice of many lives. European immigrants have far less power or vitality for resisting the malarial influences which haunt the low-lying lands of the Southwest than is possessed by the natives of those regions, who themselves suffer greatly from diseases of this type. In Arkansas the primeval forest still extends unbroken over leagues and leagues of richest soil, and the State is certain to be extremely populous in time, and possessed of great agricultural wealth.

METHODS OF EMIGRATION.

The question of the best methods of forming settlements or establishing companies of immigrants in the South is an important one, but it is probably one upon which little light can be thrown except by experiment; and even experiment seems less valuable here than in most other human interests and affairs, because the circumstances of different attempts are in so many ways unlike that even repeated failures do not always plainly point out the way to success. I have visited a few "colonies," as they are called in the South, which have been organized or planted with the purpose or object of securing for their members "the benefits of a higher civilization and more perfect social development and relations than can, as yet, be found in society in general." I think all such enterprises are foredoomed to certain failure. The best object for a settlement, and the highest that can be profitably sought directly, appears to be simply the opportunity to make a living by hard work. Labor is far more potent in producing a better civilization than fine sentiment and eloquent declamation about a more perfect organization of society and provision for the higher appetites of human nature. The people who work hard and steadily will be much more likely to develop whatever is necessary or best for them than the philosophers and idealists who construct plans for "social reform" or "the satisfaction of the finer faculties." Modern reformers have generally underrated the value and creative potency of hunger or unsatisfied desire. It is want, not attainment, that stimulates men to the fullest life and best actions. Men have usually been more noble while they strove for freedom than after they obtained it. Few men in any age have had sufficient intellectual and moral development to enable them to make a good use of either wealth or leisure.

LIFE IN COLONIES.

I have found the intellectual life and conditions in such colonies peculiarly unwholesome and unpromising. There is uniformly much contention, extreme sensitiveness regarding all criticism or expression of unfavorable opinion respecting the enterprise or its management, with greater carelessness or igno-

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rance in relation to sanitary interests and conditions than I have observed in any of the settlements where people are at work simply to "make a living" and establish homes for themselves. I think the experience of the past has made it plain that few things are more dangerous for the mass of men, even for a large proportion of people who are regarded as intelligent, than eloquent, vague talk about a more perfect organization of society, social reform, and the development of a higher civilization. It always attracts the unpractical and indefinite people, who have sublime aspirations, but no sense of the value of facts, no firm grasp upon realities of any kind. It would be far better for a man to be the slave of an intelligent master, who would hold him to some useful work, and flog him for idleness, than to be the dupe of sentimental schemes for the reconstruction of society.

OLD SOUTHERN LIFE.

In the same neighborhoods with plantations on which the best agricultural methods are employed, often in sight of them, the traveler observes, nearly everywhere in the South, discouraging marks of ignorance and slovenliness on the part of those who cultivate the soil; of such wastefulness and want of foresight as would be fatal to any industry or enterprise, even if all other circumstances were of the most favorable character. Plows and other utensils are left in the fields, exposed to the weather, all winter. No adequate shelter is provided for horses or other domestic animals, and they are often insufficiently fed. In consequence of such neglect during the winter, many horses, mules, and oxen are feeble and sickly in the spring, when their work is required in preparing the ground for the new crop, and they are soon broken down by labor too severe for them in their exhausted condition. When a poor man sees his only horse or cow die of exposure or neglect, he accepts the result of his own indolence as a mysterious dispensation of Providence, an occurrence for which he is in no degree responsible. The indifference of many Southern people of the poorer classes to the plain and certain consequences of their own inefficiency and folly is frequently astounding. I have often tried to analyze this stolidity, to discover its elements and sources, but have usually found it impossible to determine whether these people do not know that they cause their own misfortunes, or whether they know but do not care. The apathy of many persons in Northern towns, regarding dangers to health and life arising from neglect of the most elementary sanitary requirements, often appears to have a similar origin and character. Perhaps the best explanation in such cases is the lack of sufficient intellectual vitality to modify the familiar environment, the personal force of such individuals being barely adequate to the demands of their present condition and methods of life, and too feeble to supply the impulse which is necessary for the production of any considerable change.

"THE BACKWOODS PEOPLE."

Many of the "small planters" are always late in "getting the crop into the ground," as they phrase it; and when it is ready for cultivation they give it little attention, spending most of their time in fishing, hunting, and visiting. The failure of the crop which naturally results causes little complaint or lamentation. "'Pears like I hain't no luck this year," or, "My things did n't seem to do much, nohow." The poor white people do not appear to be a complaining class, but take ill-fortune with stoical silence. Work for improvement, such as the construction of good bridges and roads, seems to be avoided as if it would be an impiety.

A large proportion of the men who are, in a way, "engaged in farming" in

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the South belong to this class. They work and live with apparently the least possible use or application of intelligence, judgment, or forethought. It is hard to see how the older men are to be improved. They are not so degraded, morally, as most Northern people believe, but have many social virtues and fine traits of personal character, being to the last degree kind, helpful, and faithful to one another. But they are wanting in vigor and force, and are likely always to be hustled about, and crowded out of all places regarded by others as worth having, as long as there are poor and sparsely populated regions into which they can be pressed back. Some of the younger people will be redeemed, I trust, from this unhopeful destiny, and aided to become members of a better class, by being employed on the farms of men of means and energy; but this will depend, in great measure, upon the wisdom and earnestness of the prosperous proprietors, many of whom will be Northern men. The conditions of life and society in the South are in some respects peculiar, and to deal with them successfully will require a new development and advance in public spirit in the dominant classes, both North and South. The existing state of things at the South will probably be modified very extensively by the ideas, spirit, and methods of the people of the North, of New England. But these Northern influences are not now of a character to supply the wholesome elements and forces which are needed for the regeneration and guidance of Southern society and life. Our Northern intellectual superiority is evident enough in some directions, but the moral equipment of the Northern people for the work required at the South is, in various ways, sadly inadequate.

THE FORTUNES OF THE NEGROES.

Many of the negroes are acquiring land, and are farming successfully and profitably, in nearly all parts of the South, while multitudes of others still work as "hired hands," and save nothing, consuming a large proportion of their wages for intoxicating drinks. The general inclination of the negroes to leave the plantations and congregate in the towns is injuring the race seriously, in many ways. There is not sufficient employment in the towns for those who are already there, and great numbers become idle, dissipated, and vicious. Most of the colored people are better adapted to farm-work than to other occupations, though many are doing well as mechanics, blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers, and plasterers. In the towns and cities, nearly all the cartmen and porters are negroes. Whatever may be the extent to which idleness prevails among them, it is certain that the negroes perform a vast amount of labor which is not only necessary or convenient for their employers, but highly profitable as well. The labor of the colored people is at present an important and, indeed, indispensable factor in the chief wealth-producing industries of the South. If the negroes could be brought to understand existing conditions and tendencies in the regions which they inhabit, they might soon greatly improve their fortunes, and secure for themselves and their children most important advantages from opportunities which are likely soon to pass away, never to be presented again, or, at any rate, not during the reign of the influences which are now becoming dominant in the South. Land is cheap nearly everywhere in the Southern States, and if the negroes were but wise to plan, and resolute to toil and save, they could soon be the possessors of a great proportion of the land in extensive and fertile regions there. If clergymen, and all other guides whom the negroes respect, would urge them to use the most extreme self-denial and exertion in order to become the owners of land, they would confer

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the greatest of all possible benefits upon them. Land is already beginning to advance in price in all the Southern States, and everything at present indicates that within a few years it will be less easy for laboring men of limited means to acquire property in it. The process of breaking up or dividing the great estates of a former time has been going on for some years, in most parts of the South. This change is of course a beneficial one. But the opposite process of aggregation has also begun nearly everywhere. Companies and individual capitalists are coming into possession of extensive tracts, which, for the most part, are withdrawn from the market for the time, and are not likely again to be available for settlers who have little money.

FERTILIZERS.

Many Southern farmers appear to regard the saving of manure as something unworthy of their attention, not because it would be unprofitable, but because it is considered a disagreeable or undignified employment, something like the business of a scavenger. They often expend much money for "commercial fertilizers," when they have on their own lands considerable quantities of fertilizing material which is much better for the soil and for their crops. Almost the whole country adjacent to the railroads, in the South Atlantic States, is pervaded by the pungent fragrance of phosphates and other fertilizers. Travelers in the Pullman night coaches say they know when they are approaching a station by the potent odors which they encounter. Whole freight-trains are laden with these substances, and hundreds of tons in sacks fill the freight platforms at all the stations. Southern farmers could add hundreds of thousands of dollars to their wealth by making manure at home, which would not cost a dollar in money, nor require anything, indeed, but a little time and care. There is little profit in paying out nearly as much as a crop will be worth for manure to produce it.

A SUGGESTION.

Emigration to a new or unfamiliar region in the South is a matter of great uncertainty for most Northern farmers who undertake it, a hap-hazard enterprise, in which the first adventurers usually fail; and wise methods are only learned, if at all, at the cost of much loss, disappointment, and suffering. I cannot find that the most important thing of all is ever told to immigrants, or to those who are prospecting with a view to immigration, — that is, the amount of the various crops which the land will produce without manure of any kind. People are easily led to believe that the specimen products shown them, or about which they are told, are the usual or average results of cultivation; whereas they have commonly been grown by the unlimited application of fertilizers to a small piece of ground, taking no account of the cost of the manures. Farmers intending to emigrate to any region of the South should first go to see it, or send some competent person to look at the country, during the latter part of summer. An observant farmer can, at that time of the year, form a sufficiently accurate judgment regarding the fitness of the soil and climate for his pursuits and interests.

COTTON A WONDERFUL PLANT.

Since I have studied the character of all the great Southern agricultural staples, and the special relations of each of them to the life and civilization of the people, the prominence always given to cotton does not seem strange or unaccountable. It is a wonderful and peculiar plant in its adaptation to the varieties of soil and general environment which it finds in different parts of the country in which it is grown, and also in its relation to some features in the

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character of the people who are engaged in its culture. It will grow on almost any soil and in almost any possible situation, in the latitude in which it belongs. Where the soil is generous the quantity of the fibre which is produced shows that the plant has very great power of assimilation and appropriation for whatever elements of nutrition are contained in its food supply. On the other hand, if the soil is excessively poor and sterile, cotton will still grow. It now wastes no strength or food on stem or leaf, but puts all its material and force into flower and seed. It is the fact that cotton is a seed fibre that makes it so valuable to this country. If it were the fibre of the stem or bark, as is the case with flax or hemp, much of the land of the cotton region, and much of the cultivation employed upon it, would be entirely inadequate to the production of the fibre in paying quantities. But nature cares more for seed, of course, than for anything else, and in making the seed of the cotton plant she makes the fibre which is of so great value; and in soil almost utterly barren, and with scarcely any cultivation, there will still be matured, on each dwarfed and stunted plant, a few bolls of fairly good, marketable cotton.

NEED OF VARIETY.

But the great preponderance given to cotton is nearly everywhere injudicious and unprofitable. In many extensive districts the planters persist in growing it on nearly every arable acre, as if it were the only crop the land would produce. They buy flour, corn, and meat from the North in incredible quantities. When there is a good crop they receive much money for their cotton, but must pay it all out for articles which could be grown on their own farms. Many of the planters confess their conviction of the improvidence of this method, but persist in the practice, nevertheless. In various parts of the South there are vast tracts of as fine corn land as can be found on the continent, and there is no reason whatever for not cultivating in these regions all the corn needed in the Southern States, except the disinclination to adopt new methods of agricultural labor which is so strong among the planters. So, too, of the pork, or bacon, of which great quantities are brought down from the Northwest. It might just as well be produced at the South, and the planters, instead of buying what they themselves consume, should supply the cities and towns of their own portion of the country. One sees this Northern bacon in the streets of all Southern towns. The process of handling it is more picturesque than appetizing. It is tossed from the freight-cars into great heaps in the street, whence it is transferred to drays by barefooted negroes, who walk over it, and mount upon the loads as they drive away to the stores and warehouses. Here it is deposited on the sidewalk, where it often remains for many hours, romped over by negro children and their playmates, the vagrant dogs of the town.

THE CYPRESS SWAMPS.

The greatest need of Southern agriculture, and one of the greatest needs of the Southern people, after improvement in methods of cultivation, is the general introduction of a greater variety of farm products, the growing of corn, grass, and hogs especially, instead of the almost exclusive cultivation of cotton. It is absurd and wasteful to buy so much hay as is now "imported," as Southern men say, when it could be produced at home. There are native grasses of great value in some portions of the South, and the interminable extent of the swamp lands will supply meadows that cannot be injured by drought. The cypress swamps cover vast areas in most of the States. They are too low and wet, and too large, for successful drainage by individuals. The work can be accomplished only by be-

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ing arranged and undertaken on a great scale, with systems of canals and ditches, extending sometimes over many hundreds of square miles. Such works of internal improvement will probably be executed by the States in which these great swamps lie; though it will be wonderful if some progressive Southerner does not discover that appropriations from the national treasury would be the most convenient means for accomplishing such objects. The timber of the cypress swamps will of course be valuable; some of it has already been cut off. The gigantic trees, loaded and swathed with great festoons of the "long moss," as it is called, give a peculiar appearance to these forests. The plant is not a moss, but an air-plant and epiphyte (*Tillandsia usneoides*), which merely grows upon the bark of the trees, but does not penetrate to their juices, or derive any nourishment from them. Northern ladies traveling in the South are always assuring you that "the moss kills the trees," supposing it to be a parasite, like the mistletoe, which is also abundant in Southern woods; but the "moss" has no influence on the life of the tree. It has, however, a great effect upon Southern landscape, and wherever it grows it has much to do with the impressions produced by forest scenery. The plant itself is handsome and graceful, as are the separate festoons which it forms, when regarded near at hand. But the appearance of a large tree covered with it is ugly and disagreeable, as if it were being shrouded and smothered in enormous obscene cobwebs. Malaria makes people sentimental, and to the imaginations of many who live near them the deep, gloomy cypress swamps seem haunted by shapes of terror, ominous and malign.

THE LONE-STAR STATE.

There is enough land still unoccupied in the State of Texas for a really great empire. Much of it is not rich, if judged by Northern standards; but there is also a great deal of good soil, and some of it is very fertile. In the northern part of the State, especially, there are large tracts of good land, which includes all the region about Dallas and Sherman, and most of the country, indeed, for long distances around these places, in every direction. A great part of the interior of the State is oak land, — post oak and "black-jack," — running into pine and oak land. The post oak and black-jack timber is not large, and it does not grow out of a soil of great fertility; but much of it is "very good cotton land," to quote the phrase of the people.

"Will it make half a bale to the acre?" I ask.

"No," uttered deliberately, and very honestly; "may be one third of a bale, with good cultivation, if it's a good season."

But doubtless improved methods of cultivation would increase the product almost everywhere.

A GRAY LAND.

Much of the country east of San Antonio — or San Antone, as the people say there — is plainly subject to severe drought. In fact, its normal or usual condition is one of severe drought. It will not do to believe all that the emigration agents and the railroad companies publish regarding the climate and soil of this region. I am constantly made to wonder, in every part of the South, at the want of judgment, and apparently want of observation, shown by many immigrants in selecting lands where it would seem that almost anybody should be able to recognize the disadvantages of the location. There are always some things that can be produced, some things that can be done, in each particular region. But many people have gone to the South expecting to make money in pursuits for which the district or region which they select is

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not at all suitable. For a long distance eastward from San Antonio, the whole landscape, when the trees are leafless, looks singularly gray, almost white. The bark of all the trees takes this prevailing color, reminding one of what we read of the gray look of olive-crowned hills in the East, though the tint of the Texan landscape is probably whiter than that. All the twigs and small branches of the trees and shrubs are wonderfully stiff, hard, and inflexible, and examination shows that the annual growth is extremely small. Where these features in the character of the trees and shrubs are observed, we may always be certain either that the land is poor, or that the rainfall is very scanty, or that both these conditions prevail. There is in this region a marked conflict of statement and of feeling between the stock-raisers on one side and the men who wish to sell land to the immigrants on the other. The cattle and sheep men do not wish people to come here to engage in farming, as that "breaks up the range," and injures the stock-raising business. They affirm that much of this country is poorly fitted for agriculture, on account of the extreme desiccation of the soil every summer. On the other hand, the railroad and other land agents everywhere rehearse most glowing descriptions of the unsurpassable fertility of the soil, and of the wonderful variety and value of its productions. I think the truth is that the land is neither very rich nor very poor, but that the amount of rain is inadequate, and that over much of this region agriculture is likely to be a disappointing and unprofitable pursuit. With sufficient moisture the soil would produce fairly good crops of various kinds. There is need of wider observation and comparison, and of more accurate reporting, of all the facts connected with farming in this part of Texas. The wild or natural flora gives incontestable evidence that a state of drought is the normal condition of the country during a great part of the year. How far this may be fatal to farming and horticulture, or in what degree its disadvantages may be overcome, is a question which will probably require considerable time and experience for its decision.

"IN SHEEP."

At first everybody says, "There's just as much money as you want in sheep, here in Texas;" but after a little acquaintance the moderate men talk more definitely. Many of the sheep-raisers are buying land, and the "outside range" is becoming limited nearly everywhere. Those who have had most experience say that there is money in the business, but that there is about the same chance for failure and loss as in other occupations. They say that no business offers a certainty of success here, but that "if a man sticks to a thing he can do as well in Texas as anywhere." It appears to me that in this pursuit, as in most things that men do here, there is the least possible expenditure of human effort, and that business, or "industry," has been chiefly an endeavor to obtain profit from the mere operation of the forces of nature, while man, to quote the phrase of an old Texan with whom I talked of such matters, "sets around to see things grow."

MESQUITE BEANS AND CACTUS.

Most of the country here is what is called "mesquite prairie." It looks almost exactly like a neglected peach-orchard; the ground covered with grass, and the trees, for want of pruning and care, grown into great clusters by "sprouting" from the root. The resemblance of the mesquite bush to the peach-tree is striking. Its size is about the same, and it does not cover the whole of the ground, or form thickets, but grows in irregularly scattered clumps. Its fruit the people call a bean, and the old Texan just mentioned says, "It will begin to

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bean as soon as the weather 's warm, an' will go beanin' on till frost." The bean is valuable food for horses and cattle. The prickly-pear is a prominent feature in the landscape in Southern Texas. It grows to an enormous size. Its "leaves," the branches or joints of the plant, are said to be excellent food for cattle. They are thrown into a fire for a few moments, to burn off the thorns, and are then, I am told, eagerly eaten. Several kinds of cactus are abundant. Everybody says that all this vegetation, the mesquite, the prickly-pear, and the various species of cactus found here, are really Mexican plants, and that when this country was first settled none of these things grew here. They are advancing farther and farther northward and eastward each year. My old Texan friend says, —

"They 're bound to take the country. They 're mighty hard to kill, an' don't you forgit it. They 'll be in your country yit."

Another change which everybody assures me is still going on here is a great increase in the amount of the annual rainfall. From all appearances, I judge that a still greater increase is certainly desirable.

YOUNG VIRGINIANS.

In Texas I saw many young men from Virginia, sons of the best families there, intelligent and of excellent character generally. In conversation with one of them, I told him that I had recently been looking about in his native State, and that it seemed to me that all energetic young Virginians were needed at home, and that there was abundant opportunity and reward for labor there; and I asked if he liked the life in Texas better than work in Virginia. He said he did not, but that it was not yet the fashion for young Virginians of good family to engage in hard, rough work near their homes in the Old Dominion. "It would not do for me to work by the month there for such wages as are paid here. It would be too much of an affliction for my family, and I should lose caste with my lady friends. If a man has no money he cannot begin in Virginia, because he would be classed with the poor whites and the negroes, with whom his work and circumstances would bring him into competition. But he can come out here and 'rough it,' and if he has no money he can work by the month at herding, or driving team, till he gets a start." I suppose this is true, for I heard the same thing often in various places in Texas, and in Virginia and Tennessee the parents of many of these young men gave me the same reason for the emigration of their sons to Texas. Perhaps these reasons would be equally potent with everybody, but at any rate I could see that many young men in the Southwest work harder, and live in far rougher and more uncomfortable ways, than would be necessary in the older States, and that they do not make so much money as they might there. There is, apparently, as much emigration from Texas, too, as from any other Southern State. The talk is everywhere of "better country than this," in Mexico and New Mexico, and one soon receives the impression that nobody is settled, or is at all certain of remaining very long, even in Texas. I found in every part of the South a decided and extensive movement of the agricultural class, both white and colored, toward the Southwest and West. In many cases, the principal reason for this movement, so far as I could discover, is the improvement which is taking place in the older regions of the South. When "the new order of things" begins to manifest itself in a Southern community there are many persons, of the poorer classes, who feel repelled rather than attracted by the indications of approaching change, and in their restlessness and discontent they leave their old homes, hoping to find more congenial conditions in newer and

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more sparsely populated regions. Many of these persons depend only in part upon agriculture for their subsistence. They obtain some portion of their living by hunting and fishing, and these occupations are much more to their taste than steady work of any kind. These emigrants often say, "It 's agoin' to cost too much to live hyur;" and they are undoubtedly correct in this conclusion. It will certainly require more money and more labor to live under the improved conditions in "the new South" than have hitherto been necessary, under the old order of things; and many Southern men, of the classes referred to, reason, rightly enough, that for them the improvement and progress promised by the signs of the times are not likely to bring an increase of happiness.

THE CLIMATE.

The farmers all through Texas say that the reason for their not using "vegetables" for food more than they do is the fact that vegetables will not "keep," in the climate of their regions, and that there is only a short season in the spring when "garden stuff" is available for food. They have plenty of it then, but it soon becomes too dry and hot for later plantings to do any good. Potatoes are not good unless eaten when they "first come," and the sun soon cooks cabbages in the field, or the worms eat them without cooking. The reason the people live mostly on bread and bacon is because nothing else will "keep," without excessive trouble and expense. All this is what the people themselves told me; I cannot say, from my own observation, that it is true. It does not apply, I should think, to the northern zone of the South, nor, probably, to Northern Texas, where the climate is much cooler than in the central and southern regions of the State. But the temperature is very variable and uncertain almost everywhere in Texas, this State being especially exposed to sudden and severe storms of wind from the north, during which the temperature falls with frightful rapidity, — a few hours sufficing for a change from almost tropical heat to cold that seems to pierce to the very marrow. The northern portion of the State is scourged by pneumonia, diphtheria, and kindred diseases. Large portions of the South, indeed, suffer greatly from these maladies. I had a long conversation on the cars with a woman who was on her way back to her old home in Georgia, after having lived for some ten years in Texas. Her husband was "a Baptist preacher," she told me, and in one of the great storms of the early part of last winter he went away to preach at a school-house, not far from home. The norther increased in violence, till "the wind turned everything to ice." The poor man's feet and legs were terribly frozen, and he was so prostrated that it was decided that amputation would not save his life. He lingered for a few weeks, and died. Of course, as is well known, the winter of 1880–1881 was of extraordinary severity; but when I referred to this fact, and wished that I might have seen the country during a mild or average winter, an old settler replied, —

"Young man, ye kin bet yer life 't ain't safe to fool with this climit any time. Ef ye 've got anything warm, for outside or inside, take it along in the mornin', ef ye 're goin' to be out all day in the middle o' summer; ye may need it afore night."

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EVOLUTION OF MAGIC.

MAGIC is the practical application of a false conception of natural laws, or the supposed manifestation of human will and power over the supernatural. In its primeval sense it is the religion of the Magi, that is Persian dualism. In reality, as generally accepted, it is theurgia, or the working of miracles and wonders. Any custom or doctrine that has been current in every age and among every people, though of course in various stages of development, is a legitimate subject of study, because, as Professor Max Müller says, we "learn what man is by learning what he has been." Magic, which is like fairy-lore, since we find the same elements in both throughout the world, has been an important factor in all faiths, from the worship of the elementary spirits of Accad-Chaldeans to African fetichism (in which it indeed constitutes religion), or to those phases of modern religions which still countenance rites of exorcism. It therefore deserves all the careful attention of a cultus phenomenon. If we studied Chaldean sorcery, savage devil-worship, Thessalian witchcraft, or mediæval magic as isolated phenomena, we would only be shocked by the strength of the human tendency to superstition; but each considered relatively, and assigned to its proper position in the history of mental evolution, acquires a new signification, and we recognize in it a power which, like Mephistopheles, though willing evil, produced good. Magic nourished the spirit of inquiry, it familiarized its followers with the forces and elements of nature, and it finally proved that study of the material by means of the supernatural was vain and futile. Not till students had tried to master the secrets of the universe by theory, and had therein failed, could they absolutely know that objective knowledge must be based on facts. Modern scientists and philosophers are the descendants of the alchemists, astrologists, and mystics. They also seek the *Gnosis*, or philosopher's stone; and if they have approached a step nearer the goal, it is only because their predecessors prepared the way for them.

Magic had its beginning in devil-worship. Savages in all countries fear demons and wicked sorcerers before they think of a good God, many of them, indeed, looking down with contempt upon a supreme being who could be friendly to them, just as boys sneer at a too indulgent school-master. As Dean Swift says, whereas our desires prompt us to pray, the wild Indian is oftener put upon his knees by his fears. Hence religion in its primitive manifestations is pure magic, and nothing but magic, consisting, as we still find it in surviving forms of primeval Shamanism, in exorcisms or propitiations of evil spirits. So long as men's own actions and impulses are the only law they know, they, like children, attribute human feelings and intentions to all substances, animate and inanimate, and even to the natural elements. There is no actual difference between the logic of the child who beats the floor because, when he fell on it, he bumped his head and that of the savage or ignorant Christian who maltreats and drowns the statue of a god or saint because his prayers have not been answered. The human struggle for existence is at first as severe as that of the lower animals, and before a man can worry himself as to his future destiny he must concern himself about the present. Before he seeks to provide for his soul, he must overcome the obstacles that lie in the way of his body; and, his associative powers being in their infancy, his manner of accomplishing this is illogical.

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Priests among savages are magicians, because their authority rests on imaginary and dreaded power. They are supposed to control the elements, to send health and disease, and to give both life and death, some savages saying that if there were no wizards then would men live forever. Thus, they are honored as the holders of the keys to human happiness and prosperity. Butler says truly in Hudibras, —

> "Doubtless the pleasure is as great
> Of being cheated as to cheat;"

for, in proportion as there are men ready to invent absurd reasonings, credulous people show their willingness to accept their absurdities. Primitive magicians invest sticks and stones with supernatural power, and their followers at once place all their faith therein; they declare that screams and noises as of Bedlam let loose will influence and banish the demons, and the people celebrate religious ceremonies which consist of yells and dances, contortions and gesticulations. In primitive magic there may be a germ of the transcendental philosophy of the mystics, who could only describe the infinite as diametrically opposed to the finite. If savages shrink before shadows, then must shadows or spirits cower before substances, their fear increasing in proportion as these are lifeless or soulless. Man lives in a world of noise; hence the land of shadows is, as New Zealanders believe and European poets sing, a silent one, and at the beating of drums, the blowing of whistles, the ringing of bells, and the shouting of human voices the evil spirits are bewildered and vanquished. There is a very beautiful and strange South Sea poem, reminding one of a picture by Carpaccio, and which, like Salis's poem of The Silent Land, describes the invisible world as one of utter stillness.

The oldest and most exhaustive system of magic of which we have accurate records, and therefore the most important, is the Chaldean, which M. François Lenormant says is "like the last words of the most learned system of the ancient magic of the primitive ages founded upon a belief in the spirits of nature." Its origin was not Semitic, but Turanian, it being the religion of the Accads, the aboriginal inhabitants of Chaldea. Accadian magic, as we know it, had reached a higher development than that which has its roots entirely in devil-worship. It was based on the earliest barbarous dualism, and relied upon beneficent powers who could successfully oppose the demons. It marks the transition stage from the deification of evil as the one supreme cause to the conception of two coequal powers, or the personification of good and evil acting as combatants in an everlasting duel. At first this Accad or Turanian magic was unquestionably a mere polydæmonic devil-deprecation, in which there was little heed of a benevolent "over-soul," and very great fear of innumerable malevolent under-souls, who worked, as Hermes Trismegistus says in Poemander, among the down-borne elements of God. But when it became systematized in the sacred books, it contained the germs of Persian magism. It held that all disease, pestilence, famine, drought, in fact all the ills that flesh is heir to, were not the work of demons, but the actual demons themselves. A man stricken down with the fever was not merely attacked by the wicked Namtar, but was possessed by him. Friends and enemies from the supernatural world agreed in this one point: that they were never moved by supplication and prayer, but conferred benefits and withdrew troubles only when forced to do so by the influence of magic. Powerful as they were, they became "weak as water," and they "trembled like leaves," before the irresistible might of charmed drinks, magical knots, and enchanted stones, and they were always mastered by the recital of certain conjurations and incantations. The magicians who wrought the spells necessarily became the rulers

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of the people. The Chaldeans believed in the occult and mystical virtues of numbers quite as firmly as cabalists and Pythagoreans, and in many of their conjurations the demons are addressed as "the seven," this number being, as Cornelius Agrippa declares, the "most potent of all, as in good, so in evil." The Chaldeans' demonology included phantoms and spectres, nightmares and vampires, succubi and incubi and all the other ghastly horrors which follow the demons like the human vultures who come in the train of the regular army. The people held, as Paracelsus did later, that the world is as full of spirits as the air is of flies in summer, and they therefore were obliged to protect their every thought, word, and action with talismans and charms. Though only divine magic is countenanced by the sacred books, there is sufficient reference to the "evil-doer and the malevolent man" to prove that Chaldean sorcerers, in their making of magic philters and medicines, in their basilisk glances, in their curses, baneful as the breath of the Dragon in the old English ballad, and in all their application of the black art, did in no wise differ from the sister- and brotherhood of other countries and other ages. "C'est partout comme chez nous!" It is everywhere as with us, and men play the same tricks the world over.

Chaldean magic gives the clew to that of all Turanian races. There is a startling affinity between the Accadian cultus and the old religion of the Finns, though of course the effect of climate on creeds and superstitions is apparent. The Finnish sorcerers were supposed to control the whole spiritual world. Demons and gods were equally their accomplices. They could bring the dead back to life, change their shape at will, and work miracles through the power of amulets and talismans and the charm of certain words and names. Their incantations and spells were so strong that not even the gods could resist them, and to this day mariners tremble before the wiles of these wizards. Lemminkaïmen, the most terrible of the mythic magicians, is the favorite hero of Finnish poetry. Never were siren strains in Grecian waters, nor the "magical singing" of a Lurlei in Northern streams, as deadly and destructive as was his song. Like Faust, he played strange tricks on the guests at a convivial party. He came into their midst, and after he had sung, the most accomplished singers could only bring forth ridiculous sounds, even as in the Welsh Mabinogion the minstrels in the king's hall were confounded by Taliésin.

The superstitions of the Altaic races, among whom Shamanism prevails, correspond to those of the ancient Chaldeans and Finns. Whether the peculiarities of mankind are transmitted, or spring up sporadically in different countries, is the problem which now concerns ethnologists. This question is particularly important in regard to Turanian magic. In the religion of the red Indians we find a sorcery exactly like that of Siberia. We may assume that it came to North America through the medium of the Eskimo, the proof being that *pow-wowing*, as it approaches Alaska, becomes distinctly Shamanic, or Central Asian. The Chinese priests who are supposed to have gone to California in the fifth century are termed by some Buddhists, by others Shamans. In the latter case they could have been the means through which the Indians obtained their sorcery. The identity of Central Asian Shamanism with Accadian magic can be boldly assumed. What cannot be so easily solved, and what I propose to others to explain, is the extraordinary resemblance between African sorcery and Shamanism, or between *Obeah* and *Pow-wow*. We have in both the idea that disease is an evil spirit, which is to be drawn out by the use of the drum and the whistle, with screams and fumigations. In both

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there is the same divination by bones, the same belief in the increased magical power of the Shaman, medicine-man, and wizard after death, the same reliance upon the efficacy of bits of charmed stone or metal, the same noisy combats with demons, and altogether an almost exact resemblance of rites and superstitions. The Jews, who borrowed their magic from Persians and Chaldeans, may possibly have transmitted it to the Africans by way of Abyssinia. This is a mere conjecture, but it is not without plausibility. Voudouism is the direct continuance of native African magic, and is therefore Shamanic in its principles. It considers only the antithesis of God in evil spirits, and busies itself with acting through or upon them. It employs as its agents all that is startling, coarse, vicious, and offensive in humanity. Whatever is strikingly repulsive to vulgar natures is made use of by the Voudou to affect the imagination. The most unnatural crimes are urged, and many varieties of poison are resorted to, simply to produce a result that will seem magical. If we compare this with what travelers tell us of magic in Africa, we will find that its native sorcery and Voudouism are the same. It is precisely the magic that would appeal to the most brutal savages, and is one and the same in principle, though not in practice, as the black witchcraft of mediæval Europe. If we could accept what several recent ethnologists have attempted to prove, that all mankind had a common origin from a race that came from the lands now submerged in the Atlantic or the Indian ocean, we should incline to believe that these branches of magic had a common origin, following the generally adopted belief that the first race must have been barbarous.

The next stage in the evolution of magic is typified in Persian magism, which in its fundamental tenets was pure dualism. In this system independent agencies, separately ruling the elements, were replaced by two distinct and paramount principles of good and evil. A universal law of order was recognized as governing the universe, against which, however, incessant warfare was carried on by a spirit of contradiction and evil. To oppose this was the duty of the magi, who, notwithstanding their enlarged conception of the infinite, were still very ignorant of the real nature of the objective world, and were firm in their faith in the occult properties of things. Zarathustra himself was honored as a magician, whose mission had been to conquer Angro-Maniyus and his hosts by throwing upon them magical stones. He was represented as the prince of sorcerers, a mighty maker of charms, and, according to tradition, he originated the cabala, and could make gold from the seven metals. At his coming nature had rejoiced, for he was the restorer of harmony to the world. The great Ahura-Mazda, who was not invulnerable to attacks of magic, feared at first lest Zarathustra should enlist in the service of the enemy, and, as if he were an ordinary mortal, secured his alliance by a sacrifice of Homa. The priests, or magi, were astrologers and soothsayers, and claimed that they could bring fire down from heaven and heal the sick, but in their magic we can perceive the dawn of science. The primitive Reign of Terror was over, and men began to breathe freely. The recognition of a supreme law of order, the principal merit of their cosmic theory, made the magi understand that the winter storm and the summer sunshine were not at the command of capricious spirits, and made them feel that before shells and stones, names and numbers, could be converted into amulets and charms they, the distributers of them, should seek to discover the secret of their mystic power. They not only tried to read the future and understand the past by the movements of the stars,

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but they studied and closely observed the heavenly bodies, in order to learn why this was possible. If they reasoned from unsound premises, they at least encouraged the spirit of inquiry. They had started on the right path, but the world was still young, and that which is poetry and romance to us then constituted philosophy and science. The students of old would be the poets and dreamers in the modern world. At this point in the history of magic, the poetic element became one of its chief inspirations, as fear had been in its earlier manifestations. Just as birds fly and fish swim by instinct, so there have always been men who, by a strange sensitiveness, enter into closer sympathy with nature than is possible to the majority of mankind. We see this to-day in the Romany of the roads and the gypsy of society; in the olden time such men passed for seers and prophets. They not only affected to be, but they really were, wiser than their fellow beings. Voices spoke to them from the winds and the waves, and the rocks and the woods kept no secrets from them. They could see and hear many things to which other men were blind and deaf. It was not enough for them to know that flowers were richly scented and that birds sang sweetly. It seemed to them, as it did later to Heine, that "perfumes are the feelings of flowers," and they longed to understand the language of the birds, and to hear the music of the spheres. This love of nature is the foundation of the legends recorded in the folk-lore of every country, in which the hero, like Finn-ma-Coul after he had tasted the magic salmon, was initiated into the speech of all living things, and it is the origin of those fairy tales in which children talk with flowers and birds. It was this spirit of poetry, this strong love for life in its human relations, which made magic such a powerful factor. While spiritual speculations drew men from the study of their own world, magic held them to it with a strong spell, and thus promoted the sense of humanity, and led to the possibility of exact knowledge. These are its principal virtues, and they are first clearly displayed in the astrology and learning of the magi.

In Egypt religion was based on a supreme unity, and magic was steeped in mysticism. Whereas, in the Iranian dualism, good and evil were rival powers, and there was but a faint allusion to a time to come, when Angro-Maniyus would finally perish, in the Egyptian mythology Set was an inferior being, who had already been vanquished in the struggle with Osiris. Goodness was represented as victor in the primeval conflict. While the Persian magi, like Martha in the Bible, busied themselves about the things of this world, the Egyptian priests thought more of the world to come. It is true they were soothsayers, diviners, and healers of the sick, and that Hermes Trismegistus had revealed to them, with other magical knowledge, the art of converting base metals into gold and precious stones; but the greater number of their amulets, spells, and incantations were meant to serve as safeguards for the souls of the deceased. While the Accadian charms were directed against elementary spirits, and their object was temporal gain or relief, the Egyptian magical formulæ commanded the gods, and their aim was the salvation of the human spirit, and not the body. The souls of the wicked, before they reached their final punishment, which was annihilation, were condemned to wander many years, tempting the souls of the good during their underground pilgrimage, and as ghosts and vampires harassing the living. The saved, on the other hand, were by prayer and penance identified with the gods, and it was to secure this identification, and guard against the attacks of the damned, that magic was necessary. Tremendous occult virtue was ascribed to names and the repetition of certain

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prayers, and the scarabei on which the priest-magicians had inscribed spells were held in the same veneration and respect as the Sacred Heart scapular and Gospel of Saint John are now by Catholics, or as pieces of metal and bone are by fetich-worshipers. Egyptian magic fell into that error which has characterized all Oriental thought. At a certain point in civilization the Oriental nations have paused, and have remained stationary for ages, because they have depreciated the real, and exaggerated the importance of the unreal. In countries where the climate is warm, the soil fertile, and men can subsist on a minimum of food and with the scantiest garments, the ease of physical life prompts philosophers to study only the soul or vital principle, and to make contemplation their one method of study. When magic ceased to be necessary as bodily armor, it became the stronghold of the spirit. The Egyptians did not seek their occult knowledge through the senses, for these, they taught, were deceivers; but they declared that truth could only be obtained through faith and prayer. As well might Cæsar or Napoleon have gone forth to conquer the world without their armies as a man try to understand the philosophy of life without using his body as a channel of information. Magic in Egypt was too involved in mysticism to develop into more logical systems of inquiry.

In the doctrines of the cabalists there is a strange blending of primitive magic borrowed from Chaldeans with mysticism derived from Egyptian sources. The cabala does not indicate a definite degree in the growth of magic, but denotes an intermediate period, when lofty thoughts and absurd superstitions grow side by side, just as satyrs and types of brute godhead wander through the same forests with fair dryads, and it is the link which connects the magic of the primitive civilizations with the occult philosophy of the new culture. It bridges over the distance in time between Hermes Trismegistus and Cornelius Agrippa. It assumed a first cause, which was unknowable because the finite can never grasp the infinite. From this source emanated ten intelligences or spheres, of which En-Saph, the first, was a pantheistic spirit. They joined the unknown to the known or to the objective world, and an ideal chain linked together all created things. As everything comes from the divine essence, according to the cabala, then nothing in itself is evil; and here there is a tremendous stride beyond the dualistic conception, as if there had lived mental giants in those days. Evil is the temporary eclipse of good, and Satan is an ephemeral being, who in the end returns into the one pervading spirit. Man is the most perfect of all creatures; he is the microcosm, or little world, in which God, the macrocosm, recognizes himself. The cabalists taught the doctrine that has been the leading belief of all mystics, namely, that by meditation and abstraction from earthly cares and affections man could become incorporated with divinity. But with this transcendentalism there flourished silly superstitions, wild fancies as to the occult properties of insignificant substances, and bold confidence in the wizard-like qualifications of the learned. The rabbis were wonderful magicians who could create men and melons, cure disease, cast out devils, and make cakes which gave to the eaters the power of prophecy. They ascribed as great a virtue to the proper names of things as Walter Shandy, Esq., did to the proper names of persons, and though they turned from graven images in horror they actually adored written names. Most of their spells were worked through the efficacy of words and sentences, either spoken or written. Francis Barrett, a modern occult philosopher and faithful follower of the cabala, writes in all due sincerity:

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"The virtue of man's words is so great that, when pronounced with a fervent constancy of mind, they are able to subvert nature, cause earthquakes, storms, and tempests. I have, in the country, by only speaking a few words, and using some other things, caused terrible rains and claps of thunder." This was the usual manner in which the rabbis wrought their miracles, but they performed spiritual wonders through the efficacy of numbers, since, they said, while figures affect the body, numbers influence the soul.

Magic in the East bade fair to lead mankind into that folly which, according to tradition, precipitated the Greek philosopher Thales into a pit. While gazing up at the celestial spheres, magicians and mystics were forgetting that star-gazing was only possible to those who had a firm footing on the earth. This error was counterbalanced by the healthy human tone given to occult speculations by Western Aryans. In Greece there was indeed the blackest of black witchcraft. There were witches and wizards and strange rites and deadly herbs, before which Demeter and Phœbus Apollo were as helpless as lambs led to the slaughter. Gods, both native and foreign, were subject to the commands of the witches of Thessaly. Sun and moon, night and day, obeyed their orders, as they had those of Joshua in the Valley of Ajalon. The thunders of Zeus rolled and roared unbidden by him, and the terrible demogorgon, chained to the nethermost point of hell, felt the magic spells. But Thessalian witchcraft was the survival of an aboriginal cultus, and genuine Hellenic magic was based on a higher and healthier cosmic theory than the Egyptian, though it was never so mystical. Evil occupied a subordinate position in Greek mythology. There was no arch-demon, of the Satan-Ahriman type to create it, and poets accounted for its existence by legends like that of the box of Pandora. In their daily life the Greeks well-nigh forgot gods and spirits. Religion with them was not a necessity, as it was in the demon-haunted Orient. It was rather a relaxation, and magic was not so much a preventive of pain and adversity as it was a furtherance of pleasure and prosperity. Its principal spheres were divination and medicine, the two most practical branches of occult science, and its miracles were wrought under the influence of music, poetry, and perfumes. The poetical stimulant of magic has usually found, among every people, expression in music. "Metus enim mortis musica depellitur" (Even the fear of death is dispelled by music), says the Latin proverb, and savages and civilized men alike have succumbed to its charms. David drove the evil demon from Saul by his song and harp-playing. In Lydia the islands, at the first sounds of the trumpet, came sailing to the middle of the sea, where they danced in a mystic dance. The Danish minstrel could by his enchanted music make men mad. The Piper of Hamelin spirited away rats and children by the melody of his magic pipe. We have already seen the power of the Finnish sorcerer's singing. In Greece music was more than an adjunct; it was the very soul and life of magic. Apollo was god of soothsaying, music, and medicine, as if to show that prophecy and the art of healing were impossible save through the spells of sweet sounds. Orpheus united the most perfect music to powerful magic, and all nature thrilled with the melody of his poetry. Therpander and Arion, of Lesbos, and Ismenia, of Thebes, cured the sick by the divine medicine of music, and the philosophers Democritus and Theophrastus affirmed its sovereign sway. The walls of Thebes rose to the sound of the lyre, and sirens won men's souls by their melodious voices. In all Greek magic we find a strong reliance upon human force and physical influence, and a borrowing of power from sensuous

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rather than from spiritual sources. Its main excellence lay in the triumph of physical over speculative methods.

But it was among the Norsemen that magic acquired the highest standard and evolved the truest philosophy. The Scandinavians gave no elaborate explanation of the origin of earthly evils, and their religion was crude, but it taught the efficacy of work and human activity. When Odin, the allfather, the inventor of magic arts, sought his knowledge, he, though a god, had to work for it. Before he could lull the sea and still the tempest, quench the raging fire, raise the dead, and win a damsel's favor, he had been obliged to hang nine nights on a wind-rocked tree, an offering of himself to himself, while with a spear he wounded his body, and, wailing, learned the "potent songs nine." When a Northman wanted anything, he must always obtain it by his own exertions. He could never sit still, as prophets of old did in the desert, and wait for the birds of the air to come and feed him. The magicians, feeling this, declared that their spells and charms could only be acquired by courage, will, industry, and self-reliance. Magic among a semi-barbarous people, ignorant of science, could go no further. The Scandinavian surpassed all other systems in that one point in which Eastern magic was wanting. In the East the body was looked upon as an incumbrance, and occult knowledge could only be gained by mental abstraction alone. In Greece there was the consciousness of the importance of developing the bodily faculties, and the senses were recognized as the means to magical learning. But in the North there was added to this consciousness the certainty that man must labor and toil and make sacrifices before he could lay claim to either physical or mental supremacy. Their philosophy foreshadowed the modern doctrine that "it is only in actions that we truly live, and by our actions that we can truly know ourselves."

There have always developed with the magic authorized by religion a sorcery dragged down by the ignorant to their own level and a higher or illuminated form. In all progress there are cases of revival, survival, and deterioration. Popular magic was a medley of old superstitions outgrown by wiser men, and a misconception of established beliefs. Spirits and demons adapted to the comprehension of the peasant classes become fairies and imps. Consecrated prayers are exchanged for meaningless formulæ. Soothsayers and prophets are replaced by garrulous old women, while every simple occurrence is fraught with strange portent. This mixture of tradition and religion is often colored by romance and poetry, but it has as little influence upon the development of culture as children's sham battles have upon the fate of a country in time of warfare. It corresponds to the types of retrogression in the animal kingdom.

On the other hand, the magic of the illuminated was always far in advance of the national creed. The feeling which a rich man gratifies by *pâté de foie gras* and champagne is *au fond* the same as that which the wild Australian satisfies by a handful of maggots or tree worms. The difference is one of degree, and not of kind. And therefore it happens that with the emotional appetites the desire for power over the mysterious forces of nature, which at first gives birth to Mumbo Jumbos and Ndàs, at a later period produces an Iamblichus or a Paracelsus. Illuminative magic worked miracles by drawing power from God, or the unknown principle. By knowledge

"Increased beyond the fleshly faculty,"

by initiatory ceremonies, by the juxtaposition of corresponding elements, it supposed man could partake of divinity itself. Union with the godhead was the leading doctrine of Neoplatonists and mediæval mystics, but the former were eventually more influenced by magical

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devices than by Greek philosophy, and their pure ideals degenerated into bitter rivalry of Christian miracle-working; while the latter, fired with the fever of alchemy, vainly sought the philosopher's stone. Like Faust, they tired of the futility of philosophy, and devoted themselves to magic. Instead of vain discussions as to the nature of celestial, intellectual, material, and occult properties, they manufactured homunculi and uprooted mandrakes.

The magic of Christian Europe was not a new development, but a gathering together of every variety that had preceded it. It was essentially a system of eclecticism. The mysticisms of Asia and Judea were united to the philosophy of Greece and the legends of Scandinavia. The church borrowed the dualistic theory from Persia, and added to its arch-demon evil spirits from every quarter of the globe. To resist their attacks required all the magic artillery of the church militant. Terrible conjurations and anathemas were the weapons of the priests, and charms and amulets multiplied rapidly. The success of religion was made to depend on miracles. The lame walked, the sick were healed, and the dead arose from their graves. The summer sun was courted by letters addressed to saints and angels, and the storm was banished by blessed candles and the sign of the cross. Holy men were by spiritual sorcery marked with the stigmata, while others, by the purity of their devotion, were held suspended in the air during their prayers. Nothing was done by natural means. The people, crushed and down-trodden by the clergy, paid them in their own coin, and gave them miracle for miracle. They made compacts with the devil, who initiated them into the secrets of the black art. They learned to make ointments, by the application of which they went sailing through the air. They could blight the crops and cattle of their neighbors by one glance, and could milk their cows without moving beyond the four walls of their huts; they killed trees and injured children by praising them, and, deadliest crime of all, attended midnight meetings of witches and wizards, to which they went mounted upon goats and broomsticks. Finally, they appeared greater than Satan and his hosts. The Malleus Maleficarum, the orthodox authority on the subject, declares that the witches were worse than the devil, and Burton writes in the Anatomy of Melancholy, "You have heard what the devil can do of himself; now you shall hear what he can perform by his instruments, who are many times worse (if it be possible) than he himself, and who to satisfy their revenge and lust cause more mischief." In other words, the devil is not so black as he is painted, and it is the sorcerer who raises the storm and rides the whirlwind. It is charming to prove that man outdoes the devil in wickedness.

The learned despised the cruelty and ignorance of clerical magic, but were themselves the slaves of occult science. They concocted the *elixir vitæ*, by which they preserved their youth and lived forever. They made gold and silver, cured diseases, and interpreted dreams and presages. With Manfred they

> "pass'd
> The nights of years in sciences untaught
> Save in the old time."

And here let it be recorded to their honor that while Popes and priests were inveighing against cleanliness, as if it had been the unpardonable sin; while the ladies in Spain were forbidden by clerical edict to wash themselves, and saints reveled in dirt from which almost any animal would have recoiled, the occult philosophers declared that man was only fitted for union with God by a pure mind and clean body, and that without cleanliness magic was an impossibility. Mediæval mystic magic really consisted of the cabala, with much Arab magic lore, grafted on Northern thought, and

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received its full expression in Paracelsus and the Rosicrucians. The secrets of the Brothers of the Rosy Cross have never been entirely revealed, but they seem to have consisted of a knowledge, or a color of knowledge, of science far beyond their age joined to those doctrines of Cabalists, Neoplatonists, and Gnostics which treat of the spirits filling the universe. It was through familiarity with these they imagined they could perform wonders. Paracelsus, too, confused valuable discoveries with cabalistic mysticism, but, were it for nothing else, we must respect him for his firm belief in the perfectibility of man. The human active element of the North gradually threw the quiescent supernaturalism into the background. But even as Samson in his last great labor was stronger than he had ever been before, so magic in the Western world ruled with its mightiest sway just before its overthrow.

After the Reformation and the Renaissance, with the progress of science and the rise of rationalism, the influence of magic began to decrease, though it was far from being destroyed. Witches and wizards were tried and burned at the stake as late as the eighteenth century. Swedenborg and his followers refilled the air with spirits, and in the beginning of our own century there were symptoms of an ardent revival of the old credulities. Men like Barrett wrote volumes to testify to their adherence to the "hidden knowledge," and quite gravely and seriously recounted their own experiences in miracle-working; while strange rumors were current of peasants finding their way through mysterious passages to underground chambers, where student-philosophers, vying in point of age with the early Jewish patriarchs, were discovered, surrounded by their books and mystic appliances. We of to-day boast much of our clear mental vision: but while the horns, hoofs, and tail of the devil are still realities to many; while the souls of the departed are interviewed by spiritualists, and clairvoyants and astrologers can make fortunes by reading the future, we cannot throw our stones of derision and contempt at the Medeas and Cassandras of Greece, or the Sir Urians and Volunds of mediæval Europe. Though we are so wise, our *pond* is still haunted.

We argue that as science becomes perfected we will know the *raison d'être* of all that is inexplicable in the universe. This may be, but we are still far from a state of perfect illumination. Whether the human mind can really ever attain to the consciousness of absolute knowledge, — can comprehend the "where, what, and whither of the power which gives the impulse to evolution," — no man can tell. But, until the unknown is made known to us, there will be mysteries in nature and in man, and phenomena as truly miraculous to us as, to use Carlyle's simile, the artificial production of an icicle would have been to the King of Siam. But — and here lies the difference between the old and the new supernaturalism — while mystics and magicians claimed that they could perform miracles through the occult properties of things, we recognize the folly of attempting to make practical use of a force of which we know nothing, either as to its origin or the laws by which it works. The wiser man grows, the more willing he is to confess his ignorance.

In these remarks magic has been treated solely with regard to its past influence on culture. A very interesting inquiry would be whether there is really such a thing, and in what does it consist? How is it that a Pacific Islander in robust health will die in a few hours from *taboo*? How does the poet compose? How is it that faith or delusion affects every sense? As I could not venture on such a land of doubt, I will dismiss the subject with an extract from an article on it by Charles G. Leland: —

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"As it is unwise to deny anything, it would not be wise to deny the possibility of a theurgia, such as has never been conceived. Poetry and magic, as Ennemoser claims, sprung from the same source; if we believe that science is preparing the world for such an era of art and poetry as it never knew before, it will of course also bring forth a stupendous magic. Physiology declares that 'there are, unknown to us save as guessed from effects, the most important modifications in the molecular activities of nerve-element and changes in its chemical composition.' Eye memory is capable by culture of putting before us, *like real pictures, all we have ever seen,* or all we wish to see. By a training within the reach of all, any one may remember volumes where he now remembers lines; it is even possible to revive, by an effort of will, tastes, scents, sounds, and feelings to a degree which would seem literally marvelous to us now. And beyond all this, and greater than this, lies what even so accurate and sober a reasoner as Maudsley [1] describes as the wonderful organizing power which cometh from afar, within which lies hidden that which may be intuitively revealed to consciousness as absolute knowledge, and the possibility that the nature of the mysterious power that inspires evolution may, by a flash of intuitive consciousness, be made manifest to the mind in the process of its own development. It is impossible to really *master any one late first-class work on* physiology, and not feel that we are on the verge of discoveries which will result in marvels which can be strictly classed as magical."

Elizabeth Robins.

THE FRENCH PANIC.

The changes in the methods of foreign trade produced by the transatlantic cable and rapid ocean service, which have rendered the old-fashioned Salem merchant, with his enormous profits on an Indian venture, a thing of the past, have affected in an interesting way the great financial centres of the world. The check system and the extension of credit devices have wholly altered the character of business. The use of checks works so as to leave more of private deposits in every bank; since A, the borrower of ten thousand dollars, does not in fact withdraw that money from the lending bank, but in the grant of a loan he gets in practice only the privilege to draw a check on the amount of the loan. Hence every increase of discounts (loans) by a bank at once means that there has been given to certain persons the right to draw on that sum at any time. So that, when a loan is made, the borrower is at once entered on the books of the bank as a depositor to the same amount. If, then, it is the custom of the community to use checks in making payments, there is nothing in the operation of granting a loan which necessarily implies a withdrawal of actual money. If A used his loan of ten thousand dollars to pay B, and drew a check on the bank, B is no more likely to want cash than A. If B has an account at A's bank, the operation is simply a change on the books by which B is made a depositor instead of A. If B deposits at a different institution, then B's bank has a claim against A's. But in the practical multiplicity of loans B's bank will have a number of claims, in the shape of checks or drafts, against A's firm, and the latter will have a greater or

[1] Limits of Philosophical Inquiry.

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less number against the former. Again, money does not really pass between these banks; but they, with the other banks of the community, meet at a common place, or Clearing House, and set off the claims of one against another, paying only the balances. And even these balances are paid by checks. It may be assumed, then, that checks greatly economize the use of money, and that an increase of loans has the general effect to increase the deposits.

A bank is liable to be called upon for everything put into it, — its capital, accrued profits, government and private deposits, and whatever use it has made of its credit by coining it into promises to pay, or notes; and these constitute its liabilities. Of course its demand notes and private deposits are immediate liabilities, and the bank must be ready to meet them at any moment. On the other hand the disposition made by the bank of that which is entrusted to it is the test of good management. First of all, it is necessary to keep in a cash reserve sufficient funds to meet the daily demands of depositors and note-holders. The tendency now is to keep a separate provision for notes, as in the Bank of England; or, if the bank does not issue notes, it may provide only for deposits. But just that amount of the resources which is kept in cash earns no profit. However, experience justifies bankers in retaining only from twenty-five per cent. to fifty per cent. of deposits as a reserve; the remainder can be invested, and this disposition of the resources produces an income. A part of the funds must be kept in the best investments, generally government bonds, so that they can be easily and rapidly sold in order to reinforce the reserve in times when depositors demand ready money. The other funds may be loaned on safe securities of various kinds.

From this brief explanation it may be seen that the banks of two cities, between which a large trade is established, as between New York and Chicago, are related to each other exactly as the two banks with which A and B deposited. Their interests are so closely identified that a failure in either city affects the banks of both. The financial structure is like a card house. But, to extend our view over different countries, a vast trade is going on between New York, London, Hamburg, Paris, and all Europe, which in the same way connects the financial interests of each city with every other. A chill in the markets of Paris is felt, the same day, creeping down the commercial backbone of London and New York. To be sure, our own trade is vastly greater with England than with France, so that a disturbance on the Paris Bourse will first take its effects on London, and then, through London, on New York.

For evident reasons, arising from her wars, France had enjoyed a fortunate immunity from the speculation which culminated in the crash of 1873. The lapse of ten prosperous years, however, is sufficient to increase capital so as to excite speculative tendencies even in the French people, who, since Law's day, have been rigorously disciplined by disastrous financial experiments, until correct and sound opinions are the rule, and not the exception. Of course this movement first showed itself in the stock market. New companies appeared like locusts; and if they had the semblance of value, or — what unfortunately took place too often — contained well-known names in their announcements, willing subscribers were abundant. The sequel is the same old story of misplaced confidence, resulting in suicides and insanity. A subscriber was not asked to pay in the beginning the whole par value of the stock; the victim, consequently, proudly confident that the shares of so valuable a property were sure to go higher, bought as many as his means permitted, trusting that when the second installment on his stocks was called in he could sell a

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few of them at a gain, and thus meet the payment. It is pathetic to see how hopeful human nature is at such times. Even conservative merchants, seeing great fortunes made in a day, took a "flyer" or two. In the month of January (1882) the sanguine condition was reflected in the production of enterprises whose very names would have excited distrust at other seasons. Forty-three new companies were chartered, with a capital of two hundred and twenty-two million francs, and twelve old companies increased their capital by one hundred and forty million francs. There appeared a company for the utilization of electric power (seventy-five million francs); one for working the mines of Rio Tinto (fifteen million francs); the Senegal and West Coast of Africa Steam Shipping Company (fifteen million francs); others for the establishment of seven new journals; one for breeding ostriches in Algeria; and one for managing pigeon-shooting matches.

But the head and front of the speculation arose from a new banking house, the Union Générale. Its president, M. Bontoux, having risen from a subordinate railway position to the office of general director of the Southern Railway (Südbahn) in Austria-Hungary, had been driven from his post for mismanagement of the finances in 1878. At the time of the expulsion of the religious orders from France, Bontoux, himself a Roman Catholic, and having the ear of many trusting Catholic capitalists in France and Austria, took a masterly view of the whole situation, and turned it cleverly to his own uses by establishing in Paris an institution of credit for Catholics. In short, Bontoux was the child of the situation. And if any proof were needed that piety and finance do not necessarily go together, it is to be found in the fact that the originators of the Union Générale received an autograph letter from his Holiness the Pope, containing a special blessing. The company found many subscribers for its shares, and no lack of confiding depositors. It seems clear that Bontoux entered the field with no intention to do an honest banking business, and at once began a career of pure stock-jobbing. He established branches in Vienna, Berlin, and Pesth; and the stock of the Union Générale was manipulated for speculative purposes. Last November its capital was increased from one hundred million francs to one hundred and fifty million francs, and the public supposed that its profits were very large. The new institution fathered a great number of fresh enterprises, subscribing enormous sums, with the purpose of selling the shares at an advance to a sanguine public, who trusted to the representations of a banking house seemingly so strong and well connected. So long as the market continued buoyant and speculative, these tactics proved successful. But at the time when some holders would think prices could not go any higher, there would arise a strong inclination to sell and realize their profits. Purchases of stocks, however, are never made unless there is a belief in a rise. When the turn in the market comes, there are absolutely no purchasers; it is a truism to say that no one buys in a falling market. This was the condition of things on the 17th of last January. The more cautious began to sell and securities to fall; then, two days later, the holders of Union Générale stock, and of those stocks belonging to the "Union Générale group," suspecting that all was not right, were taken with a panic, and eagerly sold at any offer. Prices fell enormously. In the general disappearance of confidence and credit, the tension became very great, and that link in the chain which happened to be the weakest naturally broke. Union Générale stock, being that in which there had been most speculation previously, now fell most rapidly, and in a week shrank to less than one half its former value. But this was only

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a part of the violent reaction throughout the whole market, and owing to the strong disposition, at all times when there is a loss of confidence, to sell and turn stocks into cash, even investment securities and *rentes* shared somewhat in the fall. The following brief table will show the effect: —

	Union Générale.	Bank of France.	Government Rentes.
	Francs.	Francs.	Fr. c.
January 12.	2850	5,850	84.20
" 19.	1300	5,000	82.75
" 26.	1100	5,025	82.12½
February 2.	500-600	5,500	82.25
" 9.	–	5,450	82.40
" 16.	325	5,225	82.52½

The panic took place while Bontoux was absent from Paris, and on the 19th the Banque de Paris had granted the Union Générale assistance by a loan of three million francs. On the return of M. Bontoux, on the 21st, having secured the promise of eight million francs from the Laender Bank of Vienna, he applied to the Haute Banque for an additional loan of ten or twelve million francs more. There was a meeting of the representatives of the Haute Banque and the principal joint-stock banks, and this loan was granted; but, at this juncture, the Laender Bank, snuffing danger from afar, refused the eight millions. By the 28th Bontoux was asking for twenty millions more from the same banks, who complied under the condition that the Laender Bank would furnish its proportion. This was refused, and the next day the Union Générale suspended.

It will be seen from this that the quotations of stocks had been forced far above their real value, and that there had been going on in the Paris Bourse a gigantic "bull" speculation. A "bull" is one who asks his broker to purchase stocks with the expectation of a rise, and to whom he does not pay the whole par value of them, but only a margin of five or ten per cent. So long as the price does not fall, or if it rises, the stocks are worth as much as the broker paid, and the original deposit of "margin" is sufficient until there comes the order to sell. But if the buyer mistakes the course of the market, and stocks fall below the price paid by his broker, the latter loses by the difference between the present and the previous price estimated on the par value, unless the deposited margin is sufficient to cover the amount. If it is not, then the broker calls for greater deposits of money. Consequently, in a falling market there is a greatly increased demand on the banks for loans with which to maintain a hold on their stocks. But, on the other hand, it is the interest of "bears," who operate to depress the market, to force sales of stocks, lessen the amount of loanable funds, and raise the rate of discount. An "easy money market," therefore, is as unfavorable for "bears" as it is desirable for "bulls." At this time a strong league of "bears" existed in Paris, working to break down M. Bontoux.

In Paris the financial machinery, for our present purpose, consists of the Bank of France, under the control of the state; the Haute Banque, an expression used to include the few richest private banks, of undoubted standing (such as the Rothschilds'); a regular board, or Parquet, of brokers to the number of sixty, authorized and licensed by the government, known as the Syndicate of Agents de Change; and the large number of unauthorized brokers outside of the Parquet, termed the Coulisse. So far as can be ascertained, the Union Générale was operating on the market to raise the quotations of their old stock, and had been heavy buyers from the regular Agents de Change. When the crisis came, with its unexpected fall in prices, the Parquet were caught by their purchases of this old stock, and lost amounts variously estimated from thirty-three million to one hundred million francs. At

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the same time M. Bontoux had been trying to work off the new stock on the general public through the Coulisse, who thus became debtors to the Union Générale for more than one hundred million francs. The Coulisse, as well as the Parquet, when the fall in prices came, were in pressing need of loans. While in New York settlements between brokers take place every day, in Paris these are made usually at the middle and close of each month. To permit the Parquet to make their settlements at the end of January, the Haute Banque came forward to their aid with a loan of one hundred million francs. The Coulisse, however, is recognized neither by the Haute Banque nor by the state, and received no help. Throughout the Coulisse, therefore, suspensions were the order of the day.

Moreover, the affairs of the Banque de Lyons et de la Loire had become seriously involved, and the Lyons Bourse gave birth to an unhealthy panic of its own. At the end of the month, the Bank of France had sent to its Lyons branch seventeen million francs, to enable it to increase its loans; but the brokers were obliged to borrow an additional eighteen million francs in order to meet their engagements. Here, too, there were many failures. But, more than this, holders of such stocks as fell in the Paris markets were to be found in Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, London, and elsewhere, and they were all affected in the way previously described. Owing to the fondness of French capitalists for investing in Austro-Hungarian properties, Vienna suffered most.

But the greatly increased pressure for loans which attends a falling market was the means by which the effects of the French panic were transferred to London and New York. Because there is no confidence, that is credit, at such a time, the marked characteristic of every panic is a wild frenzy for ready money. Therefore, even solvent banking houses in France had a greater need of cash reserves with which to meet the demands of their depositors. The result of this movement, arising both from banks and individuals, was felt at the central institution, the Bank of France, and its accounts during this time reflected at once the financial situation. Two tendencies existed, both acting to weaken its position: (1) the enormous increase of loans, as explained above, added to the deposit liabilities and to immediate demands; and (2) the distrustful condition of the public mind led each depositor to keep by him as much ready money as possible, and so withdrew from the bank, thereby reducing the reserve in a far greater ratio than the liabilities. To prevent being ground to pieces between these two mill-stones, the bank was obliged, while loaning freely, to increase its cash reserve. By selecting only the important items on the side of both liabilities and resources, the condition of the Bank of France during this period is given in the following table (amounts being stated in pounds sterling, and in millions and tenths of millions): —

	Assets.			Liabilities.		
	Cash.	Government Securities.	Other Securities. (Loans.)	Circulating Notes.	Government Deposits.	Private Deposits.
January 5.....	71.9	14.1	72.9	115.2	13.1	20.3
" 12.....	71.7	14.1	72.4	115.4	12.3	20.1
" 19.....	72.3	14.1	72.3	114.2	12.7	22.0
" 26.....	73.4	14.1	77.0	114.0	16.7	22.7
February 2.....	75.0	14.1	83.0	115.1	18.5	27.3
" 9.....	77.6	14.1	84.9	113.5	13.5	37.5
" 16.....	77.7	14.1	80.7	112.2	13.0	36.1
" 23.....	78.3	14.1	77.8	111.0	11.9	35.6
March 2.....	78.6	14.1	73.7	110.9	11.6	32.2

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The statement for January 26th, the first after the suspension of the Union Générale, and the last before the settlements at the end of the month, shows the effect of the increased demand for loans by a change in the column of Other Securities (Loans) of five million pounds over the previous week. But the government opportunely deposited four million pounds in repayment of a loan from the bank, which greatly strengthened the reserve. More than this, the situation necessarily changed the rates of exchange between London and Paris, so as to warrant importations of gold. It may seem trite to give a brief exposition of the exchanges here, but when a senator of the United States expressed to a friend, whom he was introducing at a Washington bank, his wonder how the bank would ever be able to get the money for that bit of paper (a check on a New York bank), it may seem unjust not to grant the same privileges of explanation to the general reader as to a senator. A bill of exchange on London is simply a paper title to money in that city belonging to the drawer of the instrument, and he sells it to any one wanting to make a payment in London. When exchange between London and Paris is "at par," a sovereign in London can be bought for 25 francs 22½ centimes. When many persons are trying to draw funds from London, many bills on London will be offered, and the price will fall. The expense of transferring coin from London to Paris is about ten centimes for every sovereign. Therefore, when the price of exchange falls more than ten centimes below par, as to 25 fr. 11 c., the man owning gold in London can ship it, and gain one centime by the transaction. For, his title to the sovereign selling for only 25 fr. 11 c., and being able to bring over a sovereign so that it is worth, expenses paid, 25 fr. 12½ c., the last operation gives him a profit. After the culmination of the speculation in Paris, bills on London fell to 25 fr. 11 c., and in ten days £2,500,000 in gold left London for Paris, almost the whole of which went into the Bank of France. This movement of specie was natural, for several reasons. The greater demand for money gave a higher profit on it in Paris than in London, and afforded cause for withdrawals of specie from the Bank of England for shipment to France. Then, there were large sales in London "on French account;" that is, solvent houses and holders of securities which were salable in London, with the plan of increasing their cash reserves, sold these, and drew bills on London for the amount. Also, the depression in French stocks led many observant capitalists to buy them at these panic prices, and remitted money for that purpose. These, in short, were the causes which led to the passage of gold from London to Paris, and strengthened the reserves of the bank. The settlement day, at the end of the month, however, was the object of dread; and its coming was watched as about to give the best evidence of the extent of the losses and the general ability to meet engagements. The combination of the leading houses with the Bank of France was the means by which the expected difficulties were successfully met. Indeed, the fraternal union of the great financial managers which can take place in Paris is impossible in London or elsewhere, and it was this union which checked the progress of the panic. Although the losses of the Syndicate of regular brokers were not far from forty million francs, the Haute Banque readily advanced to them a loan of one hundred million francs, payable in twenty years, at five per cent. The government also announced that it would advance one hundred million francs to the Parquet for taking up purchases of rentes. The common interest to be advanced by keeping the Bank of France intact led the private banks to increase their deposits there

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to the greatest possible extent. These movements were shown in the report of February 2d: private deposits had increased five million pounds; the cash had gained two million pounds; government deposits rose two million pounds; and the great demand for loans had been successfully met by giving more accommodation to the amount of six million pounds during the week. It was during the previous week that the bills of the Union Générale had been returned unpaid, and so the house was declared insolvent by the Tribunal of Commerce in the usual manner. Although the account for February 9th shows an expansion in the already large item of loans, there was a gain in specie. The large increase in private deposits was due to the advances of the treasury to the Parquet, and caused a great transfer of funds on the books of the bank from public to private deposits. On the 23d the Bank of France reduced the rate of discount, and the report for the succeeding weeks showed a falling-off in loans, which implied a restoration of confidence. At this time the exchanges had risen to 25 fr. 29 c., or above par. But in the time between January 26th and February 23d the Bank of France gained five and one half million pounds in gold, of which two and one half million pounds came from England, and the rest from Spain and Continental sources. Yet England was acting only as an intermediary, and the two and one half million pounds lost by her were exactly made up by the amount which passed from New York to London.

The Bank of England contains the great gold reservoir of the world. The issue of notes belongs to a separate department, and for every note emitted beyond fifteen and three fourths million pounds there is a deposit of specie to the same amount. The banking department has to do solely with the functions of discount and deposit, and it must pay the usual regard to the ratio of cash reserve to its immediate liabilities. All the causes, previously explained, which drew gold from London to Paris had operated to induce withdrawals by depositors of funds to be sent abroad, and under this influence the Bank of England lost eight per cent. in its reserve within one week. The uneasiness produced by the agitation across the Channel was aggravated by the fact that the reserve had been for a long time falling, until it then reached a point lower than it had been since the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank in 1878. The condition of the bank is given during this period in the following statements (amounts are given in millions and tenths of millions): —

	Liabilities.			Resources.			
	Issue Department. Bullion.	Public Deposits.	Other Deposits.	Government Securities.	Other Securities. (Loans.)	Reserve.	Rate of Discount.
January 12.....	19.4	4.2	24.7	14.8	22.2	10.0	5 per cent.
" 19.....	19.6	3.9	24.6	13.6	22.2	10.8	5 "
" 26.....	19.4	4.2	23.7	12.7	22.4	10.9	5 "
February 2.....	17.8	5.1	24.0	12.5	25.7	9.1	6 [Jan. 30.]
" 9.....	18.2	6.8	22.9	12.5	25.5	9.9	6 per cent.
" 16.....	19.6	7.7	23.2	13.1	24.3	11.7	6 "
" 22.....	20.1	8.6	23.3	13.1	24.6	12.4	5 [Feb. 24.]
March 2.....	20.7	9.1	23.8	13.1	25.8	12.5	5 per cent.

A glance down the column of Other Securities shows the increased demand for loans at and after the period of anxiety in Paris; a comparison of Other Deposits, a gradual withdrawal until February 16th; and the last column, a diminution of the reserve at the end of January. The first two movements both

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acted to lower the ratio of cash reserve to immediate liabilities. The situation was serious enough to warrant a rise in the rate of discount to six per cent., a step which had the effect to drive off all but the neediest borrowers, and, by checking new loans, allowed the stream of loans maturing daily to fill up the reserve.

This higher rate of discount had its effect on the quotations of exchange between England and such a country as the United States, with which England was most intimately connected by trade. Then, there were sales in New York of American railway stocks to a considerable amount for London account, or, in different phrase, "American securities were being sent home" from London. Moreover, there had been a gigantic "bull" speculation in this country, acting to raise the prices of breadstuffs, on the exportation of which we depend for a very large supply of bills. This rise of prices prevented exports, and thereby exporters had less sums of money due to them from England, and could offer in the market fewer titles to such money, or bills of exchange. Of course, our imports remaining about the same, there was the same demand for bills with which to make payment in England for the imported goods, and so the scarcity of bills caused a rise in their price. When an equilibrium exists resulting from both the financial and commercial transactions, it requires $4.8665 in New York to purchase a title to a sovereign in London. When the price rises a little more than three cents above par, to $4.89¾ or $4.90, there will be a profit in sending specie across to London, and no one will pay more for bills. The three cents cover the freight, insurance, and brokerage; and exchange can never move but slightly beyond this difference above or below par. During the excitement in Paris, the rate of exchange in New York rose to $4.90, and for the first time in several years it became profitable to send gold abroad. This demand for specie was at once felt by the New York associated banks, in withdrawals by depositors and a drain upon their cash reserves. At this time the "bull" speculation in bread-stuffs collapsed, and a formidable "bear" movement was inaugurated in the stock market, which considerably lowered prices. In a falling market, as was before explained, there arose an increased demand for loans, for the purpose of holding on to stocks and the extent of this demand was a rough measure of the speculation which had been going on. The drain of specie from the reserves and the increased demand for loans both worked to make the position of the New York banks more insecure. The results are here collected (amounts being given in millions and tenths of millions of dollars): —

	Loans.	Private Deposits.	Specie.	Legal Tenders.	Total Reserve	Required Reserve.
January 7.....	319.1	299.5	61.5	16.6	78.1	74.5
" 14.....	319.5	307.4	66.5	17.5	84.0	76.5
" 21.....	321.0	311.9	68.7	18.9	87.6	78.0
" 28.....	322.9	316.1	68.3	19.7	88.0	74.0
February 4.	328.8	316.3	66.6	18.8	85.4	79.0
" 11.....	327.9	310.6	63.2	18.4	81.6	77.6
" 18.....	328.6	305.8	59.4	18.0	77.4	76.4
" 25.....	325.0	297.7	55.7	17.2	**73.0**	74.4
March 4.....	320.6	290.6	53.2	16.7	**70.0**	72.6
" 11.....	313.7	286.0	55.8	16.3	72.1	71.5

By the middle of March there had been exported since January 1st, $12,041,340 in specie to England, and a glance down the column headed Specie, in the table above, will show the effect of the foreign demand on the banks. The total

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reserve, composed both of the specie and legal tenders, steadily diminished, until on the 25th of February and the 4th of March the actual reserve was below the reserve required to be kept by law. In the week following, however, the banks improved their condition materially through the action of the treasury. By the present sub-treasury system, the government withdraws all its funds from the open market, and secretes them in its own vaults. At this period more money had been going into the dark hiding-places of the treasury, in payment of customs and taxes, than was coming out in the disbursements for the interest and principal of the public debt. And so far as the banks were concerned, this disappearance of money had the same effect as its exportation from the country. At this time a Boston banking house of good repute, which had been subscribing too largely for railway bonds of uncertain value (to a less extent the same operation carried on by the Union Générale), suspended. However, the regular business interests remained unaffected by the continued uncertainty, and in the second week of March the treasury was enabled to make heavy payments for called bonds, extended at three and a half per cent., and the cash reserves instantly rose above the required limit.

At the present time, the lowering of the rates of discount by the Bank of England, the Bank of France, and Continental banks generally seems to indicate that the force of the storm is spent, and that all danger is past. But the operations by which the crisis was checked and the subsequent movements of specie show the intimate connection existing between all commercial countries, and furnish an interesting illustration of the working of the exchanges.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS.

THE right divine! What king that hath it not?
The right to look through all his realm and see
What fever courses in the people's veins,
And lay thereon the balm of kingly hands;
To turn aside the treasonable blade,
And make a friend of him who carries it;
To bind up public wounds; to put away
The screens wherewith men hide accusing truth,
And speak grave words when these befit the time;
To sow the land so full of happiness,
Of peace and justice, love and courtesy,
That ships bound seaward unto fabled shores
Shall never tempt his people otherwhere:
Such right divine as this hath every king.

Mary W. Plummer.

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RENAN'S MARCUS AURELIUS.

THE elaborate work of M. Ernest Renan on the rise of Christianity, inaugurated twenty years since by the Vie de Jésus, and continued in his essays on the Apostles, Saint Paul, the Antichrist, the Gospels, and the Christian Church, has been completed by the publication of a seventh volume, entitled Marc-Aurèle et la Fin du Monde Antique.[1] Great interest attaches to this culminating volume, for many reasons. It is the last word of as amiable and dispassionate an argument against the supernatural origin of Christianity as we can hope to hear, even in this emancipated age. Its leading subject is the most faultless, and at the same time endearing, of all heathen characters, and there is that in the native sweetness of the biographer's temper, his mild discernment and pensive magnanimity, which renders him especially sympathetic with his theme. Moreover, the foretaste of the quality of his work afforded by M. Renan's London lectures, in the spring of 1880, — so much admired, and so widely republished and circulated, — had led to the expectation of a meditative and touching, if not masterly and exhaustive, treatment at his hands of one of the most critical passages in human history.

And the book does not disappoint. If it seems at times to lack unity and coherence; if the two themes which are treated in connection, and which are not so much Marcus Aurelius and the end of the old order as Marcus Aurelius and the beginning of the new; if these appear to run side by side, in M. Renan's glowing pages, without ever really intermingling, and the transition from one to the other required by his alternative treatment strikes one as a little abrupt and artificial, — this, the author would tell us, is no fault of his, but due to the tragic incongruity of the facts themselves. He writes of a man, a monarch, whose character, lifted into the strongest glare of publicity, and still to be minutely scanned of all men, exemplified in a transcendent manner most of the distinctively Christian virtues, and yet who lived and died the conscientious and effectively cruel foe of Christianity. "So much the worse for Christianity!" a ruder skeptic might have made haste to exclaim, but not so M. Renan. He patiently labors to reduce to order, from his own point of view, the great chaos of contemporary circumstances, and presents the result to his readers with hardly any comment more pointed than a melancholy shrug. We ourselves believe that there is a higher point of view than his, at which some of the most painful inconsistencies of the period under consideration tend to merge in a promise, as yet only partially fulfilled, and to disappear. But it will be time enough to advert to this when we have presented as fair a summary as may be in a short review of M. Renan's own investigations and conclusions.

He gives us, at the outset, his reason for believing that it has never been possible intelligently to write the history of the rise of Christianity until to-day. It was reserved, he thinks, for the mind of the nineteenth century to develop what he calls the *génie des origines*. The great ecclesiastical historians of the seventeenth century did not possess it, and no more, if we understand what the phrase means, did the professional skeptics of the eighteenth, — like Gibbon. It was perhaps this genius which led M. Renan to the discovery — also made known in his introductory chapter — that Christianity really began with the prophet Isaiah; and so much at least is true,

[1] *Marc-Aurèle et la Fin du Monde Antique.* Par ERNEST RENAN. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1882.

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— and the most fervent believer in all that the Academician denies would be the last to question it, — that the previously vague forecast of a Messiah assumed a new and strange and sorrowful precision in the clairvoyant mind of the greatest of Jewish seers. But the days of the Hebrew prophets were, at best, but the pre-natal days of Christianity, and M. Renan's concern is with its first appearance in history, which is made nearly side by side with that of stoicism, the most earnest effort of the unassisted human conscience at realizing an ideal of pure morality, — the perfect flower, so to speak, of merely natural piety. How lofty the stoical ideal was, and how uncompromising toward human weakness; how minute the supervision exercised over the minds and lives of converts to that creed by its public preachers and spiritual directors, and how unflinching the self-denial, amounting to extreme asceticism of personal habits, which it exacted, M. Renan shows very strikingly in his first chapter. "Greek pedagogy had now arrived at perfection," and the younger and more *dévot* by nature of the two great Antonine emperors, Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, was put to school by his adoptive father in the straitest sect of that perfected philosophy, and witnessed throughout his illustrious life a noble profession of its teachings. Much as Renan admires the result in his hero's case, the *libre penseur* cannot help rebelling at the notion of so severe a spiritual discipline. "How," he cries, "did those respectable but slightly priggish pedagogues ever succeed in forming such a man?" And he finds a partial answer in the fact that, more than all the far-sought formal instructors, his obligations to whom Marcus Aurelius acknowledges so humbly and scrupulously in the Thoughts, he prized the character and example of his predecessor upon the throne. M. Renan quotes entire — and who would not at any time be glad of an excuse to quote? — the eloquent and affecting tribute to that father's memory in the sixth book of the Thoughts, one of the most exquisite pen-portraits ever drawn; and he finds himself so moved as almost to be persuaded by it that Antoninus Pius was really, in some respects, a better man than Marcus, with more of gladness and spontaneity in his virtue, not so self-conscious. "No person of sense will deny," he says of the latter, "that this was a great soul. Was it also a great mind? Yes, because he discovered infinite depths in the abysses of duty and conscience. He failed of decision only at a single point: *he never ventured absolutely to deny the supernatural.*"

But allowing for this foible, M. Renan goes on to show how it was the glory of the Antonines, and especially of Marcus Aurelius, to have raised philosophy — that is to say, the teaching of morals — to the rank of "a power in the state," and to have brought it into fashion in a deeply corrupt society. They conceived, also, and instituted the protection of the weak, of women and minors, the orphan, and even the slave. They took measures to prevent the recurrence of famine and other widespread calamities. They laid the foundation of that marvel of Roman jurisprudence, to which Justinian did but impart its final shape, and which has served as a model for the whole civilized world.

Humanity — mildness of manners — gained infinitely under their sway. The idea of a state governed by wisdom, benevolence, and humanity was established once for all. "Military power, on the contrary, art, and literature, underwent a certain decline. Philosophers and men of letters were far from being the same. The philosophers looked with pity on the frivolity of the literati and their appetite for applause. The literati smiled at the barbaric style of the philosophers, their lack of man-

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ners, their beards, and their cloaks. Marcus Aurelius, after hesitating between the two courses, decided firmly for the philosophers. He neglected the Latin language, and ceased to encourage the practice of writing it, preferring Greek, which was the language of his favorite authors. The complete ruin of Latin literature was decided from that hour." There is a refreshing touch, just here, of that pleasant French humor of M. Renan's, which seems excluded, for the most part, from the present volume, by the solemnity of the subject, and the persistent heavy-heartedness always discernible at the bottom of his treatment of it. It is thus that he goes on to criticise the existing Marcian monuments: "The plastic arts, so beloved by Hadrian, must have seemed to Marcus Aurelius like quasi-vanities. The remains of his triumphal arch are sufficiently tame. Everything about it, even the barbarians, wears a virtuous air. The eyes of the horses are melting and philanthropic. The Antonine column is a curious work, but without delicacy in its execution, — very inferior to the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, erected in the preceding reign. The equestrian statue at the Capitol charms us by the pure image which it presents of the excellent emperor, and yet the artist had no right so utterly to renounce all boldness and *dash*. We feel that there were profound causes for that absolute ruin of the arts of design which was to be accomplished within fifty years. Christianity and philosophy wrought equally for this end. The world was becoming too much detached from form and beauty. It wanted nothing any more save to better the lot of the weak and to soften the strong."

How, then, was it, after all, that a monarch moved by motives even of ultra-benevolence could have ruthlessly persecuted, with full intent to exterminate, the very class of his subjects whose aims and ideas were most nearly identical with his own? M. Renan answers this trying question as well, perhaps, as it ever can be answered, in his fourth chapter. He shows how little the emperor could have known of individual Christians, and how inevitably that little was calculated to give him an unfavorable impression of them as men and citizens. As a stoic he might, and we know that he did, admire the constancy with which they died; but equally as a stoic, he disliked their forwardness in inviting death, their bold and, as it seemed to him, unnatural exultation in it. "These voluntary deaths appeared to the august moralist affectations, as unreasonable as the theatrical suicide of Perigrinus. We find this note in the memorandum books of his Thoughts: 'A disposition of the soul to be always ready to be separated from the body, whether for extinction, or dispersion, or persistence. When I say ready, I mean as the result of a ripe judgment; *not out of pure opposition, like the Christians.* It must needs be an act founded upon reflection, sober, fit to persuade others, with no alloy of ostentatious tragedy.'" Then, too, the vast extent of the Roman Empire rendered its ruler but slightly responsible for what occurred in remote provinces, and the most painfully memorable persecution of the reign of Marcus Aurelius took place in far-away Gaul, where the gross absurdities of certain lawless if not licentious fanatics, like the Markosians, were calculated justly to prejudice the loyal and orthodox children of Rome. But it was as a Roman ruler, deeply reverent of Roman tradition, and penetrated with the idea of the *sanctity* of the state, that the emperor found, and with reason, the Christian theory and attitude most menacing. The Christians essayed no open revolt, it is true; nay, they were strenuously charged by their teachers to obey their masters according to the flesh. It was in the reign of Nero that St. Paul had written, "There

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is no power but of God, and the powers that be are ordained of God." Nevertheless, these meek people declared unmistakably, by all their words and acts and rites, that they sought another country than Rome, and owned allegiance to an unseen king. They constituted thus, and plainly proposed to constitute, a state within the sacred Roman state, — a city of God set over against the city of this world; and this is what no government can tolerate and live. The most absolute and the most democratic alike have to call in surgery for the removal of such a danger, and the earlier the better for the actual *régime*.

"Whenever," says M. Renan, "a faction in the bosom of a great state has interests opposed to those of all the rest of the state, hatred becomes inevitable. Now the Christians did, at heart, desire that all things should go as badly as possible. So far from making common cause with the good citizens, and endeavoring to avert the dangers which threatened their country, the Christians gloried in them. The Montanists, and in fact all Phrygia, carried to the point of madness their vindictive prophecies against the empire; . . . and such prophecies were a crime, with penalties provided by law. Roman society felt instinctively that it was declining; it had but a vague idea of the causes of its own enfeeblement, and suspicion fastened, not unnaturally, upon the Christians. There was a fancy that a return to the old gods might bring back good fortune. Those gods had made the greatness of Rome; they were supposed to be irritated by the blasphemies of the Christians. Would not the best method of appeasing them be to slay the Christians? The latter did certainly not deny themselves the pleasure of railing at the inanity of the sacrifices and the other methods employed for the exorcising of scourges. Fancy a libertine, in England, who should burst out laughing in public on a day of fasting and prayer appointed by the queen!"

It must be confessed that this last illustration has somewhat the air of an anticlimax. Such, however, is an outline of M. Renan's defense of his hero on the heaviest charge which can be brought against him. Nor does he omit to remind us that Tertullian himself, in the third century, before the martyrs of Lyons had lain an hundred years asleep, lauded the "gentle persecutor" as "both great and good."

Turning aside, at this point, from the more simple and grateful of his two themes, — the illustration of the emperor's character, — M. Renan adds to the infinite labors of other historians in the same field his own effort at illuminating the obscurity of the second-century annals, and disentangling the confusions of the primitive Christian sects. How herculean a task this is, and how disheartening, none know who have never essayed it for themselves. Most of those who have done this, however, have had the stimulus of some dear point to be proved, or have followed the clew of some overmastering conviction. M. Renan's entire *disengagedness* is more favorable to the clearness than to the vivacity of his narrative. He has not feeling enough to arouse his own imagination, and so he seldom gives us pictures. Hardly does he betray the shadow of a bias. Justin, Tatian, Marcio and Melito, Claudius, Sagaris and Apelles, Irenæus and Pope Victor, Celsius and Lucian; Gnostics, Manichees, Montanists, and even Markosians, are reviewed as nearly as possible, *nullo discrimine*. He has, indeed, interesting and often suggestive reflections to make on every one of the eccentricities of opinion and varieties of growth which these names represent. When he calls Tatian a "Lamennais of the second century," and those bishops of Asia Minor who first sought, by written appeals and apologies, to conciliate the imperial pow

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er; who were "able politicians, while seeming to hearken only for the inspiration of heaven, violent themselves, yet opposed to violence," — when he sums up the history of these men by dubbing them "*Dupanloups anticipés*," he uses terms which at once help to realize the conflicts of that early day, to his own countrymen, and to all who have followed with interest the remarkable recent history of the church militant in France. Nor does he confine himself to his own country in his search for illustrations, but uses also, as terms of comparison, the Irvingites and the Latter-Day Saints; and the last very properly, since the Montanists were practical millenarians, who believed that Christ had even then come, for the second time, in the form of the Paraclete, and that the New Jerusalem had been identified as an obscure town in Phrygia.

But if M. Renan finds his placid soul moved to something like active disgust by the sickly ideals and suicidal austerities of the more fanatical Christian sectaries, and inflicts upon his readers some ridiculous and even revolting details of manners and customs, he renders full and reverential justice to the temperance, the charity, the simplicity, no less than the superhuman constancy, of the martyrs of Lyons. The chapters xviii. and xix., which describe the Asian origin and connections of this little church in Gaul, and the awful crisis through which it passed in the year 177, are in M. Renan's noblest style, honorable alike to the depth of his historical researches and the breadth and tenderness of his humanity. We can quote but one out of many equally moving passages: —

"The example of the martyrs" (this was after Marturus, Sanctus, Blandina, and the rest had been several times frightfully tortured) "was contagious. Those who had disowned the faith came to themselves, and prayed that they might be questioned again. Some of the Christians doubted the validity of these conversions, but the martyrs themselves cut short the question by offering their hands to the renegades, and so communicating a part of the grace that was in them. It was admitted that the living could, in such a case, reanimate the dead, and that in the great community of the church those who had more than enough might impart to those who lacked. . . . The most admirable thing, in fact, about the confessors of Lyons was that glory did not dazzle them. Their humility equaled their courage and their holy freedom of will. Heroes who had over and over again proclaimed their faith in Christ, who had faced the wild beasts, whose bodies were covered with wounds and burns and bruises, dared not arrogate to themselves the name of martyrs, would not even allow it to be given them by others. If any one of the faithful, either in a letter or by word of mouth, called them so, they reproached him keenly. They reserved the title of martyr, first of all, for Christ, the true and faithful witness, the first-born from the dead, the first who had lived his life in God; and afterward for those to whom it had already been granted to die confessing their faith, and whose title was thus, after a fashion, sealed and ratified. For themselves, they were only poor, humble confessors. All they asked of their brethren was to pray for them without ceasing, that they might yet make a good end. So far from showing themselves lofty and hard toward the poor apostates, like the Ultramontanists and certain martyrs of the third century, they had a motherly pity for them, and shed continual tears before God on their behalf. They accused no one, prayed for their executioners, discovered extenuating circumstances for every fault, absolved but never condemned. Certain rigorists thought them over-indulgent toward the renegades. They replied by quoting St. Stephen: 'If he prayed for those who stoned him, may not we for our own brethren?'"

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Martyrum sanguis semen ecclesiæ; but that precious seed must be buried quite out of sight, and must attract and assimilate all sorts of rude and alien elements from the soil into which it falls, before it can arise and stand upright in the world's open air, informed with a strength which will enable it to resist the manifold shocks and perils which beset each living and growing thing. In the institution of the episcopacy and its growing importance, M. Renan finds just such an alliance with mundane and therefore conservative forces. It was the episcopacy which gave to early Christianity its shape and substance; which transformed it from a vision into an organism; which rooted it deep, and therefore raised it high; which enabled it, in due time, successfully to encounter, and finally to supersede in its own chosen seat, the decaying empire of the pagan world. "Power loves power," says M. Renan, with a touch of cynicism, "and the hatred between Christianity and the empire was the hatred of those who are one day to love. . . . And so, thanks to episcopacy, which had been pronounced a tradition from the twelve Apostles, the church wrought, without enfeebling herself, the most difficult of transformations. She passed, if I may venture to say so, from the conventual state to the laical; from the condition of a conventicle of visionaries to that of a church accessible to all men, and consequently exposed to many imperfections. That which had seemed destined to be but a dream of fanatics had become an enduring religion. . . . The excesses of those who had dreamed of a spiritual church and a transcendent perfection were broken against the good sense of the establishment. The masses, already considerable, who went into the church constituted a majority there, and lowered its moral temperature to a possible level."

Admitting that "*bon sens*" is in some sort the foible of M. Renan, it is impossible to deny the power with which he presents this theory of the growth of the visible church. But his premises involve conclusions which many of the advocates of episcopacy would be quite unwilling to admit. The episcopacy of those days unquestionably implied the papacy, and M. Renan renders good service to the cause of Catholic Christianity by offering the clear testimony of the least *suspect* of witnesses to the fact that from the very beginning of the church's consciousness the little bishopric of Rome was obeyed as the originating, controlling, and responsible brain of that integral organism, whose members were even then extended from Syria to Gaul. Incidentally, also, while developing this theme, he gives the most lucid brief account which we remember ever to have met of that controversy concerning the time of the Easter celebration which bears so strongly upon the subject. But with his wonted attention to counterpoint, — for M. Renan is nothing, after all, if not an artist, — he makes haste to offset this concession to Catholic claims by insisting that the rule of the undivided church suffered a veritable suspension of five hundred years or so (from Constantine to Charlemagne), and to this interregnum he applies the peculiarly Gallic pet name of *déchéance*.

On the whole, however, he indulges but sparingly in forecast of any kind, but confines himself strictly within the chronological limit embraced by the emperor's life-time. When he returns from his review of the necessarily chaotic beginnings of ecclesiasticism to consider the life of Marcus Aurelius among his legions, and his "inner martyrdom and preparation for death," he has a subject into which he can put his whole heart, and his mode of treating it is extremely beautiful and pathetic: —

"Before the colossal assault of united barbarism, Marcus Aurelius was truly admirable. He did not love war, and he

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made war only against his will, but when it was necessary he made it well. He became a great captain as a matter of duty. . . . His life was now almost entirely passed in the region of the Danube, at Carnuntum, near Vienna or in Vienna itself, on the banks of the Gran, in Hungary, sometimes at Sirmium. His *ennui* was immense, but he knew how to conquer ennui. Those insipid campaigns against the Quadi and the Marcomanni were admirably conducted; the distaste which he felt for them did not prevent him from giving them the most conscientious attention. The army loved *him, and did its duty perfectly.* . . . Fatherly and philosophical toward these half-savage hordes, he insisted, out of self-respect, upon testifying a consideration for them, which they did not comprehend; like a gentleman who, as a pledge of his personal dignity, might treat a red-skin like a well-bred man. He naïvely exhorted them to reason and justice, and finished by inspiring them with respect. . . . What cost the emperor most, in these far-away wars, was the being deprived of his accustomed society of savans and philosophers. Almost all of them had recoiled from the fatigues of the campaign, and had remained at Rome. Occupied all day with military exercises, he passed his evenings in his tent, alone with himself. There, throwing off the constraint which his duties imposed, he pondered on the uselessness of the conflict which he sustained so valiantly. A skeptic about war, even while waging it, he detached himself from all things, and, lost in the contemplation of universal vanity, he doubted even the legitimacy of his own victories. 'The spider,' he writes, 'is proud of having captured a fly; one man of catching a sardine, one a wild boar, and another a few Sarmatians. Properly speaking, they are all brigands.'"

The source of all our information concerning the emperor's private life in these and the yet darker days which were to follow them before its close is of course his own immortal book: and, widely as that book has been read and passionately loved, no commentator has perhaps ever come so near to doing it full justice as M. Renan. We gratefully accept and adopt each word of eloquent eulogy, only regretting that our space will allow us to quote so little of his ardent but never undiscriminating praise: "A divine candor breathes from every page. Never did man write more simply and entirely for himself, with the sole desire of unburdening his *heart, — without any witness save God.* There is not so much as the shadow of a system. Marcus Aurelius had, strictly speaking, no philosophy. Owing almost everything to stoicism transformed by the Roman spirit, he is yet of no school. . . . The book of Marcus Aurelius, having no dogmatic basis, will keep its freshness forever. All alike, from the atheist, or him who fancies himself such, to the man most deeply involved in the beliefs of some particular cult, may find fruit for edification in it. It is the most purely human book that ever was written. It grazes no controverted question. In theology the emperor fluctuated between pure deism, polytheism interpreted in a physical sense, after the style of the stoics, and a kind of cosmic pantheism. . . . Marcus Aurelius is therefore no free-thinker; he is hardly even a philosopher, in any strict sense of the word. Like Jesus, he had no speculative philosophy. His theology is quite contradictory. He has no fixed views about the soul or immortality. . . . He was never anxious to reconcile himself with himself on the subject of God or of the soul. Quite as if he had read the Critique of Practical Reason, he saw clearly that in what concerns the infinite no formula is absolute, and that in affairs of this kind one's only chance of perceiving the truth once in one's life lies in contra-

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dicting one's self often. He boldly separated moral beauty from all fixed theology. He would not allow duty to depend on any metaphysical opinion concerning the first cause. Never was the intimate union with a hidden God carried to a point of such unheard-of delicacy." And then follows that matchless passage out of the fourth book of the Thoughts, which ought to be so familiar to every serious mind to-day that the merest fragment will suggest the whole: "To offer to the government of the God within thee a being, manly, of ripe age, a friend of the public weal, a Roman, an emperor, a soldier at his post awaiting the call of the trumpet, a man ready to leave this life without regret. There be many grains of incense destined for the same altar: one falls sooner into the fire, another later; the difference is naught. . . . Man, thou hast been a citizen of this great state, the world; what matters it whether for five years or for three? — for that which is conformable to the laws is unjust for none." And so on to that last sigh of the perfectly chastened spirit: "Depart, then, satisfied, for he also who releases thee is satisfied."

The very strictures which M. Renan, in his quality of critic, seeks sometimes to pass upon the work of this truly sacred author are such as imply a higher praise. When he says that the Thoughts fortify, but do not console, he does but measure the greatness of a courage which dared contemplate and confess that crushing whole of human misery whose weight upon the soul of thinking man nothing short of divine interposition ever could have lightened. When he says that the emperor had not enough of intellectual curiosity, that he did not know all which a contemporary of Ptolemy ought to have known, and that he held opinions on cosmogony which were not up to the highest level even of the science of his time, he does but set the immutability of moral truth over against the incessant fluctuations and transformations of physical speculation, and show how everlastingly the latter are subordinate to the former. He is almost relieved to note that for one moment the emperor seems to have resisted, if not resented, what Renan calls "the absurdity, the colossal iniquity, of death." The agony of the royal spirit is indeed sharp, but it soon subsides in calm. Humbly and without reservation, he accepts the uncertain issue at the hands of the unknown God. "Oh," cries the rebellious *rédacteur*, "c'est trop de résignation, cher maître! . . . To say that if this world has not its counterpart the man who has sacrificed himself for the good and the true ought to quit it contentedly, and absolve the gods, is *too* simple. No; he has the right to blaspheme. For why should his credulity have been thus abused?" and so on. Yet of these two, the master and the not wholly unworthy pupil, whose difference in dignity and fitness of attitude is here so conspicuous, the more patient, by God's will, had never so much as heard of the resurrection from the dead; the more petulant has known and refused it. It is the same when M. Renan proceeds to deprecate the excess of generosity which made the emperor so incredulous of the levity and faithlessness of Faustina; which prevented him from reading aright the sinister signs that attended the youth of the atrocious Commodus, and from sparing the world, over which he himself had so wisely ruled, a fearful infliction by disinheriting his son. The immense and singular charity of purity for impurity should be no new thing to a student of the Gospels like M. Renan, however difficult of explanation. As for Commodus, many things combine to make his hateful character and career one of the severest tests of faith in the divine order which occur in human history. That he should have been the son of Marcus Aurelius at all,

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as his horror-stricken subjects tried in vain to prove that he was not; that he should have been permitted to live long enough effectually to undo so much of his father's most beneficent work on Roman society; finally, that he should actually have protected the Christians whom his father persecuted, and all through the intercession of a courtesan who had had a Christian education, and who was presently to compass his murder and the end of the Antonine dynasty, — these things help to make the reign which succeeded that of the best of emperors a standing menace to all who presume to account on merely natural and rational grounds for the facts of human history. No sneer at the faith which prospered through the direful protection of Commodus is allowed, even at this point, to escape the lips of this generous compatriot of Voltaire, — so near in the mildness and magnanimity of his spirit to the kingdom which he disavows. "C'est triste en effet" is about all that he says. For our own part, we feel inclined to retort upon him his own remonstrance with Marcus Aurelius: "Too much resignation," *cher M. Renan!* If the saintly father and the beastly son were not equally the instruments of a regeneration which neither of them apprehended, then there is something more than *triste* in the tragedy of their connection with the salvation of the world.

But the world, M. Renan plaintively objects, is not yet saved; and then, still haunted by the thought that it ought to be, and is to be, he talks vaguely (for him) and somewhat weakly, in his concluding chapters, of primary schools and ministers of public instruction; of "ethnic reactions" from the centralizing tyranny of Judaism; nay, even of the possible mission of "the more liberal dissenting sects," although he admits that these last have not yet proved their efficacy in the world.

It is all to no purpose. These visionary suggestions do not signify; and the diffident and disheartened manner in which they are proffered shows that the candid historian feels that they do not. The lot of the human race in this world is mysterious and painful still, but, unpleasant and unlikely as the fact may have appeared to Greek wit and Roman pride, and may still appear to "Aryan" prejudice generally, the salvation of humanity, the only definite hope in the future which it has at present, or, as yet, ever has had, is "of the Jews." The touching piety of more than one heathen *âme d'élite* in the first Christian centuries, of several of the Antonines, of Plutarch, of Seneca, and also, by prophetic flashes, of Virgil, and even Cicero, does but complicate to distraction the riddle of human destiny, unless we can believe theirs to have been, in very truth, an *unconscious Christianity.*

There is nothing unreasonable in such a theory. If we believe, as a tenet of Christian philosophy, that the divine Logos was indeed "that true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," then it may well be that the diffused glow of the sunrise of truth reached many a spirit on which its direct rays never fell; more especially while the light yet lay level, and the orb was hardly lifted above the world's horizon. That such a solution has been virtually accepted in the central church of Christendom is shown by the habitual coupling in intimate association of certain Christian and pagan names equally illustrious: Gregory and Trajan, Dante and Virgil, St. Thomas and Aristotle, De Maistre and Seneca. And the familiar legend which represents the great Gregory as obtaining of heaven, by his own sore sufferings in the flesh, the release from purgatory of the Emperor Trajan's soul is but the translation of our theory into the popular language of Christianity, the extension to the unconscious Christian of the communion of saints.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Of late, there has been much elaborate discussion of the sonnet. Our poetic brethren have kindly thrown open the door of the workshop, and permitted us to enter, and to examine, at pleasure, the delicate tools used in cutting and polishing the facets of this precious solitaire. And while we stood marveling, we overheard some gravely-insistent talk, in which the words octet, sextet, quatuorzains, etc., etc., were conspicuous. Happy, said we, was that old Italian Father of the Sonnet, whose right there was none to dispute, and who, consequently, was never arraigned for infraction of the sonnetary law, never found guilty of a "loose" or faulty construction. Happy, also, that British bard who wrote one hundred and fifty odd stanzas, fourteen lines each (said to contain biographical data), and gave them to the contemporary world under the elastic title of Sonnets. How we modern sonneteers envy him the unchastised license displayed in writing those one hundred and fifty facile closing couplets! Our only consolation lies in the positive conviction that even Shakespeare, if living in these days of hypercriticism, would have to recant such heresy, and follow the form set down in the rubric, — mind his octets and sextets, and practically acknowledge that all quatuorzains are not sonnets.

Says the Frenchman, in a rhapsody on art, —

> "Point de contraintes fausses!
> Mais que pour marcher droit,
> Tu chausses,
> Muse, un *cothurne étroit*."

Now, the sonnet proper is such a "*cothurne étroit;*" and very much of a goddess does the Muse show herself, walking by this strict discipline and conformity. Yet, in a half-sandal, a loose and easy fit, her paces are often as stately and impressive. Keats's sonnet on Sleep follows neither the Italian nor Shakespearean model, being wholly irregular, yet who says it is not a true sonnet?

We would fain drive the poetic craft to an admission that they often find the sonnet no other than a Procrustes's bed, on which the poor Idea has either to be ruthlessly curtailed, or racked and drawn out beyond warrant, in order to suit the linear figure of the stanza under consideration. Will none dare to do as did a friend of ours, who wrote a sonnet, exemplary in all respects save one, — it had fifteen lines! On being taken to task, this cool innovator explained that the fifteenth line contained the overplus of his inspiration, which was insufficient to furnish forth another sonnet, and was too good to throw away.

The noble poem in the March Atlantic, entitled On a Great Man Whose Mind is Clouding, is, if we do not mistake, just eight fourteenths of a sonnet, — an abandoned sonnet, it may be, — and yet the poem stands ideally complete. This precedent should be encouraging whenever, for good reasons, one wishes to break loose from sonnetary despotism. Suppose some master hand should authorize the Spenserian stanza as eminently suited to brief poetic flights; we should then have a new school of sonnet-writers, — in effect, a new species of sonnet, consisting not of fourteen, but of nine lines only. How shall we know a genuine sonnet? Not merely by applying notation and numeration; for the form may be correct and handsome, the stated divisions carefully observed; still we are not satisfied. We shall know the true sonnet by a certain unmistakable *bel air*, a gallant, gracious, yet withal subdued behavior, such as we remark in all well-descended and well-

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bred individuals, on first meeting with them. From numberless not altogether satisfactory definitions of the nature and province of the sonnet we gather this, that it is the "poetry of passion after passion has passed into a non-lyrical state." Are we to understand, from this, that the sonnet is not a lyric? We can think of instances where it is a condensed epic. In Milton's mouth, the "thing became a trumpet." In Leigh Hunt's The Nile, it is a visionary *résumé* of whole cycles of Egyptian antiquity. The same poet's To the Grasshopper and Cricket is a finished idyl. Since the days of Petrarch, love has held the first claim on the sonnet. More gaudy exotics have been cultivated in this "scanty plot" than in all the rest of the Muses' garden-ground. More pretty lies have been told in these fourteen gentle breaths than the recording angel was ever able to audit. Religious mysticism, metaphysical speculation, have sometimes been poured into this mould. Polemics have given the sonnet a dash of hot alien color; didactics have made it stagger under a disproportionate burden. Rarely, indeed, has it been employed for burlesque or humorous purposes, though we have in mind one jocose specimen couched in Western dialect. We have never heard of Mr. Walt Whitman's writing a sonnet; from which it might be concluded that the "poetry of the future" will have packed off altogether this dainty, sybaritic species of poetic composition.

— It is when we have lost a friend, or are about to lose one, that we dwell on his virtues and graces most fondly. It is in this way that I am mourning the departure of Winter, — fine old Winter, frosty but kindly, whom I love far better than Summer, with all her glory. We malign him when we give him only ill names, and call him bitter, harsh, and cruel. For all his storms and rigors, his chill breath and icy grip, not one of the milder-mannered seasons can put on a more gentle and gracious aspect than the frost-king often shows us. The loveliness of the winter landscape might surprise many a city-dweller who should come out into the country in midwinter. In the midst of a month of snow-falls and driving north winds, there sometimes comes a pause of quiet. The winds have swept the dry snow into drifts, each of whose curves is a line of perfect grace. Over the white lawns and meadows the trees cast faint blue shadows. The world is all white and blue and gray, and the blue of the sky and the gray of the bare branches are of the most exquisite softness imaginable. No sky can equal a winter one for mingled purity and tenderness of tone. And what, in its way, is lovelier than the vista of a country road or village street, bounded by this blue sky distance, and bordered by the columns of leafless trees, which let the same blue light in through the intricate flamboyant tracery of their slender branches? The delicate gray lines turn black at twilight, and define themselves sharply against an amber sunset. To note the gradations of tone in blue skies throughout the year is an endless delight to the lover of color. The coloring of winter hills, though without the richness of autumn, has a beauty of tint beyond anything we see on them in summer. Even in high noonlight they often wear the hue of a pale amethyst, and when a little lightly-scattered snow still clings to them the faint silvery gleam one catches at a sufficient distance gives to them a dream-like loveliness. The character of nature's beauty at this season seems to become spiritualized. There is in it none of the summer's suggestiveness of luxurious enjoyment, nor of autumn's melancholy appeal; the sentiment of the winter scene is different; the clear outlines, the transparent atmosphere, the sky's serene azure, and the pure radiance flooding all things speak of a peace that is more than res-

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ignation and a joy that abides. The art of the landscape painter must fall short in the attempt to catch these broadest effects of Nature, as it must always fail to reproduce her sublimest features. What subtle change is it that comes over nature, by which we know that spring approaches, although the ground is brown still, and the snow lies in patches? For one thing, we can see that on milder days the sky loses color, except at sunset, when a few opaline tints streak the western clouds. There is a curiously uncertain quality about the light, and a whitish look at the horizon. Nature has an air of waiting, of tremulous expectation, of feeling a little chill of strangeness in winter's deserted realm.

— Let us not flatter ourselves that the matter of high æsthetic dress is something which is understood only by us Americans and English of the latest days. Listen to a description of the clothes worn by the Duchess of Queensbury at a royal entertainment in the year 1740: "a white satin petticoat, embroidered at the bottom with *brown hills* covered with all sorts of weeds, and every breadth had an old stump of a tree that run [*sic*] up almost to the top of the petticoat, broken and ragged and worked with brown chenille, round which twined nastersians [*sic*], ivy, honeysuckles, periwinkles, convolvuluses, and all sorts of twining flowers which spread and covered the petticoat, vines with the leaves variegated as you have seen them by the sun, all rather smaller than nature, which made them look very light: the robings and facings were *little green banks* with all sorts of weeds and the sleeves and the rest of the gown loose twining branches of the same sort as those on the petticoat; many of the leaves were finished with gold, and part of the stumps of the trees looked like the gilding of the sun. I never saw a piece of work so prettily fancied, and am quite angry with myself for not having the same thought." How is that for a costume? It seems to equal those of Bunthorne's twenty adorers. And the Duchess of Queensbury was not the only lady of fashion who could boast of such a wonderful garment. On another occasion the Duchess of Bedford, a court dame of the same period, wore a "petticoat of green paduasoy; the pattern was festoons of shells, coral corn, cornflowers, and seaweed; everything in different works of gold and silver, except the flowers and coral, the body of the gown white satin, with a mosaic pattern of gold facings, robings and train the same as the petticoat." One wonders who devised these costumes, — the ladies themselves or some matchless mantua-maker of their day. I often question if the time will ever arrive when women's taste shall become so educated that fashion's despotic rule shall cease. If only a minority should in this way become educated, the majority might perhaps be led by them; and then, although the larger number were still mere imitators, it would be good taste that they were imitating, and so taste, not fashion, would be supreme. So long as fashion is omnipotent a true good taste is impossible. To adopt a style of dress simply and solely because others do it shows unintelligence, but to follow the suggestion of a person of good taste because we can see that it is good taste, though we may not have had originality enough to invent for ourselves, is sensible. The essential bad taste of fashion-followers is in the fact that they are quite indifferent to æsthetic considerations, their aim being to dress in the latest mode, whatever it may be, and their highest satisfaction to go a little before or beyond others. The leaders of fashion are not those who wear the most beautiful or even the most costly dresses, but the newest invented ones. It is the fashion at present, at least in some circles, to dress "æsthetically," and the hideous results that follow some of the

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attempts to be æsthetic prove that the desire of being fashionable, and not an educated taste, has been the guide.

Mrs. Delany, whose description of the Duchess of Queensbury's gown we have quoted, thought it very prettily fancied; but was it so, for a dress? The effect a lady should produce is hardly that of a walking landscape. The description reads a good deal like that of one of Mr. Tiffany's designs for the curtain at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. Many women seem to have no perception of the artistic necessity of fitness as an element of beauty. If a color appears which they hear labeled "æsthetic," and which they see used in wall-papers and hangings, they think it does equally well to dress themselves in. Tones which serve a good purpose in house decoration may be simply ugly on a woman's person, for the reason that the color is not in itself beautiful, but can be made of use when put in combination with other shadings of the same color or with its proper contrast. All this seems too obvious to need saying. Mrs. Delany herself can see the folly of some of the æsthetic dresses her acquaintance indulged in, for she says of a certain "petticoat of black velvet embroidered in chenille, the pattern a large *stone vase* filled with ramping flowers, and between each vase gold shells and foliage, with two or three of the vases on the tail," that it was a "labored piece of finery much properer for a stucco staircase than the apparel of a lady." Another dame's costume of white satin, with leaves and rosebuds and convolvuli embroidered upon it, she justly approves of, remarking that the lady was in herself so far beyond this "masterpiece of art" in dress that one could hardly look at her clothes. Let us have embroidered dresses, by all means, and put sunflowers on them if any one likes them, though lilies seem certainly preferable; only let us exercise ourselves somewhat in the acquisition of a few artistic ideas before we set up to dress in a purely æsthetic manner.

— In The Portrait of a Lady occurs this sentence: "To be in a better position to appreciate others than they are in to appreciate us, — this, it seemed to Isabel, was the essence of the aristocratic situation." Some of us may have noted the saying as giving expression to a personal experience, recalling moments when there has come to us a certain complacent recognition of ourselves as in this sense aristocrats of the bluest blood. None of us are so humble-minded as not to find a degree of satisfaction in this sense of superiority; for to know that we are tolerating others is undeniably pleasanter than to suspect them of tolerating us, and to feel ourselves misunderstood is better than to discover that we have been lacking in insight. But there is another side to all this, and it is questionable if the aristocrat would not on the whole be willing to yield his privileges for the sake of more substantial gratifications. If the occupation of aristocratic place has its own charm, it also has its drawback; for the aristocrat, in this general or figurative sense, is a being isolated from his kind; his state is too solitary for comfort, and he would be glad if he were more level with his surroundings. The attitude of condescension is not a permanently agreeable one — to some persons, indeed, an impossible one — to hold. The complacency which naturally accompanies the perception of self-superiority may be far removed from conceit, for we may often be aware that the superiority is due not so much to any supreme merit on our part as to some surprising deficiency on the part of others. If there must be these degrees of condition, we cannot but prefer the aristocrat's place to that of the *bourgeois;* yet after all what would please us best would be to find ourselves where there is no question of inferior and superior, but where, the standing-ground of all being the

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same, appreciation is mutual, and it is possible to no one to condescend or to feel the condescension of others. No matter how legitimate the aristocrat's right to his position, there must always be a something wanting to make it an altogether enviable one; this something being the stimulus to active effort at self-elevation. To associate with our intellectual and moral superiors is to feel this pressure constantly upon us, urging us to rise to higher levels of thought and life; to keep the company of inferiors has a tendency to sink us below the level of our best selves. Have we never been made aware of our inferiority to some one, and been able, at last if not at first, to rejoice in the knowledge, because of the illumination that came with it, — the revelation of beautiful human qualities which, already realized to the sight in this friend or acquaintance, became thereby possibilities, at least, for all of us?

To come back for a moment to Mr. James and his Isabel, we cannot help remarking that our faith in him has received a shock, and for the first time we have seen some justification for the Spectator's accusation that his novels show too little concern for moral interests.

Why do we begin at once to care for Isabel Archer, and to follow her career with interest? Because we think we see in her a finely-organized nature, a clear moral perception, a delicate appreciation of things lovely and noble. And why are we disappointed in her, — disappointed as her cousin Ralph was? Because, when brought into contact with a nature like Osmond's, she gave no sign of this fine spiritual discernment; there is no recognition by her of the essential vulgarity of a life of cushioned idleness and of wholly selfish culture, aiming at no usefulness to others. Would not a girl inspired with any generous enthusiasm for truly noble human quality have felt in her every feminine fibre his silent unresponsiveness to her own feeling?

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. History of France, by Charlotte M. Yonge, is the latest in the History Primers, edited by J. R. Green. (Appletons.) It is spirited and personal, but apparently takes too little account of that life in the nation which does not find its exponents in kings and priests. — A Historical Discourse, delivered on the one hundredth anniversary of the Piscataqua Association of Ministers, at Portsmouth, by Rev. George B. Spalding (Morning Star Office, Dover, N. H.), has more piquancy than such discourses are apt to have, and carries with it some illustration of local life; but it suffers from the customary weakness of local celebrations, when the people engaged

"Take the rustic murmur of their bourg
For the great wave that circles round the world."

— Mr. Blaine's Eulogy on James Abram Garfield, delivered before Congress, has been published in a neat form by J. R. Osgood & Co. — Garfield's Place in History is an essay by Henry C. Pedder. (Putnams.) The warmth with which Mr. Pedder writes will doubtless seem to some to indicate an obscurity of the critical function, yet after all there are advantages of insight sometimes obtained by affection which are denied to a purely intellectual apprehension. — Dr. Charles K. Adams, Professor of History in the University of Michigan, has prepared an encyclopædic Manual of Historical Literature, comprising brief descriptions of the most important histories in English, French, and German, together with practical suggestions as to methods and courses of historical study, for the use of students, general readers, and collectors of books (Harpers); a comprehensive class, which seems to leave out nobody who has anything to do with histories, unless it be the bookseller. It is an expanded bibliography, and conceived in a fair spirit, yet we think it would have been more effective if it had been more compact; if in short it had followed more closely the plan of Mr. Winsor's admirable Handbook of the Revolution. The general reader will find the work more useful than the special student. — General George H. Gordon has added to his previous contributions to our military history A War Diary of Events in the

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War of the Great Rebellion, 1863–1865 (Osgood), which is a continuation in diary form of the more studied narrative of The Army of Virginia. Such chronicles are of great value, and it is certainly desirable that they should have publication now when they can be subjected to the criticism of contemporary witnesses. — Professor Alexander Bain has done an admirable service in giving the two volumes, James Mill, a Biography, and John Stuart Mill, a Criticism, with personal recollections. (Holt.) The father and son make in some ways a connected study, and the son especially cannot well be known without some acquaintance with the father. Both books will form the staple of reading and conversation for many people for some time to come. — The Webster centennial has very naturally brought out fresh discussion of Mr. Webster; every generation must reread the lives of great men, and for a long time Webster will be in order for debate. Mr. Hudson, the Shakespearean scholar, also known for his admiration of the statesman, has published through Ginn, Heath & Co. a discourse which he delivered on January 18th. The oration contains interesting passages also with regard to Mr. Hudson. — Mrs. Martha Babcock Amory, a granddaughter of the painter Copley, has done an excellent service in giving the public The Domestic and Artistic Life of John Singleton Copley, R. A., with notices of his works, and reminiscences of his son, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Copley's life has never before been adequately written. Mr. A. T. Perkins published several years ago a volume which gave a careful account of Copley's pictures, but with only the briefest biographical sketch. In this book there is no catalogue of the pictures, but the narrative of Copley's life is made as full as possible through the use of family letters; the painter died when his son was beginning to be famous, and no break occurs in the narrative, which is carried on to Lord Lyndhurst's death. Besides the information given of these two eminent men, there is much entertaining material for the illustration of London life in the early half of this century. A charming portrait of Copley is prefixed to the volume, which is a dignified and handsome book. — Mr. Francis H. Underwood has written an agreeable biographical sketch of James Russell Lowell (Osgood), which is illustrated by heliotypes showing Lowell's face, his house, and his haunts. — English Journalism and the Men Who Have Made It, by Charles Pebody (Cassell), is a brief sketch which does full justice to the personal element in journalism; it is composed chiefly of gossipy comments upon editors and publishers. — Charles Lamb, by Alfred Ainger, appears in the series of English Men of Letters (Harpers), and will receive a reluctant but finally cheerful indorsement from Lamb's readers. No modern Englishman in literature has such jealous readers as Lamb. They will absolve Mr. Ainger of the worst of crimes, that of patronage. — Under the title of The Sixth Great Oriental Monarchy, Mr. George Rawlinson treats with fullness the geography, history, and antiquities of Parthia, justifying the position which he had previously assumed, that there never was a time when Rome could strictly be called the mistress of the world, but that her empire was, in the later years of the republic and the earlier of the empire, always stoutly contested by Persia. This work published in England ten years ago, is republished here now, when the subject is of growing interest. This volume, with its map and many illustrations, is a welcome guide to the student. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

Fiction. Monsieur le Ministre, a romance in real life, by Jules Clarette (Petersons), is one of those French novels of the empire which take their revenge on public men by hanging their portraits in full view, disguised but not concealed by false moustaches and beards, which turn literature into a *bal masqué*, and depend for their value not upon their truth to art, but upon the skill with which they dissemble. — The second volume of Bret Harte's collected works contains The Luck of Roaring Camp and other stories in the vein which properly bears his name, together with sketches and papers which naturally fall into this division of his works. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — Thump's Client, by Charles D. Knight (Author's Publishing Company, New York), is a novel of intricate sentiment and humor, modeled upon Dickens. — In the Distance, by George P. Lathrop (Osgood), will be especially interesting to those readers who have been employed upon his Echo of Passion. Mr. Lathrop's carefulness in writing invites respect from his readers. — Zola's The Mysteries of the Court of Louis Napoleon (Petersons) is a contribution toward the history of human ignobleness. — The latest issue in the Round Robin Series (Osgood) is A Tallahassee Girl. The name must not be taken too quickly as condemning the novel, since it is based, as the reader might not happen to know, upon a popular song bearing that name. — Sevenoaks is the latest novel in the reissue of Dr. Holland's writings. It already has an old-fashioned air, as if one had come upon the American Dickens. — Dare, by Mary W. Glascock (The California Publishing Company, San Francisco), is a little novel, the scene of which is laid in California, while the treatment seems to imply a strong familiarity with Miss Alcott's writings. The book has feminine dash about it. — John Inglesant, by J. H. Shorthouse (Macmillans), is a romance which will not be given up to the professed novel-reader, but will be read by many who are indifferent to novels, for its acute discussion of religious and philosophical truth under the guise of historical fiction. — Her Picture is the title of a new number of the No Name Series (Roberts), a domestic novel, of English origin, apparently. The author's name seems scarcely worth guessing; a good many people might have written it. — Mrs. Mayburn's Twins, with her trials in the morning, noon, afternoon, and evening of just one day, is a nursery tale by John Habberton (Petersons), after the example which he had already set in Helen's Babies. The lingo of the book justifies one in calling for the deadliest kind of soothing syrup. — In Maremma, by Ouida (Lippincott), is of the customary disenchanting character of this writer's novels. Beauty and love under her hands come out vulgarized past

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recognition. — The Frères, by Mrs. Alexander, and Spinoza, by Auerbach, are the latest volumes in Holt's Leisure Hour Series. The latter is a novel in form, but it appears to be also a presentation of the philosopher who gives the title. — Till Death do us Part, by Mrs. John Kent Spender, is the latest issue in Harper's Franklin Square Series. It is not, apparently, one of a series illustrative of the marriage service.

Education and Text Books. Love's Labour 's Lost is the latest of Rolfe's edition of Shakespeare. (Harpers.) We can only wish that the pictorial illustration of this series had been better judged. — In Harper's Greek and Latin Texts has been published Dr. Madvig's edition of Cicero's De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum. We wish the custom were more prevalent of studying philosophy through the medium of Greek and Latin texts. — No. 10 of The Reading Club and Handy Speaker, edited by George M. Baker (Lee and Shepard), contains serious, humorous, pathetic, patriotic, and dramatic selections in prose and poetry for readings and recitations; the selections show slight respect for literature proper. — Selected Odes of Pindar, with notes and an introduction by Thomas D. Seymour, Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Yale College (Ginn, Heath & Co.), has the air of being a well-edited book; perhaps it was beside his purpose, but we wish he could have given students a taste of Myers's translation.

Literary Criticism. The Rhymester, or the Rules of Rhyme, a Guide to English Versification, with a dictionary of rhymes, an examination of classical measures, and comments upon burlesque, comic verse, and song writing, by Tom Hood, edited, with additions, by Arthur Penn. (Appletons.) So runs the title-page of a little work which may amuse and instruct one by turns. The author, a son of the great Hood, was a diligent literary man, and his editor brings the book to date. — In the series of Foreign Classics for English Readers (Lippincott) two new volumes have appeared, La Fontaine and other French Fabulists, by Rev. W. Lucas Collins, and Schiller, by James Sime. The former has a somewhat fresher field, but both will be found convenient epitomes. — Conversation, its Faults and its Graces (Lee and Shepard), is a revised edition of a little work published fifteen years ago, compiled by Dr. A. P. Peabody, and comprising an address of his to young ladies, and three other cautionary papers. The doctrines of the book are sound, and we only regret while we confess the necessity of a new edition.

Biblical Criticism. The fourth volume of the New Testament section of The Speaker's Commentary (Scribners), comprising the books from Hebrews through Revelation, completes the work. The commentary has been in preparation for eighteen years, and its publication was begun ten years ago. Its general character is well understood to be that of a fair and open criticism, avoiding the two extremes of a slavish adherence to positions which are orthodox only through age, and of a hasty acceptance of the latest views of even learned scholars. The results reached agree in the main with those which are incorporated in the revised version. Many will be impatient at the diffuseness of the comment, but we suspect that these critics will be found rather in America than in England.

Fine Arts. A Popular Dictionary of Architecture and the Allied Arts, by W. J. and G. A. Audsley, has for its sub-title A Work of Reference for the Architect, Builder, Sculptor, Decorative Artist, and General Student, with numerous illustrations from all styles of architecture, from the Egyptian to the Renaissance. Two volumes have so far been published, closing with the title Baptisterium. The alphabetical order is used, and architectural works are treated by way of reference rather than directly. At least we fail to find, for example, any article on the Alhambra, though the title Alhambresque appears. The work is published by Putnams here in connection with Low in London, and the present is stated to be the third edition.

Business. Hubbard's Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World, with gazetteer and atlas, containing the names and descriptions of over thirty-three thousand newspapers and fifteen thousand banks throughout the world, the whole in two volumes octavo (H. P. Hubbard, New Haven), has, besides interesting advertisements on every other page, a preface in four languages, a dedication to President Arthur and Queen Victoria, and a lithographic portrait of H. P. Hubbard surrounded by the flags of all nations.

Travel and Adventure. Nordenskiöld's narrative of the Voyage of the Vega round Asia and Europe has been translated by Alexander Leslie and published by the Macmillans. The work besides contains a historical review of previous journeys along the north coast of the Old World; it has portrait, maps, and many illustrations. The first impression created upon the mind is that here is a well-studied, scientific, and popular work. — European Breezes, by Marie J. Pitman, "Margery Deane" (Lee and Shepard), is a neat volume of travel, which takes the reader over somewhat unfamiliar ground, as it deals with Hungary and some German interiors. It is sprightly and fresh, in spite of its title. — Morocco, its People and Places, is the latest of De Amicis's books (Putnams) which has appeared here. Like its predecessors, it is made up of a succession of sharply accented scenes; the author has a vivid style, and he is animated even when depicting Oriental leisure.

Science. The annual report of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station for 1881 has been printed by the order of the legislature (Tuttle, Morehouse and Taylor, New Haven), and is of interest as giving freely to the public the analyses of fertilizers, seed tests, etc. — A Handbook of Field Botany, by Walter P. Manton (Lee and Shepard), contains instructions for gathering and preserving plants and the formation of the herbarium; it is intended for beginners, and has a distinctly practical purpose. — First Aid to the Injured, by Peter Shepherd, M. B. (Putnams), is a little English work adapted to use in America, intended for non-professional readers in emergencies; its object, that is, is to furnish a few plain rules which may enable any one to act in cases of injury or sudden illness, pending the arrival of professional help.

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THE death of LONGFELLOW, on the 24th of March, was known at once the world over; the news could scarcely outrun the knowledge of his life and the love of his verse. In America, multitudes of children, in city and village, had just given him the honor of their voices upon the celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday, and the memory of a poet is secure which rests in the praise of children. Time will bring repeated studies of his poetic worth, and this magazine, whose first number contained his pure tribute to Florence Nightingale, and whose present issue holds his last poem, will take an early opportunity to record his honorable career. On this page it is permitted only to name his death, to join in the common sorrow, and to look with hope upon a literature which he has ennobled at its beginning with the beauty of his art, the dignity of his aim, and the priceless virtue of his life.

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Rhinebeck N.Y.

Henry W. Longfellow.
1879.

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